THE

European Magazine,

For AUGUST, 1810.

[Embellished with, 1, a Portrait of DR. RICHARD WATSON, BISHOP OF LANDAFF; and, 2, a View of THE GIANTS IN GUILDHALL.]

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FOR JAMES ASPERNE,

At the BIBLE, CROWN, and CONSTITUTION,

No. 32, CORNHILL.

☞ Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month, as published, may have it sent to them, FREE OF POSTAGE, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and every Part of the West Indies, at Two Guineas and a Half per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Gibraltar, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at Two Guineas and a Half per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any Port of the East Indies, at Forty Shillings per Annum, by Mr. GUY, at the East India House.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We thank *Papyrus* for the hint respecting *Shop-bills* and TWOPENNY NOTES, manufactured in imitation of BANK NOTES, and are fully aware of the evils that may attend their *sale*; one of which is, that they may be used deceptively, and operate as *flash notes* in the hands of *sharpers*.

To our POLITICAL FRIEND we shall only reply by a quotation from *Pope*, viz.

> "Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
> That slipp'd thro' *cracks* and *zig-zags* of the head."

R. P. may be assured, that the statue in *Stock's Market*, erected by *Sir Robert Viner*, was of *marble*. It was most probably destroyed in consequence of its removal: had it been any where re-erected, the circumstance must have been known.

We have already said all that we can or mean to say upon the subject of SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS.

We must repeat, that, upon the authority of letters from various parts of the country, there appears, in the production of the PRESENT HARVEST, a fair prospect of *abundance*. We have already, and, indeed, very frequently, stated our opinions respecting that kind of *commercial foresight* termed *speculation*; but, of all things *upon earth*, as a *mean of gambling*, we do most ardently wish that our *ingenious* calculators of *changes* and *chances* would let the necessaries of life, and particularly *its staff*—CORN, alone—Yet we must also hint, that how the corn-laws of the *Romans*—or the *Lex Hieronica* can apply to the subject, we cannot conceive. There may be something in *De Legibus Sumptuariis sive cibariis* which we may, with propriety, recommend our Correspondent GASTRIC to *speculate* upon.

The paper respecting the "*Ductility of Gold*" is curious; and, as far as it proceeds, philosophically ingenious. When we receive the whole, it shall certainly be inserted.

D. E. will observe, that we have already inserted a letter respecting COUNTRY BANKS.

CLASSICAL COMMUNICATIONS will always be received with pleasure.

An additional chapter to the TALE OF A TUB will hardly suit the texture of our MAGAZINE.

Observations respecting *Vaccination* are under consideration.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from August 11 to August 18, 1819.

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Essex	116	0	49	0	47	9	33	0	53	[illegible]
Kent	108	3	56	0	49	6	32	[illegible]	47	9
Sussex	115	4	00	0	00	0	31	6	00	0
Suffolk	114	11	00	0	38	5	31	8	47	[illegible]
Cambridge	111	9	48	2	00	0	21	9	49	10
Norfolk	111	3	00	0	40	3	22	0	00	0
Lincoln	111	1	58	0	46	7	24	5	48	[illegible]
York	103	5	68	0	37	4	27	11	57	[illegible]
Durham	108	5	00	0	57	1	38	0	00	0
Northumb.	100	4	62	0	52	0	35	3	00	0
Cumberlan.	98	11	59	4	56	2	35	8	00	0
Westmorl.	104	0	64	0	51	2	36	2	00	0
Lancaster	112	8	00	0	57	4	30	3	60	1
Chester	108	2	00	0	00	0	37	1	00	0
Gloucester	132	9	00	0	51	7	32	10	00	0
Somerset	131	9	00	0	46	0	24	8	70	[illegible]
Monmouth	125	10	00	0	20	0	00	0	00	0
Devon	123	6	00	0	56	1	31	4	00	0
Cornwall	120	6	00	0	54	11	[illegible]	[illegible]	00	0
Dorset	121	8	00	0	51	8	00	0	00	0
Hants	118	2	00	0	48	0	35	10	00	0

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Middlesex	119	7	00	0	40	10	34	1	55	0
Surrey	123	4	56	0	43	0	39	0	60	0
Hertford	105	6	56	0	42	[illegible]	[illegible]	0	53	3
Bedford	108	6	65	8	45	0	30	[illegible]	56	5
Huntingd.	113	9	00	0	42	4	27	2	46	9
Northamp.	113	0	62	0	44	8	26	4	58	0
Rutland	111	6	00	0	47	6	00	0	00	0
Leicester	103	5	63	1	41	11	27	1	47	1
Notting.	112	4	60	4	40	0	29	10	58	4
Derby	97	8	00	0	00	0	32	10	56	11
Stafford	109	11	00	0	49	10	34	4	66	8
Salop	126	4	85	10	58	10	38	4	00	0
Hereford	133	10	64	0	57	11	36	9	57	8
Worcester	120	4	00	0	50	9	37	1	56	7
Warwick	122	10	00	0	48	7	37	0	55	2
Wilts	114	8	00	0	47	2	34	2	63	8
Berks	121	9	00	0	42	[illegible]	33	4	57	4
Oxford	120	8	00	0	45	4	34	3	54	3
Bucks	116	4	00	0	42	6	34	5	56	5
WALES.										
N. Wales	102	8	00	0	54	8	24	8	00	0
S. Wales	114	0	00	0	84	0	22	0	00	0

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW,

FOR AUGUST, 1810.

MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT REVEREND RICHARD WATSON, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF LANDAFF.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

Θαῤῥοῦντας ἅπτεσθαι καὶ δάκνειν ταῖς διαβολαῖς, ὅτι κἂν θεραπεύσῃ τὸ ἕλκος ὁ δεδηγμένος' ἡ οὐλὴ μένει τῇ διαβολῇ.

THE *Grecian* advice which was ironically offered upon another occasion, was once followed by the *enemies* of the *learned Prelate* whose Portrait adorns this number of our Magazine, who calumniated him *liberally*, or rather most *illiberally*, in the hope that, although the *wound* might be healed, some *scar* would still remain on his political character; and that, however careful he might be, some of *the dirt* thrown at him would continue to *sully* his fair fame.

This idea, arising from the ebullitions of *party* devoid of *principle*, confined even in its original progress, soon vanished before the blaze of his genius, the rectitude of his heart, his talents, and his virtues: for although it has been observed, *Idem sentire de republicâ*, to think alike about political affairs hath been esteemed necessary to constitute and to maintain *private friendship*; yet to afford the assistance of learning to support *party*, and to avow *public friendships* with those who hold opinions opposite, perhaps, to the current of the times, are not strictly consonant to the sacerdotal character. If the *liberality* of *thinking* which distinguishes the present age tacitly denies this position, the *liberty* of *speaking*, which is so prominent a trait of *national freedom*, as frequently approves it. It unquestionably is a most essential requisite in the construction and operation of a *free government*, that men should be allowed to *enjoy* their *own opinions*, and to *utter* them, provided they are neither inimical to the *constitution* of the *state*, nor to the *religion* of the *country*; and, therefore, more especially when they are, like those of the learned Prelate, whose *Portrait* we again refer to, whether contemplated in a *pious*, a *moral*, or a *philosophical* point of view, generally speaking, *exemplary*, they are then to be considered not only as an advantage, but an honour to the nation.

"There is" (says Lord Bolingbroke) "no complaint that has been more constantly in the mouths, no grief which has lain more heavy on the hearts of all good men, than those about our *national divisions*, about the spirit of *party*, which inspires animosity and breeds rancour, which hath so often destroyed our inward peace, weakened our national strength, and sullied our glory abroad. It is time, therefore, that all who desire to be esteemed good men, and to procure the strength, the peace, and the glory of their country, by the only means that they can be procured effectually, should join their efforts to heal our *national divisions*, and to change the narrow spirit of *party* into a diffusive spirit of *public benevolence*.

This is, we conceive, exactly what the learned prelate ardently desires, the point to which his professional labours, his writings, *pious*, *moral*, and *philosophical*, tend. This is a consummation so devoutly to be wished by all wise and good men, that we can never forbear to wonder, and scarcely to express our indignation, at a notion *taken upon trust*, and very frequently circulated as one of the fashionable assumptions of the day,

that party is absolutely necessary. For what purpose is party necessary? This question no one of the retailers of the antecedent position, which, indeed, includes its own confutation, could, were he called upon, answer; the only reason that ever was given that exhibited even the shadow of *common sense*, was, that one *set of men* might *watch* another *set of men;* and this reason implies such a *mental*, we had almost said a *morbid*, *suspicion*, as is *derogatory* to *human nature.* Upon broader, upon more general principles, we believe the Right Reverend Prelate to whom we have alluded has formed his political opinions; for although we understand he rather inclines to that party which is termed *whiggism*, yet no violence, in this respect, marks his character; so that we may rather view him in the light of a political *friend* than an avowed *partizan*, while his writings display the enlightened philosopher and the liberal-minded ecclesiastic.

The descent from these general observations to more minute particulars would be easy, were it absolutely necessary to enter much into the detail of a life, the principal features of which have been already anticipated in this Magazine;* yet as the situation of *Dr. Watson* has, since the time referred to in the note, become much more elevated, consequently more conspicuous, as his later works have interested the public still more, so a desire to become acquainted with his life has increased; while the distinguished figure he has made, both in the *political* and *literary* world, has certainly toward him attracted more public attention: we, therefore, deem it necessary briefly to glance at a few circumstances that, although we hazard the charge of repetition, perhaps of prolixity, seem to us, upon the present occasion, necessary to advert to.

The life of a literary man, it has been often observed, is chiefly to be gathered from his writings: but this observation merely applies to those, and such there are, who shrink from the world; who, perhaps impelled by poverty, seclude themselves, in some measure, from society, and are scarcely to be seen by any but their publishers.

> "*Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat*
> *Res angusta domi.*"

and is not, in the smallest degree, applicable to those who have that proper confidence in their own genius, and that liberal encouragement from their patrons, which enables them to burst from *lettered obscurity*, and procures, nay, we may say, *commands* success, such as once attended those eminent scholars, upon whom the *costive coldness* of their *conceited* times bestowed the epithets of the *angelic doctor*, the *irrefragable doctor*, the *resolute doctor*, the *subtile doctor*, the *eagle of divines*, and many others, indicative of *genius run to waste* and *talents misapplied.*

Born to adorn an age in which *things* were considered as more worthy of attention than *words*; let us now briefly state, that Richard Watson, Bishop of Landaff, is a native of *Evesham*, a village near *Kendal*, *Westmorland.* His father, who, we understand, was a clergyman of great learning and talents, master of the free grammar-school *Kendal*, by his classical instruction laid the foundation for the literary attainments of his son. How long he continued under his parental roof is uncertain, but most probably until he went to the *University* of *Cambridge*, whither he is said to have brought with him a very considerable stock of learning. He was admitted of *Trinity College*, where it is stated that he was first distinguished by his constantly wearing a coat of mottled *Westmorland* cloth, which is more celebrated for its *strength* than its *fineness*, and blue yarn stockings.

On taking his degrees, he stood high among the *Wranglers*, who are, we believe, a set of men the lineal descendants of those learned doctors whom we have before enumerated. The suavity of his manners, the regularity of his conduct, and, indeed, the even tenor of his life, procured him, first, a *fellowship*, and, secondly, the important office of a *college-tutor*. These, like the ancient academics, perhaps more than any other set of men, contribute to the expansion of the juvenile mind, which, in the hours of privacy, they guide, correct, and assiduously watch through its

* For October, 1782, page 293, wherein, in the London Review, is not only included a critique on "*Chemical Essays, by R. Watson, D.D. F.R.S. and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge (now Bishop of Landaff)*," vol. iii. but also a sketch of his life, and an account of his *then* published works.

frequently erratic progress.* In this situation, the fortitude of the character of *Dr. Watson* began to display itself by the spirited opposition which he made to, we must suppose, the improper recommendation of a candidate by a noble duke. Of the rectitude of this conduct, it is said, the latter was so convinced, that he cultivated the acquaintance of the former; which acquaintance has since ripened into friendship as sincere as lasting.

The next remarkable epoch in the life of Dr. W. was his election to the chair of the public professor of chemistry; a circumstance the more extraordinary, as he was then by no means master even of the first principles of the science.

What rank the *chemical* profession then held among the scientific pursuits at *Cambridge*, we are yet to learn. We know, that in the preceding century its influence was universal. *Alchemical* knowledge, in particular, formed a very principal part of polite education, and its various pursuits were, in the routine of fashionable studies, deemed absolutely necessary. This, although not exactly the case, as they related to the public, at the time when Dr. W. was elected, was still so, we find, with respect to the acquisition of academical accomplishments, in many colleges: to those the *chemical science* was still considered as a necessary appendage. However, though himself a *tyro*, the members of the university of Cambridge had no reason to repent their choice of a professor. The wide-extended field of experimental philosophy disclosed a new and extensive pursuit to the mental eyes of Dr. W. His ardent spirit was not to be checked by the difficulties that he at first encountered: these were to be overcome by perseverance, and, when overcome, produced a transition which converted the energy of *study* and the exertions of *labour* into the relaxation of *amusement*.

There is not in the whole *Encyclopedia* any science so fascinating as that which has for its basis an analytical disquisition respecting the productions and operations of *nature*, as developed by the processes of *art*. In consequence of this inquiry, which, it appears, Dr. W. most sedulously pursued, he published *five volumes* of *Essays* on those subjects: these are, for their *style* and manner, most deservedly celebrated: whether the technical parts, the real application of grand natural principles to composition and decomposition; whether the regular operation, the combination of causes to produce effects, the fixed, the varied, and the ever-varying properties, substances, elements, symptoms, and appearances of metallic, mineral, terrene, aerial, aqueous, caloric, and other bodies, forms, fluids, and evanescent particles, are so well understood as they *are* in the works of the *German* sages, or even in those of our own countrymen, we have had no opportunity, by comparative contemplation, to inquire.†

In consequence of the death of the learned *Dr. Rutherforth*, Dr. W. was advanced to the post of *regius professor of divinity*; and about this period married.

In the career of politics he very early distinguished himself, by an attachment to those principles to which we have already alluded, pirnciples that were then stated to predominate exceedingly among the learned body of which he was so distinguished a member. What the learned body had to do with *politics*, we mean, *party politics* (for in the general welfare of the state every man is interested), we cannot very clearly comprehend. Respecting him, as professor of divinity, he chose, saith an author now before us, a critical time "to *shew off* these principles," and to gain himself popularity: this was in the year 1776, when the subjects of *government* and *civil liberty* were very generally discussed. His sermon preached before the UNIVERSITY, on the anniversary of the Restoration, was printed un-

* A very *pleasing* and singular instance of the respect and gratitude of *one* of Dr. Watson's pupils, occurred in the instance of *Mr. Suther*, of *Ongar*, in *Essex*, who, in his life, did his preceptor the greatest honour, and, at his decease, as a token of his gratitude, left him the sum of 20,000l.

† *Experiments* were, by ARISTOTLE, deemed so necessary to establish the principles of natural philosophy, that he thought very young persons should not apply to that study, but rather first resort to the *mathematics*, because this science consists of mere reasoning, of which the mind of many is naturally capable, and does not, in any instance, depend upon experiments. We think the philosopher was wrong; for no other powers so astonish, and, consequently, so attract, the juvenile mind as chemical experiments.

der the title of "The Principles of the Revolution vindicated," and attracted a degree of attention commensurate to the magnitude of the subject; though we must observe, that, however elucidated, it was, generally speaking, more frequently discussed than understood.

The reputation of Dr. W. raised by this work, was still further increased by his "Apology for Christianity, in a Series of Letters addressed to *Edward Gibbon, Esq.*" In this apology he is said so completely to have *answered* the arguments, and, consequently, to have refuted the objections, of the advocate of infidelity, that not only himself, but his associates, have, in their scriptural attacks, been obliged to seek other weapons; not so much, like the *Titans*, to *war* with *heaven*, as to defend themselves.

In 1780, Dr. W. published another Sermon preached before the *University of Cambridge*, February 4, being the Day appointed for a General Fast; which discourse is of the same texture as those religious works before-mentioned.

We are now arrived at the principal epoch in the life of this learned Prelate, whose merit and talents procured him the friendship and recommendation of the *Duke of Rutland*; the consequence of which was, his elevation to a seat on the *episcopal bench*, in the year 1782.

Soon after this event, he addressed a letter to the *Archbishop of Canterbury*; in which, with equal feeling and animation, he stated the peculiar hardships under which the inferior clergy laboured, and the necessity of an equalization of *church preferments*. How this epistle, (which appears, like a similar application of *Dean Swift's*, to have been the effusion of *true philanthropy*) could excite the indignation of *Mr. Cumberland*, or what induced him to take up his pen on this occasion, we cannot conceive.

In 1786, his lordship published "A Collection of Theological Tracts," in six volumes. These were printed at *Cambridge*, and received with the applause which was due to their excellence. This was a period extremely favourable to their appearance; for although their merit would have supported them at any period, works of divinity were *then* exceedingly read. Dr. Blair, who had recently published several volumes, was, it was said, making his fortune by his discourses. It is not here intended to compare the effusions of these two eminent divines; we mean only to observe, that if we have been *soothed* by the sermons of Dr. B. we have also been elevated by the sentiments of the tracts of the learned Prelate.

The *French Revolution* was a theme that elicited all the energy of his lordship's mind. In June, 1791, he delivered a Charge to his Clergy; in the course of which he, after observing upon the situation of the *Gallic empire*, adverted to the *state* and *condition* of the *church*, and the *circumstances* of the *dissenters* in this kingdom. Incorrect copies of this Charge were, by his lordship's enemies, to whom we have in the motto and beginning of this speculation alluded, circulated far and near. This attack, consequently, obliged him to publish a faithful copy, which, it appears, entirely disarmed malice of its sting, and left the snakes of *envy* to *hiss*, if they pleased, *at each other*.

Placed in an arduous situation, in times the most difficult, this learned Prelate has always appeared as the advocate for peace: but we must here observe, that although *peace* is a *pleasing*, a *heavenly speculation*; yet, whether it has been at all times, or, indeed, at any time, permanently procurable, is a question which seems to us extremely problematical. However, the speeches which he has occasionally made in the House of Lords, on the necessity of adopting pacific measures, have been, if not absolutely *practicable*, exceedingly *impressive*.

It has been most truly stated, that one of the most eminent services which, as a writer, his lordship ever rendered to his country, was his energetic counteraction of the poisonous, the diabolical principles of the author of "*The Age of Reason*," in his volume intituled, "*An Apology for the Bible: in a Series of Letters, addressed to the Author of that Work, printed in* 1796." If the public were at first astonished that a prelate of his lordship's learning and talents would condescend to notice the effusions of such a man as *Paine*, yet astonishment ceased when the Apology was contemplated; the people were convinced that the patriotic effort was necessary. The insidious malignity of the author of "*The Age of Reason*" was spreading very fast; and its deleterious effects could only have been counteracted by the administration of an *antidote* from a source in which dignity and talents were combined.

In the year 1798, his lordship printed a very seasonable and animated "*Address to the People of Great Britain.*" He waves every inquiry as to the justice or injustice of the war itself: he only contends, that we were then in a most perilous situation; a situation which demanded all our energies, all our exertions; which left no man at liberty to say, "*I am not wanted!*" He also insists upon the necessity of great sacrifices on the part of the people, in order to a vigorous prosecution of the contest.

In November, 1803, his lordship published "*The Substance of a Speech intended to have been spoken in the House of Lords, November 22d,* 1803:" in the *advertisement* to which he observes, that, as he proceeded in the contemplation of the subject, he found he could not comprehend in a short speech all that he wished to observe: he, therefore, forbore to trouble their lordships with an extensive harangue, but chose rather to commit his thoughts to the press.

This production, clear, animating, and energetic, was read with very considerable attention, and produced a great effect upon the public mind; indeed, such an effect as might have been expected from the *force* of its *sentiments* and the *elegance* of its *diction*: as a specimen of these, we shall, in conclusion, quote from it a passage.

"The occasion is extraordinary; and we meet it, as we ought to do, with extraordinary resolution and exertion. A successful invasion, had it ever been accomplished during the monarchy of France, would have been terminated by, perhaps, a disadvantageous peace; but we should have retained our rank in the scale of nations. A successful invasion by the republic of France (Heaven avert so great an evil!) will never be terminated but in complete national degradation, in public bankruptcy and individual beggary. This limited monarchy, the glory of civilized society! will be overthrown—our aged monarch (God protect him!) and his numerous sons will be buried—such is the acknowledged bravery of his race!—in the last ruins of their native land—Your rank, my lords, by which, for the benefit of all, you are now distinguished from the rest, will be heard of no more—the landed gentry will be obliged to become farmers, and be compelled, by unheard-of, unthought-of exactions, to give up the lamented produce of their own lands and of their own labour, to feed the luxury of a foreign country—the farmers will be made labourers, and the labourers will be made slaves.—And, in addition to all these calamities, the youth of every class will be made *conscripts*, and dragged from their country and their father's house, to fight the battles of violent and unjust ambition in every part of the world. Sooner than all this should happen, I would say (did Christianity permit such a wish), may the fate of the *Saguntines* become the fate of *Britons!*"

This was, we think, the last of his lordship's publications: but it will be observed, that, besides the pieces already mentioned, Dr. Watson has likewise written; "*Ricardi Watson, A.M. Coll. Sacr. Sanctæ Trin. Soc. et Chemiæ Professoris in Academia Cantabrigensi Institutionum Chemicarum in prelectionibus Academis explicatum Pars Metallurgica,*" 8vo. 1766.—"*An Essay on the Subjects of Chemistry, and their general Divisions.*"—"*A Defence of revealed Religion; in two Sermons, preached in the Cathedral Church of Landaff.*" "*A Charge to the Clergy of that Diocese, in June* 1795."—"*Sermons and Tracts,*" in 1 vol. 8vo.—and "*A Charge to his Clergy in* 1790."

His lordship is a good public speaker; his action is graceful, his voice full and harmonious, and his delivery chaste and correct: his family is numerous; and his chief residence is Calgarth Park, delightfully situated near the lakes of his native country.

PINDAR'S 10TH NEM. OD.

STROPH.

Δαναοῦ πόλιν ἀγλαο-
θώκων τε πεντήκοντα κορᾶν, Χάριτες,
Ἄργος, Ἥρας δῶμα θεοπρεπὲς, ὑμ-
νεῖτε Φλέγεται δ' ἀρεταῖς
μυρίαις ἔργων θρασέων ἕνεκεν.
Μακρὰ μὲν τοῦ Περσέος ἀμ-
φὶ Μεδοίσας Γοργόνος
Πολλὰ δ' Αἰγύπτῳ κατακτίσθεν ἄρ' ἄστη
ταῖς Ἐπάφου παλάμαις.
Οὐδ' Ὑπερμνήστρα παρεπλάγχθη, μονό-
ψαφον ἐν κολεῷ κατασχοῖσα ξίφος.

1.

Ye Graces, Argos' city sing,
And Danaus, that city's king;
Whose fifty daughters round him wait,
Seated high in regal state:
Here, for its sacred rites rever'd,
A temple stands to Juno rear'd:

Here countless virtues blend their rays,
And brighten great achievements to a blaze.
The tale would tire, should I proclaim
Perseus deeds, of deathless fame;
How he cleft the Gorgon's head;
How thro' her snaky spires Medusa bled.
How, Epaphus, thy skilful hand
Built many a town on Egypt's strand.
How Hypermnestra, faithful to her lord,
The poniard to its sheath restor'd;
The cruel edict singly spurn'd,
Nor from the track of duty turn'd.

ANTIST.

Διομήδεα δ' ἄμβροτον
ξανθά ποτε Γλαυκῶπις ἔθηκε θεόν.
Γαῖα δ' ἐν Θήβαις ὑπέδεκτο, κεραυ-
νωθεῖσα Διὸς βέλεσιν,
μάντιν Οἰκλείδαν, πολέμοιο νέφος·
καὶ γυναιξὶ καλλικόμοι-
σιν ἀριστεύει Πάλαι
Ζεὺς, ἐπ' Ἀλκμάναν Δανάαν τε μολὼν,
Τὸν κατέφανε λόγον·
πατρί τ' Ἀδράστοιο Λυγκεῖ τε φρενῶν
καρπὸν εὐθείᾳ συνάρμοξεν δίκᾳ.

2.

But Diomede the blue-ey'd maid
With immortality repaid,
And to the seats of Gods convey'd.
But Jove, what time his lifted hand
Riv'd with his bolts the Theban land,
Withdrew Oïcleus' son, a prophet wise,
A warriour, where the clouds of battle rise.
Renown'd for beauteous, bright-hair'd dames,
Thebes a just precedence claims.
To Danaë and Alcmena Jove
Told long ago the tale of love:
He came, and sanction'd the report,
That Thebes was beauty's sovereign court.
But he to Lynceus and Adrastus' sire
Intellectual fruits assign'd;
Taught them, how truth and right conspire
To harmonize the mind.

In this ode the conquests of Thyæus at the Nemean, and at other games, are celebrated. Thyæus was a native of Argos. Of whose heroes, kings, tutelary deities, and their memorable transactions, the reader is often, but briefly reminded. These stories, which formed an interesting portion of their early Greek history, had been frequently told, and minutely detailed. The poet dreaded prolixity. The story of Perseus, he tells us, is long; but βραχύ μοι στόμα, ἔστι δὲ καὶ λόγος βαρύς.

However eccentric and exceptionable Pindar's earliest poems may have been, particularly his Dithyrambics: to whatever extent he may have expatiated in the regions of fancy, and borne down before him, like a torrent, every barrier that opposed his course, still this frenzy, if it may be so called, lasted not long. Judgment, ripening with years, restrained these vagaries of the mind; and lowered imagination's lofty flights to the standard of good sense and right reason. The toil of correction, which our poet in his youthful days was reluctant to bestow, was at length, and at a later period, patiently endured. Anomalies were reduced to rule, and luxuriancies were pruned.

Throughout these odes moral sentences are interspersed; which, like gems, sparkle in their places; and communicate their brightness to passages that need it. Aphorisms are the most ready and pleasing vehicles of instruction. They comprise much within a narrow compass. Important truths are conveyed in words, that may be easily repeated and long remembered. Pindar's historical sketches are closely connected with the subject, and are skilfully wrought into the texture of his poem. They are not, as has been supposed, patches standing out of it, nor are they digressions foreign from it. "Vocalis elegantissimis, compositionibus et connexionibus concinnis poeta abundat." But our poet's labour was more especially employed, as the success of his work materially depended, on the systematic arrangement of his metres, and their judicious adaptation to the dance and song.

φόρμιγγ' ἀνὰ δ' αὐλὸν ἐπ' αὐτὰν ὄρσομεν
ἱππείων ἀέθλων κορυφάν. R.

A CAUTION TO FARMERS.

AN ingenious surveyor has given the following intimation, which appears to merit the serious attention of every one engaged in agriculture: "I beg leave to recommend every farmer to be guarded against that well-known shrub the *Barberry*, which frequently grows spontaneously in the hedges in many parts of this country; as whole fields of wheat have been blighted by only one of those plants, their effects beginning first in a semi-circle from the plant, and spreading regularly over the whole field. As many persons to whom I have mentioned this circumstance have been very incredulous, I can assure them that I have often been an eye-witness of the fact; and for the further information of it, refer them to almost every respectable farmer in the counties of Suffolk and Berks."

THE ADVENTURES OF

MAHOMET,

THE WANDERING SULTAN;

OR,

A SKETCH OF

MEN, MANNERS, AND OPINIONS

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Written in 1796.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

(Continued from page 14.)

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Chapter XXV.

WHILE part of the events just related had progressively occurred in *France*, MAHOMET, who waited the return of a courier from *Constantinople*, had, although reluctantly, remained in England.

This circumstance affording to him abundant leisure, he employed it in travelling to many parts of the kingdom. The horrors of *civil war* had ceased upon the *triumph* of the *Independents*; and those people whom the news of the *murder* of the KING had thrown into a stupor of grief and terror, began to respire after that dreadful event, and prepared, mournfully prepared, to receive the *manifold advantages* which, from the *new* form of government, they had been taught to expect. Addresses, shouldering each other, were crowded into the presence-chamber of the *Protector* at *Whitehall*, who, as the principal promoter of the *tragic scene* which had so recently been exhibited before its windows, was supposed to have become "the FATHER OF LIBERTY."

Was there a spot in this unhappy island uncontaminated with the *treason* of the times, unawed by the *overbearing* eloquence of ARMED PREACHERS? a spot on which, to shame the metropolis, &c. LOYALTY still preserved its station? Yes! in the mountainous district of Wales, in those almost impenetrable woods and inaccessible retreats, *loyalty*, like *liberty* in *Roman* times, still reared her head. The valiant and benevolent *Cambro-Britons*, from the acme of *Snowdon* to the *Severn Sea*, were almost unanimous in their abhorrence of those scenes of *perfidy*, *cruelty*, and *hypocrisy*, that had stained the other parts of the land, and therefore determined never to offer adulation to a man, whom they considered as one of the principal causes of those evils under which their unhappy country groaned, and of that disgrace with which she was, in the opinion of all *Europe*, STIGMATIZED.

Observing the picturesque scenery that the part of the principality to which we have alluded presented, and contrasting the plain and simple manners and open countenances of its inhabitants with those of the inhabitants of the *metropolis*, and also with the ridiculous affectation of formality, and the *hypocritical* faces, that he saw in other places, *Mahomet* formed a strong predilection for the former, while he was disgusted with the latter. A part of the road on which they travelled ran along the fertile and romantic banks of the *Wye*, which had, antecedent to the period when the English laws were introduced, formed the boundary line of Wales.

As he was strongly impressed with the natural beauties of a country, which, he observed to *Pedro*, bore a character far different from any that he had ever before seen, they made many stops, to admire the surrounding prospects. Their guide remonstrated, and observed, that, with his utmost exertions, it would still be late ere they could possibly reach the next town; but these stimulatives were administered without effect, the attention of the travellers was rivetted to the sublime scene which the opposite bank of the river presented to their view. Immense masses of stone thrown into a variety of directions, and intermingled with shrubs, rushes, and aquatic plants, formed the boldest foreground of which pictorial genius could engender an idea; from which arose, with a gentle acclivity, an immense rock of blue slate, part of which was hidden by a groupe of oaks of the first magnitude; while, on the other side, the prospect displayed a most enchanting country, enriched with orchards and other plantations, corn-fields, farms, and whitened cottages.

When the eyes of our travellers elevated themselves to the top of the rock, they beheld, contrasted by a bright and purple tinted sky, the majestic ruins of a castle, whose mouldering towers and still terrific battlements threw a broad expanse of shade over the adjacent trees, and appeared inverted in the river: the sun, which had long declined, was just sinking behind these objects, and its rays, darting through a humid atmosphere, streaked the firmament,

and gilded the prominent parts of the rocks and ruins, while their reflexes spangled the plants and shrubs, and fantastically played on the surface of the waves beneath.

As *Mahomet* and *Pedro*, lost in wonder and admiration, were, with a philosophical and, indeed, a pious enthusiasm, gazing on this glorious scene, their guide again endeavoured to call off their attention to those objects, and fix it upon their present situation, by re-observing, that the evening was advancing, and, at the same time, pointing to the sable clouds that were slowly sailing from the south-east: they therefore ordered him to urge the horses to greater celerity; but although he used every exertion that the roughness of the road would permit, the shades of night surrounded them in a part where darkness was, from the foliage of majestic trees whose branches joined over their heads, and rendered the way impervious, attended with double horror.

This situation the *Sultan*, *Pedro*, and their attendants, considered as extremely unpleasant, especially as they observed that their conductor advanced with reluctance, muttering ejaculations for his own preservation, and, as they had reason to think, from the occasional low tone of his voice, execrations against them for having, by loitering on the way, brought him into this dilemma. Cautious and slow the horses marched along the stony road, and through the tangled mazes of a wood: sometimes the narrow path seemed to wind round the base of an immense mountain, and at others steeply to descend into a valley. At every step the terror of their guide, and, indeed, of their servants, two of whom were *Englishmen*, increased. The stumbling of a horse, the murmurs of the wind through the trees, nay even the sound of the footsteps of their own beasts, was, each, a new cause of alarm, that would, had not to return been as dangerous as to advance, have hindered them from proceeding. In this manner they had travelled for some hours, when suddenly, through the branches of the trees, a light appeared. This object was viewed with different sensations by the different travellers. The *Sultan* and *Pedro* hailed it as the signal of an asylum, while the *guide* and the *domestics* expressed their fears, that, if it was *real*, it might still betray them into greater dangers than those from which they had hitherto escaped; though the former was, by the observations which its rays afforded him an opportunity of making upon the surrounding hills and woods, of opinion that it was *supernatural*. To discover whether he was right in his conjecture, he was directed to approach as near to it as possible, while the rest of the party waited the event. This he positively refused to attempt alone; therefore, after some controversy, it was agreed that they should *all* make the experiment. Advancing, therefore, with all the caution which their circumstances and situation seemed to demand, they discerned several blazing torches stuck into the earth, and persons near them, who seemed to be engaged in some employment.

The *guide* and two *servants*, who were the foremost, observing that those had the appearance of human beings, were inspired with a momentary courage: but consequently stepping forward a few paces, they as instantly retreated with the utmost trepidation, exclaiming, "Heavens! they are *murderers* burying a dead body!"

At this instant another voice answered, "We are discovered!" and immediately the torches were extinguished.

Total darkness now prevailed, and even the murmurs of the wind had ceased: yet the travellers could distinctly hear the trampling of footsteps, and the sound of voices, which seemed to be engaged in an earnest conversation, in a dialect unknown to them; but having fortunately heard one of them make an English exclamation, *Pedro*, who spoke this language fluently, thus addressed those now invisible beings:

"Whosoever you are, that, at this dead and solemn hour of night, traverse these woods and wilds, if you are better acquainted with this country than ourselves, listen to and relieve a company of distressed wanderers, who, benighted in the intricate mazes of these woods, are at present exposed not only to the dangers of the surrounding rocks and precipices, but also, it may be, to the horrors of a storm which the dark and turbid sky seems to threaten."

"We shall be murdered!" exclaimed the guide.

"Are you not officers belonging to the *Committee of Sequestration?*" said another voice.

"So far from it," replied *Pedro*, "that we do not even know what the *Committee of Sequestration* is. We are foreign travellers, whom curiosity alone

induced to visit these mountainous regions; and so far from having designs inimical to the peace and happiness of a country in which we have been received with so much hospitality, and treated with such respect, we travel merely to observe the customs and manners of the people."

"If this be the case," said the voice, "you may inform your friends that they run no risk of being murdered, as their fears seemed to suggest; on the contrary, the hand of hospitality shall be extended towards you. Although my means are much contracted, Heaven has still suffered me to retain sufficient to assist the distressed."

At this instant several torches were again lighted, and the two companies viewed each other with reciprocal attention. That of the mountaineers consisted of an old and two young men; the dress of the senior seemed military; it was composed of a buff doublet, over which, by a green belt, was suspended a broad sword, externally a scarlet cloak, white hat, feather, and boots, completed his habit. The younger were in doublets, cloaks, &c. of black silk. On the ground lay two spades and a pick-axe; and near these the earth seemed, by its freshness, to have been recently removed. As *Mahomet* and *Pedro* advanced, the old man said,

"Although your presence will suspend our labour, I shall have no reason to repine at this interruption, if we fill the void by rendering assistance to persons in distress; I mean, that kind of distress which is, indeed, sufficiently terrific, that frequently arises by a deviation from the right track, a want of knowledge of the country, from darkness, and many other physical and local perils, too often the concomitant evils of curious *travellers*, who, impelled by the enthusiasm of their researches, become midnight wanderers."

"Though all these erratic deviations and other disagreeable consequences of darkness and uncertainty that you have so well stated," said *Pedro*, "have attended upon us, yet neither my friend nor myself will rejoice at being relieved from them by any means, or through any medium, that may be inconvenient to you."

"The inconvenience," replied the senior, "unacquainted as you are with the circumstances of our present employment, you would perhaps deem very trifling: however, were it more serious and important than *we know* it to be, it is not to be balanced against the performance of the duties of hospitality."

He then gave directions to one of the young men to precede the travellers with a torch, and promised in a short time to follow them.

Guided by this youth, they traversed the rocky paths of the wood; and soon after entering upon a road that was more level, they quickened their pace: the storm which had hovered in the sky had blown over; the sable clouds were dispersed; and the moon-beams bursting through the adjacent foliage, discovered to them that they were approaching a magnificent mansion.

They had now arrived at the outer gate; the signal was given; the turret bell rung; and the dogs barked loudly in the court. At length the gates were opened; they crossed a green, and entered a large hall; two servants took the charge of their horses, while a third brought a burthen of faggots, and rekindled the dying embers of an almost extinguished fire.

When *Mahomet* cast his eyes around, he observed that the walls were occupied by *achievements* and *arms* of a *chivalric date*, placed alternately; while over the wide and projecting chimney the picture of a cavalier, whose massy frame was surrounded with military trophies, filled the ample space.

The young man ordered a collation for the *Sultan* and *Pedro*; and while they were refreshing themselves, the turret bell again rung, which they were informed was to announce the arrival of *Sir Owen Herbert* and his other son.

The baronet, who was the person whom they had before seen, welcomed the travellers to his house, and seemed particularly happy that his knowledge of the French language enabled him to hold a conversation with *Mahomet*, who, as his understanding of *English* went far beyond his expression, spoke it with hesitation and difficulty.

During the course of their meal, the conversation was general, and consisted chiefly of observations upon the singular scenery and picturesque beauties of the country; the character and manners of its inhabitants: but when the servants had retired, *Sir Owen*, inviting the travellers to draw their chairs nearer the fire, and, indeed, setting them the example, thus began:

"As I am, my worthy guests, for so

I believe you to be, eager to banish from your minds any disagreeable impressions that may have been made by the circumstance of finding myself and sons in such a solitary place at the dead hour of the night, engaged in an employment which it is impossible for conjecture, however impartial, to interpret in our favour, I must, in explanation, give you a short sketch of my story:—I am descended from one of the most ancient families in this *principality*. By my late *Royal Master*, I was employed in negociations; and from the sincerest motives of attachment, love, and gratitude, followed his fortune in the field. The chance of *war*, the decline of *loyalty*, and the triumph of *hypocrisy*, which I shall ever lament, it is, as you must be well acquainted with those circumstances, unnecessary more particularly to allude to; but with respect to the *persecution* of those who had distinguished themselves in the *royal cause*, it is impossible that you should be informed. Among this number I was considered as holding a most conspicuous place. My *zeal*, *activity*, and *opulence*, had combined to render me an object worthy of pursuit. But with the fall of the monarch the mode of attack upon his friends was changed. I no longer beheld my mansion surrounded by hostile troops, or invaded by armed battalions. The *civil* power, as it was termed, now superseded the *military*: I, of course, became amenable to regicidal law, and the title-deeds of my estates were put under the *seal* of *sequestration*: I am, therefore, called upon to *compound* for the enjoyment of the *rents* and *product* of *lands* that were granted to my ancestors by *Edward the First*."

"Monstrous!" in one breath exclaimed both *Mahomet* and *Pedro*.

"Your sensibility," said *Sir Owen*, "will be still more strongly excited, when you are told that a deputation of *plunderers*, who call themselves a *Committee*, are, by the ruling powers, appointed, either personally or by their agents, to seize my *plate*, *cash*, and *moveables*.

"There are," he continued, "in every family of distinction vestiges of its ancient grandeur, hereditary relics, heir-looms, things that have by their antiquity, and consequent veneration, acquired a tenfold value in their descent through a long succession of years from father to son. These dear, these invaluable chattels, I had, whatsoever might be the fate of my other effects, determined, if possible, to preserve from the grasp of the nefarious ruffians that I had too substantial reasons to expect would be sent to search for them. To this intent, as I have hinted, I collected all the family jewels, papers, and, in short, every article that I had a particular desire to secure; and placing them in a strong coffer, was, with my sons, employed in the very act of burying it in a part of the adjacent wood, when we were alarmed by hearing the silence of that region of solitude invaded by the trampling of horses, and the terrific exclamations of human accents: as you well know that these proceeded from your approach, I need not observe upon the subject."

"I hope," said *Pedro*, "you secured the coffer."

"As our employment," continued *Sir Owen*, "must have attracted the attention of your guide, in whom I did not think it wise to place any confidence; I deemed it prudent, with the assistance of my son, to remove it to another spot, until I can place it in a state of security still more permanent."

Mahomet, after thanking the *Baronet*, observed, that he discerned in the honest anxiety which he expressed, lest the situation in which he and his sons were discovered, should expand into ideas disadvantageous to their moral characters, the operation of a great mind jealous of family honour, tremblingly alive to the impressions of conscious rectitude, and therefore anxious to avoid the smallest circumstance on which could hinge suspicion.

"Attached," said *Sir Owen*, "by the strongest ties of loyalty, esteem, and veneration, to our late *monarch*, and to *monarchical government* founded upon the British constitutional principles, I have been, on all occasions, desirous to shew that my attachment was of some importance; that it was not the sudden start of passion or of whim, such as has guided, or rather *mis*guided, the people in the choice of their present ruler, whom they designate the *Lord Protector*, although the idea of protection of *person* and *property*, the true end of government, the civil chain that links society together, never in this kingdom suffered greater infractions. This must, from the nature of the employment in which you saw me engaged, be obvious to you, and will, if you stay amongst us,

appear in a hundred other forms. But to change my lamentations for the fate of my devoted country," he continued, "to a theme more domestic, and therefore, I have no doubt, more pleasing to you, I hope, in the morning, to have the honour of introducing that part of my family which you have not yet seen.

"As the night has considerably advanced, weariness would probably incline you to court repose, did you not consider the listening to the discourse of a man who is an enthusiast with respect to the opinion and principles that he has adopted, a sacrifice to politeness."

"Though I by no means consider my profound attention to your agreeable conversation in that point of view," returned *Mahomet*; "yet as I fear that we have intruded both on your rest and your domestic regularity, I shall gladly retire."

Conducted by the Baronet and his two sons, the *Sultan* and *Pedro* ascended the wide stair-case, and were ushered into adjoining chambers, which were hung with *arras*, and furnished in a style that displayed evident traits of ancient magnificence. Here the hospitable host made a speech of some length, in which he recommended his guests to the protection of Providence; and then, after stating that they would find every thing necessary for their accommodation, he retired, followed by his sons.

* * * * * *

The CASTLE, which had, through a long succession of ages, been the family seat of the *Herberts*, was erected on the site of one of those that were, with large demesnes, granted by *Edward I.* to the followers of his standard when it waved on the mountains of Wales. It was situated in the middle of a plain of about a mile square; yet were its battlements and turrets sufficiently elevated, being placed upon a hill of considerable magnitude. The building itself exhibited strong features of those times in which it was erected, times closely allied to feudality, in which the *Baron* and his *vassals* were always (especially in or near the Marches) obliged to be in a state of preparation to repel sudden incursions, and sometimes more premeditated and permanent invasion. Strength was therefore in their fabrics, of course, more considered than beauty.

Our Gothic castellated architecture till the fifteenth century seemed literally a *burthen* upon the land, and *really*, in many mansions, displayed all the inconveniences of prisons, frequently without the security.

HERBERT CASTLE, which was in the best style of the age in which it was erected, that of Edward III. seemed to exhibit the dawn of a more correct taste; it was in its ichnography a quadrangle; its subdivisions were grand, its elevation venerable; and the round towers, covered or festooned with ivy that adorned the corners of the walls, appeared to combine with the high turret which crowned the body of the building to give a magnificent effect to the whole. Part of this ancient fabric had been in some degree modernized. In this part the family resided: a *Grecian colonade* of ample size led to the Gothic *portico*; and at the back of the castle, a *portal* opened into a spacious garden.

Although the fatigues of the preceding day had urged the *Sultan* to repose, and the time of his retirement had been protracted beyond his usual hour, yet habit induced him to rise soon after the rays of the sun had begun to gild the picturesque towers and battlements within his view. When he had piously offered his morning orisons, he walked to the window, before which ran a large balcony filled with vases, containing a great variety of plants and flowers. Here he contemplated the interesting scenery before him; the rocks and hills, some bare and craggy, others clothed with trees to their summits, were beautifully intersected and contrasted to each other. Through a break in the landscape, the confluence of the *Severn* and the *Wye*, the fertile coasts of *Gloucester* and *Somersetshires* on the one side, and the rocks and woodlands of Wales appeared; while, on the other, the view was bounded by a broad expanse of water rushing towards the Bristol channel, on which vessels sailing in different directions gave relief to the eye, and afforded variety to the prospect.

Mahomet had stood a considerable time admiring this sublime view, before he cast his eyes upon that more immediately under his inspection: he however, at length, contemplated the garden, which he observed to run down the side of the hill, and into which several flights of steps descended from the house. The terraces were adorned with orange trees and other exotic plants, and terminated in a walk shaded with magnificent oaks.

As he had for some time heard the domestics, he determined to explore the spot which he had from the window observed to display such a variety of attractions. He consequently descended the stairs that led to the hall, and was by an attendant conducted through a spacious gate into the garden.

Here he, by choice, wandered alone, through the wide-extended walks, and admired the vestiges of some of the most ancient parts of the battlements, which, overgrown with shrubs, formed, in several instances, picturesque masses of majestic ruins. He traced the course of a stream, that, falling from a rock, meandered through the grounds, and mingled with the waters of a large lake at the bottom of the hill. His curiosity was by this time satiated; and feeling himself rather fatigued, he was endeavouring to find a path which led directly to the castle, when, as his clothes rustled against the bushes, he observed that a small dog which had followed him barked with great violence. The enraged animal had strongly attracted his attention; and while he was endeavouring to sooth him, his exertions were suspended, to listen to the sound of a voice that, in the most melodious accents, exclaimed, "*Zelia! Zelia! Zelia!*" He instantly turned, and saw that a young lady had caught the little creature in her arms, and was hastily retreating. *Mahomet* followed, and, although it required some exertion, overtook her in the great walk, at the same instant she was met by the *Baronet*, to whose protection she seemed eagerly to fly.

"I had," said *Sir Owen* to the *Sultan*, "purposed to introduce my daughter; but I see, if a pursuit can be termed an introduction, that you have anticipated my intention."

"Indeed I fear very rudely," said *Mahomet*: "although I can assure you, that I followed this young lady to apologize for intruding upon her solitude: from my youth," he added, "an admirer of the beauties of nature, I have almost from sun-rise wandered through your plantations: but I now consider the time as in some degree mis-spent; for, charming as your garden is, I have not seen any beauty in it equal to this which I now behold."

"This," returned the *Baronet*, "is a high-flown compliment, the substance of which I shall not be so ungallant a father as to examine. When I was at your time of life, I should have thought myself inexcusable had I said *less*; it would not, perhaps, be easy to *say more*: therefore *Julia* will consider those as words of course."

"Were I," said the young lady, "to consider those as words of course, I should probably determine whether I had ever heard them before. Had I deserved to be esteemed above the beautiful vegetables around, it must only be from the advantage that *animated nature* has over *still life*. The elegant forms and variegated tints of these *children* of the *spring* are, alas! still more fleeting than the bloom which, it has been said, distinguishes the *virgins* of *these mountains*."

Julia, the daughter of the *Baronet*, who, in her observations, seemed inclined to transfer the compliment of *Mahomet* to the *mountain nymphs* of the vicinity, had, perhaps, the strongest claim to it of any. Of the age of eighteen, and of a form in which all the graces of nature were combined with all the advantages to be derived from education, she appeared in a peculiar manner to harmonize with the beautiful scenes in which she was placed, like the hamadryad *Pomona*.

> "In garden culture none could so excel,
> Or form the pliant souls of plants so well;
> Could to the grapes such generous flavour lend,
> Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend."

Her figure was in the same degree picturesque, elegant, and, as an object in the landscape, ornamental, without the least trait of affectation.

It has been said, and truly said, that while the natives of many regions of the globe seem to have their features cast in the *same mould*, and individually to exhibit a general character, the *Cambro-Britons* have, for ages, borne upon their countenances the impression of *independence*. To philosophize respecting the varieties of climate, civil transitions, the intercourse of commerce, and the generous indications of liberality and humanity, would be useless. We know that the thing is so; consequently, that characteristic beauty is most widely dispersed among the females of this united kingdom, and, therefore, that it is much easier to admire than precisely to endeavour to account for its origin.

The *Welch* and *Scottish* people have, from causes which we shall not investi-

gate, certainly retained more of their national cast of features than their *South British* neighbours. The females of the principality, in particular, are remarkable for that peculiar style of loveliness which a redundance of auburn hair, combined with animated hazle eyes, complexions which literally outbloom the rosy tints of their *vegetable* rivals, pearly teeth, and a carnation glow, give to their countenances. These advantages were in a most eminent degree possessed by *Julia Herbert. Mahomet* gazed on her while she was silent; but when she spoke, the brilliant flashes from her eyes, her smiles and dimples, enchanted him; he found her charms almost irresistible. Lost in admiration, had not the turret bell summoned them to the mansion, he would have protracted the conversation, which turned upon horticulture, till the breakfast, and even the dinner hour had passed.

(*To be continued.*)

A COLLECTION OF ANECDOTES AND *REMARKABLE CHARACTERS*;

INCLUDING HISTORICAL TRAITS, FROM AN EARLY PERIOD.

Elucidatory of (perhaps) *obscure Passages in the* English, Irish, *and* Scottish *Histories.*

With occasional Notes and References.

Labitur et labetur omne volubilis ævum.—Hor.

No. XIII.

EDWARD I.

ANNO 1272.

It is an observation of the great *Lord Verulam*, that remarks upon the *lives* and *characters* of men, "if *penned* as they ought to be, are more *beneficial* and *useful* than either *chronology* or *narration*." Without attempting to controvert an authority which must upon all *literary* and *philosophic* occasions *decide*, we cannot help stating, that the above position ought to be taken rather as a general observation than subject to *any* very particular application. The wide-extended arms of history embrace every thing; *narration* is the *clue* which unwinds each circumstance; human beings *people* the *pages*; and their *lives* and *characters*, whether they are existing or commemorated, generally afford both *instruction* and *amusement*: but these should be fixed upon the basis of truth, or history becomes a *novel*. We do not know what particular reason *Fuller* had to doubt the following story, which, descending with the current of time, has passed through all nations, and been told in all languages: yet, it appears, he considered it as one of—"*love's legends*."

To do more than merely to allude to those *hair-brained* expeditions the Crusades, would here be trifling with time. In these ill-concerted excursions, the military force of the *western* world was poured upon the *eastern*; and among the rest, the youth of England, who seem, from the earliest of times, to have had no aversion to seek adventures, however distant,

> "Sold their fortunes at their native homes,
> And bore their birthrights proudly on their backs,"

to take the hazard of making new fortunes on the sandy plains of *Syria*. Above the rest, their *Prince*, Edward, son of *Henry III.* who had, about ten years before, married *Eleanor*, Princess of *Castille*, and who was then thirty-three years of age, was considered as the darling hero of his nation, indeed of the league; and this elevation, of course, made him the peculiar object of the vengeance of the enemy. Having thus briefly introduced the subject, we shall now pursue our theme in the words of the historian.

"Whilst he * stayed at *Ptolemais*, *Eleanor*, his lady, was delivered of a fair daughter, called from her birthplace *Joan* of *Acres*; but fear of her husband's death abated her joy at her daughter's birth. The *Turks*, not matching him in valour, thought to master him with treachery, which was thus contrived:—The *Admiral* of *Joppa*, a Turk, pretended he would turn Christian, and employed one *Anzazim*, an assassin, in the business betwixt him and *Prince Edward*, who carried himself so cunningly, that by often repairing to our prince, he got much credit and esteem with him.

"Some write,† this *Anzazim* was before always bred under ground (as men keep hawks and war-horses in the

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* Edward I. who did not succeed to the English crown till November 16, 1272, and was antecedently termed in the Holy Land, *Prince Edward*.

† *Continuat. Matth. Paris in anno* 1272, p. 1345.

dark to make them fierce), so that coming abroad he should fear to venture on no man. But sure so cunning a companion had long conversed with the light, and been acquainted with men, yea *Christians* and *Princes*, as appeareth by his complying carriage; else, if he had not been well read in their company, he could not have been so perfect in his lesson: but let him be bred any where, *or in hell itself*, for that was *his religion*, to kill he was commanded, or, on the non-performance, willingly to forfeit his life.

"The fifth time of his coming, he brought *Prince Edward* letters from his master; and while he was reading alone, and lying on his bed, he struck him into the arm with an envenomed knife; but being about to fetch another stroke, the Prince with his foot gave him such a blow, that he felled him to the ground, and, wresting the knife from him, run him into the belly, and slew him, yet so that in struggling he hurt himself therewith in the forehead. At this noise in sprang his servants, and one of them with a stool beat out the brains of the dead Turk's head, shewing *little wit* in his own; and the Prince was highly displeased that the monument of his valour should be stained with another's cruelty.

"It is storied how *Eleanor*, his lady, sucked all the poison out of his wounds without doing any harm to herself;* so sovereign a medicine is a *woman's tongue, anointed with the virtue of a loving affection.*"

"Pity it is so pretty a story should not be true, with all the miracles in Love's legends; and sure he shall get himself no credit who undertaketh to confute a passage so sounding to the honour of the sex † Yet it cannot stand with what others have written; how the physician who was to dress the wounds spoke to the *Lord Edmund* and the *Lord John Vousie* to take away *Lady Eleanor* out of the Prince's presence, lest her pity should be cruel towards him, in not suffering his sores to be searched to the quick. And though she cried, and wrung her hands, '*Madam*,' said they, '*Be contented: it is better that one woman should weep a little, than that all the realm of England should lament a great season*:' and so they conducted her out of the place. And the Prince, by the benefit of *physic*, good attendance, and an *antidote* the *Master of the Templars* gave him, shewed himself on horseback whole and well within fifteen days after."‡—*Fuller's Holy War*, book iv. chap. 29.

WILLIAM LORD GREY, OF WILTON.

TEMP. EDWARD VI. MARY, ELIZABETH.

This noble *peer* was a great soldier, and a good *Christian*, in whom *religion* was employed to its right use, in moderating his passions, and subduing those lusts which sully and darken the mind by a natural influence. He was a strict *Protestant*, not biassed by *interest*, nor an assertor of opinions in fashion; but lived up to the rules of *piety* and *justice*. He was bred an enemy to *France*, and

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* *Speed, in Edward the First.*

† *See Fox's Martyrolog. page* 337.

‡ We lament still more than *Fuller* does, that this story, which is *more* than *pretty*, for it is a most extraordinary instance of *conjugal affection*, should ever have been *doubted*. From what *unerring* source *Fox* drew his authority for contradicting it, we do not know. The anxiety of the *physician* for the retirement of the *Princess*, who had then performed her arduous task, was natural:

He could not bear a *rival* near the throne:

but her reluctance to depart shews that she did not place the greatest reliance possible upon his skill, which at last, it appears, was assisted by an *antidote* administered by the master of the *Knights Templars*. It is recorded by *Speed*, on the authority of *Camden*, who quotes a long and curious account of the transaction from *Rodericus Toletanus*: but this *Archbishop* is said by *Tyrrell* to have finished his history twenty years before this circumstance occurred; allowing that he did, which we much doubt, he did not *finish* his life; therefore he might have inserted it. CAMDEN was not a man to assert as fact things which he had taken up on light tradition; but it is most probable, that the story is as old as the *Crusade* that gave birth to it. If there wanted a confirmation of this, it would be found in the unbounded sorrow of *Edward* for the death of *Eleanor*, and his most astonishing commemoration of her virtue, and his own piety and affection, by erecting CROSSES at every place where her corpse rested. A circumstance so singular must have caused her character to have been canvassed at the time. The story was by those means circulated, and descended through oral tradition, a medium that seldom errs in *general outlines*, though it may, sometimes, in trifling particulars: it has, therefore, as strong a claim to credit as many other circumstances recorded in ancient history.

was in *arms* against her at fourteen years of age. He had *Fabius's* slow way and long *reach*. Though the world every day put on new dresses, and was disguised in various shapes of *policy*, yet his wisdom was able to unriddle the transactions of it. As a *soldier*, he was always accompanied with his *map* and his *guide*: the first of which he employed to discover his more *obvious* advantages; and the second to admonish him of *false* friends and *private* dangers. The excellency of his conduct gained him esteem among all those that heard of his *fame*; and his graceful *presence* won him the applause of all that saw him: he surpassed in his *civility* and courtesy to *strangers*; was eminent in his *bounty* to his followers; and no ingenious *honest* man could want what he had to spare, being more ready to *give*, than the necessitous to *ask*. He was obliging in his carriage in the countries through which he marched, and would never suffer his soldiers to want what was *necessary*, nor the people their *money*, for what they furnished his army with. His skill was great in *war*, *whose end*, he said, *was victory, and the end of victory nobleness, made up of pity and munificence*. Having lived to all the great purposes of life, death put an end to it in the *service* of his country. On the same day died the Right Honourable *Henry Manners*, Earl of *Rutland*, both which, the Queen said, *were extraordinary persons, that had* DESERVED WELL * *of the common-wealth, by their wisdom, counsel, integrity, and courage.*

He was so far from being *prodigal* in his *retinue* and expenses, that he cut off all vain desires, and contracted himself within the boundaries of *nature* and *necessaries*; which he used to say, *Were so few and small, as hardly any unkindness of fortune could rob a man of. Every place yields enough for necessaries, and no kingdom is sufficient for superfluities. It's the mind that makes men happy in a desert.* He was one of those happy souls that were fit to command others, having an absolute *command* over himself, and never wanted what he desired; because he never desired any thing but what he could have. In a word, this great man was like *health*, more valued in its *loss*, than in the enjoyment of it; so this *gallant* person was not so well *regarded* when he was alive, as *missed* when he was dead.† A great fault in princes and states, that understood what they want better than what they enjoy.—*Historical Remarks, &c.*

* This expression, which, since the *French Revolution*, has been, on the continent, strangely perverted, descended, we see, from a *royal source*, and was applied to *real* MERIT.

† He died December 14, 1562, at *Cheston* (Cheshunt), *Hertfordshire*, and was buried in the church, near the communion-table.

WILLIAM LORD PAGET.

TEMP. HENRY VIII. EDWARD VI. MARY, ELIZABETH.

His lordship was a person of extraordinary *natural* parts, which he *improved* at home by indefatigable industry in gaining a *general* learning, which accomplished him for travel; and *travel* seasoned that *learning*, and rendered him fit for *weighty* employments. His master-piece was a quick *insight* into others, and an exact *knowledge* of himself. His *address* was with a decent *state*, agreeable to his character; his discourse *free*, always adapted to the subject-matter of the *debate*; and his carriage so genteel, as won him *love* and *admiration*; insomuch, that once the Emperor *Charles V.* in a rapture exclaimed, *He deserved as well to be a king as to represent one*: and one day seeing him coming into the court, said, *Yonder is the man that I can deny nothing to.*

The same emperor observed, that "he had received three ambassadors from the crown of *England*: First, *Woolsey*, whose great train and state *promised much, but did nothing*; the second was *Morison*, who *promised little* and *did much*; and the third was *Paget*, that promised nothing and *did all*. The first *flourished* his discourse with mere *words*, without matter; the second with *matter*, but very few words; and the third with both *matter* and *words*, in a style fit for a *prince* to hear, and a *statesman* to speak." When he was *secretary* of *state*, his despatches were quick and regular, and he had the faculty of pleasing *all* with his *proceedings*: and though at the same time he could not but *displease* many with his *decisions*, yet he never dismissed any under *discontent*, but in hopes of succeeding better for the future, though

they failed in their present pretensions. He had so well employed his time abroad, that he was not only happy in accomplishing the particular affairs he was sent about, but also *informed* himself so well of the situation of places, havens, forts, passages, provision, revenues, and strength, that King *Henry* relied on him as a map of *Germany*, *France*, and *Rome*. The times were very *fickle* in that reign; yet his *discretion* kept himself safe by his foreign travels and employments. He escaped in King *Edward's* reign by his *moderation* and *peaceableness;* he complied with Queen *Mary's* zeal out of conscience: and submitted to Queen *Elizabeth's alterations* out of duty and allegiance, being one of those *moderate* men that looked upon the *Protestants* primitive foundations of *faith*, *duty*, and *devotion*, in the use of the *Creed*, the Lord's *Prayer*, and the *Commandments*, as *safe*, and on the *Papists* superstructures as not *damnable*. His zeal was circumscribed by his *prudence*, and was so far from *widening* the breaches, that he wished an *accommodation* in the Christian world. *Quietness* was agreeable to his temper and inclinations, yet he always preserved a noble *resolution* and an *humble* mind, that as he *rose* by degrees, so if he must fall, he might do it with the same *leisure* and *safety*. In short, he managed the *secrets* and negociations of *Henry VIII.* with so much *dexterity* and *faithfulness*, *improved* the lands and revenues of *Edward VI.* so skilfully, and the *purses* of Queen *Mary* and Queen *Elizabeth* with so much care and good husbandry, that he lived in the *favour* of his sovereign for his *integrity*, and died * in the love of the people for his *clemency* and *justice*.†—*Historical Remarks. Dugdale.*

* The age of this nobleman has not been ascertained; but he must have lived to a very advanced period. His death happened in the year 1564. He was buried at *Drayton*, in the county of *Middlesex*; though his *Lady* and his son *Thomas* erected a very *stately* and *beautiful* monument to his memory in the *cathedral* at *Litchfield*. This was, however, with that part of the *superb pile* which inclosed it, torn down, and destroyed, by the *sacrilegious hands* of those *barbarians* whose principles predominated during the *flagitious* period of *the Usurpation*.

† Lord Paget's town residence was *Paget House*, afterwards called *Essex House*, *Essex-street, Strand*. This was one of those ancient structures that adorned the bank of the *Thames*: its gardens met those of the *Temple* on the *east*, and of *Arundel House* on the *west* sides, and *descended* to the river. This mansion must have been magnificent; for afterwards the *Earl of Essex* kept a kind of court in it. Antecedent to its becoming the residence of *Lord Paget*, *Lord High Admiral Seymour*, *Baron Sudley*, lived in it; though, we think, only for a short time.

SIR WILLIAM PETRE.

TEMP. HENRY VIII. EDWARD VI. MARY, ELIZABETH.

Sir *William Petre* was a person of a large *capacity*, of a contemplative life, and an active genius. He studied both men and books, but *behaviour* rather than *notion*, in which he was excellently accomplished; his *body* setting off his *parts* with a grave dignity of *presence*. The Earl of *Willshire* first pitched upon him to be his son's *tutor*, and afterward for his own companion. *Noble families set off hopeful parts, and improve them to the advantage of the owners. Cromwel* there first saw his person; and observing his carriage, recommended him to the king as a man fit for *business*, in which he was not mistaken; for in the affair he was employed,‡ he shewed *a steady courage in going on, and wisdom in coming off,*

‡ This affair was the visitation of the religious houses, with a view to inquire into the lives, characters, and conduct of the *male* and *female votaries*. We know that the reports which *Sir William* and others made were unfavourable, so far as they respected their *morals*, and also that these reports are supposed to have accelerated *monastic dissolution*: but we can hardly conceive, as the *visiting commissioners* were all *men of learning*, why, although they deemed it necessary to destroy the "*nests of unclean birds*," (*a*) and even the *rookeries*, they did not, *at least*, preserve their *libraries*. Such a dispersion of *records* had never before occurred in this kingdom; and the confusion it created with respect to many *legal* and other *documents* was felt for a long series of years, and is by antiquarians lamented even to this hour. Sir *William Petre*, who for his services in the *visitation* obtained grants of several parcels of the abbey lands; and, which was more extraordinary, a dispensation from the *Pope* (*b*) for keeping them, died 1572, 15 *Eliz.*

(*a*) The expression, afterwards adopted by the *Puritans*, and used by them to designate *theatres*, &c. was by *one*, perhaps more, of the visitors applied to *monasteries*.

(*b*) Temp. Mary.

which preferred him to the office of secretary of *state*; in which *Wriothesley* was rough, *Paget* easy, *Cecil* close, *Mason* plain, *Smith* noble, and *Petre* was smooth, reserved, resolved, and yet obliging. He was doctor of both laws, and discreetly made use of them both; *the civil law to direct his foreign negociations, and the other to give light to domestic occasions.* When the king designed to be absent in *France*, *anno* 1554, he appointed Archbishop *Cranmer* and *Thorleby* to assist the queen in matters of religion, the Earl of *Hertford* in affairs of war, and the Lord *Parr* of *Horton*, and Doctor *Petre*, in the civil government, who held this as his maxim, that *it is the interest of the Kings of* England *to be arbiters of christendom.*

Those that wonder how he was able to serve four princes of such distant interests, might be satisfied in his *moderation*, and studying to *please* and *profit* his sovereigns. In King *Henry's* time he observed his *humour*; in King *Edward's* he kept strictly to the *law*; in Queen *Mary's* time he applied himself wholly to *state affairs*; and in Queen *Elizabeth's* reign was *religious*; his age putting him in mind of his *death*, and his death of being prepared for it. He was always the first that moved in transactions of *apparent* dangers; an able *statesman* at home, very *dexterous* abroad, and often prevailed by his *taciturnity*, when others failed by their *oratory*. *Ah*, said *Monsieur Chatillon* to his colleagues, *we had gained the last* 200,000 *crowns without hostages, if it had not been for the man that said nothing*, meaning Secretary *Petre*: nor was he better at keeping his own *counsel*, than at *discovering* other men's. He made the public good the object of his undertakings; and if success did not answer his expectations, he was neither *sullen* nor *angry*, but applied himself to *other expedients*; saying, *He that constantly makes head against the assaults of fortune, shall be sure to be victorious, and attain his ends.* The excellent advice given by *Tiberius Cæsar* was often in his mouth, *Non omittere caput rerum, neque te in casum dare: Follow safe courses by reason, rather than happy ones by chance.*

Sir *William Petre* was active about King *Edward's* will, in compliance with his *duty* to his majesty; but as nimble in his *intelligence*; agreeable to his *allegiance* to Queen *Mary*, whom he assisted in making the match with King *Philip*, and in searching to the bottom of *Wyat's* insurrection. He was very serviceable to Queen *Elizabeth*, till his age rendered him unable to officiate, and then he retired into *Essex*, where his estate was great, and his charity greater; both which he bequeathed to his son *John*, whom King *James I.* made *Baron* of *Writle*, in that county.—*Historical Remarks. Naunton's MS. Dugdale.*

THE MELANGE.

No. XXV.

DR. MARKHAM, LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

IT is a circumstance which seems, if the expression may be used, *to embalm* the memory of this venerable prelate, that the highest regard, respect, and reverence, accompanied him through life, and that he is

> "Even in his ashes honour'd"

by a great number of gentlemen who were educated under his auspices, and who have, by their various professional talents and their private virtues, immortalized their preceptor.

In the important and *awful* situation of head-master of WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, he peculiarly distinguished himself for his mode of instruction, by obtaining the respect, and calling forth the energy of his pupils, rather by mildly exciting the spontaneous effusions of *love* and *gratitude*, than by stimulating reluctant efforts, in consequence of *fear* and *terror*. Although possessed of all the learning, insight into the juvenile mind, and ready discrimination, that distinguished his predecessor Dr. BUSBY, yet he exercised these talents unaccompanied by his *sternness*; for, notwithstanding his word was a *fiat*, and he never receded from his purpose, or shewed the least wavering in his *judgment*, still his *judgment* was always *placidly* delivered, and frequently accompanied by *impressive admonitions.* With respect to *impartiality*, his conduct was perfectly *Lacedæmonian*. *Lycurgus* himself never made less distinction betwixt the different classes of *subjects* under his domination than did *Dr. Markham*. Of this we have heard, from a gentleman who had been one of *his scholars*, the following instance.

The son of a *Nobleman*, on his first entrance into the school, approached the *Doctor*, and, perhaps, with a little conscious dignity, inquired of him if there was not a proper place for the *students* of *noble families*; and if there was, in what part of it he was to be seated.

Dr. MARKHAM, who, although he possessed that *professional dignity* arising from rectitude of principle, had not a single spark of *pride*, turned his eyes upon his youthful *tyro*, and in a moment took the measure of his mind, in which he discerned something that he determined to eradicate: he, therefore, said to him,

"You, sir, with more confidence, and consequently less respect for me, than you ought, on this important occasion, to feel, inquire for your proper place in this *school*: it is, therefore, my duty to inform you, that here the only distinctions that are made are those which arise from *superior talents* and *superior application*: the youth that wishes to obtain eminence must endeavour by *assiduity* to *deserve it*: therefore, your place, at present, is on the *lowest seat* of the *lowest form*: you will *rise* in *academical* rank, according to your *scholastic merit*; and I shall be extremely glad to see your *genius* and *application* carry you, in a very short time, to the head of *your form*, and, indeed, to the head of *the school*. May each of your transitions be, therefore, distinguished by *literary exertions*, the only means by which you can *here* arrive at *literary honours*."

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM WINDHAM.

This truly great, and much lamented, statesman, whose *sensibility* was as active as his *genius* was unbounded, and who, most naturally alarmed at every breach of decorum, was, consequently, ever ready to repress impropriety, was, one day, driving his chaise in a much-frequented road somewhere in the country, when he saw a man, who, it is probable, might have had some *sudden reason* that should have impelled him to have withdrawn from *public view*, most indecently exposing these parts which *Swift* says are the *north* of the *human system*, in the *king's highway*. The disgust which such an *inconsiderate* act excited, operated, in a moment, upon the delicate nerves of Mr. W.; its impulse was instantaneous; so that, following its stimulation, he bestowed several lashes with *his whip* upon the *offending object*, and drove on, as may be supposed, amidst the spontaneous *bursts* of *laughter* and *heartfelt plaudits* of the passengers.

Without expecting, it is probable, to hear more of the *flagellation* he had so properly bestowed, Mr. W. as we have stated, pursued his course of business, or pleasure, to its termination. He was, however, some time after, informed, that a gentleman wished to speak with him. Consequently, the gentleman was ushered in. He appeared a stranger, but soon brought himself to the recollection of Mr. W. by alluding to the affair of the *public whipping*, which he complained of having *innocently* suffered.

That *whipping* Mr. W. said was very well deserved. "In *certain circumstances*," he added, "persons should always retire; an offence against public decorum being very little less criminal than a breach of the public peace."

"But, sir," said the *Stranger*, "you used me very ill."

"You do not want to *fight* me?" said Mr. W.

"Oh dear no!—Yet when you know who I am"—

"And pray, sir, who are you?" said Mr. W.

"I am," replied the Stranger, "an *alderman*."

"An ALDERMAN," said Mr. W. bursting into laughter, "this is excellent."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the *Alderman*. "I can see no excellence in it."

"But I can, and do!" said Mr. W. "I wanted an appellation for the *hero* of my story, and you have furnished me with a *curious one*: therefore you may be assured, that whensoever I relate the circumstance of the *public exhibition* again, I shall, *a posteriori*, dignify my tale with *your title*, which, I think, will not only give it *a zest*, but, if the *catastrophe* is considered, add to the *moral* of the piece.

ALLONS DONC.

The dangers and misfortunes that impelled the *fugitives* to leave their country, upon the *treacherous* and *senseless* revocation of the edict of *Nantz*, could not repress the gaiety of their national character. The *refugees* that settled in the *western part* of the *metropolis*, who, it will be ob-

served, were of the *higher order*, had their *visitings*, their *coteries*, their *card-parties*, and were, in fact, a very *excellent* and very *sociable* people. Diurnal jaunts were a constant source of delight to them, to which they were, frequently, impelled by that laudable desire of seeing a *country* where every object was entirely new; a desire that their situation elicited. Thus much may serve by way of *proem* to a little anecdote of *four* or *five French ladies*, who, at least, a century ago, encountered an *afternoon's disappointment*, where they expected a *day's pleasure*.

These *ladies*, having heard much of the grandeur of Hampton Court, had determined to gratify their curiosity with the sight of that august palace. A coach was, therefore, hired; and off they set, in that harmonious flow of spirits which the *commencement* of a journey always excites. The weather was fine; every thing was strange; every object was delightful; and they had proceeded more than half of the way to *Hampton*, before the cravings of appetite had, in any great degree, blunted the eagerness of disquisition. However, at length they were set down to breakfast; a meal which, on an excursion, generally increases pleasure. It should have been observed, that these ladies were, generally speaking, ignorant of the *English language*: they had, indeed, delegated one to *interpret*, but she, it appears, like the *interpreter* in the "Critic," knew, if possible, less of it than the rest. They had now replaced themselves in their carriage; when one of them observing that it grew late, the *interpreter* was desired to urge the *coachman* to greater speed. Unfortunately, she had forgotten these English expressions, "Make haste!" "Be speedy!" or "Get on as fast as possible!" and could think of nothing but the French phrase, "*Allons donc*;" which, although, perhaps, not strictly applicable to many, is used upon all occasions.

"*Allons donc!*" then, cried the *Interpreter*, popping her head out of the carriage.

"*A London!*" returned the *Coachman*. "What the plague is the crotchet now? Do you want to go back again?"

"*Allons donc!*" repeated the *Interpreter*.

"Ah," said the *Coachman*, "that's *London*. Sure enough some of ye are taken ill."

"*Depechez vous!*" exclaimed the *Interpreter*.

"*Gee wo!*" returned the *Coachman*. "Must I go back?"

"*Allons donc!*" cried the *Interpreter*.

"Aye, to London!" said the *Coachman*: "very well!" He accordingly turned his horses, and the *ready* beasts set off at a full gallop toward the *metropolis*.

As the ladies proceeded, they could not help remarking, that the road they were travelling seemed *very like* that which they had passed: but great indeed was their surprise, when, instead of *Hampton*, they found that they entered a *crowded city*: and still greater, when they discovered that, owing to the misinterpretation of *Allons donc*, they were set down precisely at the place whence they had departed in such high spirits in the morning.

DISSIPATION;

OR,

THE ORIGIN OF PARTIES.

PART III.

——————— *Componitur orbis*
Regis ad exemplum: nec sic inflectere sensus
Humanos edicta valent, quam vita regentis.
Claudian.

THAT the people follow the example of their monarch, is a maxim that, however it might appear verified in the dissipation of the reign of *Charles II.* to which we have so lately alluded, and in the morality, whether, by *their courtiers*, real or *assumed*, that distinguished those of *William* and *Mary*, the period at which we are now arrived; yet its principle has long since been abandoned. *Royal example*, we shall, in conclusion, have occasion to notice, has, at present, much less effect upon the *morals* and the *manners* of the times than it ought to have, or we should not so frequently be forced to contemplate *absurdity* treading upon the heels of *common sense*, and *folly* seated in the chair of *wisdom*.

During the *short reign* of *James II.* or, rather, in that part of it which intervened betwixt the death of *Charles II.* and the *Revolution*, there seems to have been a kind of *stagnation* in the *morals*, and suspension in the *minds* of the people; a kind of wavering betwixt *regularity* and *dissipation*.

The sensible and contemplative part of the nation, looking back, in many instances, to the *errors* of their juvenile years, and with sorrow observing the deplorable effects of *bad examples* upon their offspring, began to perceive that a *reformation in manners* was as *absolutely* necessary as a *revolution* in *government*. The divines of the age, men eminent for their learning, their piety, and elocution, who had seen with conscientious concern that they had long been endeavouring to cultivate a *barren soil*, or that the *manure of vice* which had been so widely spread over the country, had rendered it productive only of *weeds*, *luxuriant* in *their shoot*, *infectious* in *their spread*, and *deleterious* in *their qualities*, now began to have better hopes; and we must do the *dissenters* the credit to state, that although the period when public VICE and *general turpitude* had reached their acmé, a period which they had often prognosticated, had arrived; yet still, instead of exulting in their own *sagacity*, they only availed themselves of this *pause* of *profligacy* to renew those efforts to set the passions of the people on the side of *truth* and *virtue*, which had, during the *triumph* of *dissipation*, so often failed. That both the *Protestant* and *Calvinistical divines* were as sincere in their endeavours to promote *piety* and *virtue* as they were powerful and laborious in their efforts, there is not the smallest reason to doubt. That they were stimulated by the truest love of *piety* and *morality*, both as they affected the *public peace* and *individual happiness*, no one will deny: yet still there appears another reason that rendered their exertions at once a *patriotic* and a *conscientious* duty, which had a very considerable effect, not only on themselves but on the mass of the people. It has been stated, that the unfortunate *predilection* of the former monarch, to whom we have alluded, for the *Roman Catholic* religion, had induced him to grant *larger indulgences* to the *pleasurable propensions* of the people than was consistent with a desire to promote the purposes of *civil government*. Whether this charge, which was strongly urged, and much more *broadly displayed*, in the writings of those times, was founded on fact, it is not very important here to inquire. It is, as we have observed, certain, that a laxity of principle had prevailed that was attributed to the spread of the *papistical* system, that was said to have first emanated from the *highest source*: but whether this charge was well or ill founded, was the subject of a *controversy* which it would be useless to revive.

In the reign of *James*, the influence of this *predilection* was still greater, more openly avowed, and, consequently, more apparent: the *clergy*, therefore, observing the reins in *weaker hands*, justly feared that *licentiousness*, unbalanced by the *refinement* of *policy*, would rove at large, and render the people not only *profligate*, but *brutal*: they, consequently, redoubled their efforts to reform the age; and they were so far successful, that, as we have already stated, the *thinking* parts of the nation were struck with their representations, astonished at the precipitous depth, upon the edge of which they still stood, and thankful that means were pointed out, by which they might, with their offspring, escape from the ocean of destruction that still seemed to roar around them.

For some years after the *Revolution*, whether the people, who, it is observed by Cibber,* were, for *once*, *unanimous*, thought more of *politics* than of *pleasure*, is uncertain: but it is certain, that, however they might *indulge*, however they might *luxuriate* in *feasts*, *clubs*, and *private assemblies*, they no longer displayed that open profligacy of manners which we have before noticed in terms of reprobation. It is a curious circumstance, that, like the *state*, the *stage* was so far *purified*, that the audiences of those times seem to have delighted more in the *ancient* than in the *modern drama*: the plays of *Shakspeare*, *Jonson*, and *Massinger*, obtained a hearing, and, of course, were applauded; the tragedies of *Dryden*, *Lee*, and *Otway*, were frequently performed; indeed, *Alexander* and *Aurengzebe* were the passion of the town, and even of the court.

At this period,† the sufferings of the

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* In his Life, quarto edition, page 38.

† The period of the revocation of the "*perpetual*" and "*irrevocable*" edict of *Nantz*;(*a*) a measure of which it is difficult to say, whether it was the most *treacherous*, *cruel*, or *impolitic*. With respect to its *impolicy*, VOLTAIRE (*b*) observes, that "a part of the suburbs of *London*" (meaning *Spitalfields*) "was peopled entirely by the manu-

(*a*) 1685.
(*b*) Age of Louis XIV.

Protestants in France, and the reception of a great number of them in this kingdom, engaged much of the public atten-

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facturers of silk." He might have added, that the ingenuity of these people introduced a new system into the *machinery*, and, consequently, into the art of *silk-weaving*. In their hands, *genius* and *taste* pervaded the patterns of those beautiful *figured silks* and *rich brocades*, which then became the general fashion. Many ingenious artists also exercised their fancy in *pattern-drawing*; and the dress of many a *celebrated toast* was as much admired for the *singular elegance* of its design, as the lovely wearer was for the *exquisite* beauty of her form, or the *fascinating charms* of *her countenance*. It for a considerable time puzzled the *learned* to develope the reason why, after our lovely ancestors had stepped out of their *round farthingales*, which made them look as if they were standing in *butter-churns*: or when they ascended above *the hips*, as if they were *running* in *go-carts*; and had *slid* into the easy *negligent robe*, which, like the *modern chemise*, almost shewed, as *Swift* says, "*all for nothing*:" when, as we have said, they had abandoned the *farthingale*, and left off their *puritanical petticoats*, which we once heard a lady say were only fit for *female smugglers*, the aforesaid *learned* were *puzzled* at their adoption of the *flat hoop*: however, the difficulty was at length *solved*. It was, after much study, discovered, that the ladies still wished to *display something*; and, therefore, as *decorum* and *propriety* in dress became the order of the day, they chose a tegument upon which silk could have the broadest expansion, with a laudable intent to direct the eyes of their admirers, which had formerly been *bewildered* in the contemplation of *nature*, to the *artful* designs, elegant taste, and glowing colours, that their wide-spread *dresses* exhibited. The *toasts* of the age of William and Mary, also, knowing that

> The maid, who modestly conceals
> Her beauties, while she hides, reveals,

like the great *Vauban*, who made a *petticoat* round all his *cities*, which he called a *skirt*, that rendered them *impregnable*, determined to *fortify* themselves with an equal degree of *art*. "Out-*posts* may be attacked, but," said that great *Engineer*, "within *the lines* all is secure."

To return to *Spital-fields*, from which we have too far wandered, it gives us pleasure to state, that many of the descendants of the *original settlers* still remain on the spot, and continue to practise the *art* and *manufacture* that their ancestors established; an *art* and *manufacture* which, as a source of opulence to this united kingdom, and of ornamental elegance to its *female inhabitants*, deserves every encouragement that *genius* can elicit, or *patriotism* bestow.

tion, and introduced a species of *gravity* and *reflection* among the people, to which they had been for a long time strangers. If in the former reign they had imitated the *vices* and applauded the *follies* and *fopperies* of France, in the early part of these,* they, upon many occasions, expressed their thorough detestation of them; which the *inherent* dislike to that nation that was known to exist at *Kensington* stimulated and encouraged.

It would be a pleasing task to pursue this edifying subject much further, had we the power so to do: but, alas! materials are wanting. The moral compact which seemed tacitly to have been formed betwixt the government and the people of the metropolis (for in this most of our observations centre) lasted but for a short time. That *sobriety* of *conduct* and *apparent reformation* of *manners*, equally removed from *fanatical gloom* and *Gallic levity*, which certainly derived their existence and character from *the court*; owing to the *checks* which they received from the *turbulent*, and the *counteraction* of the *profligate*, in a very few years receded so far as to render it necessary that strong measures should be taken to reclaim those that could yet be reclaimed, and once more to direct those that wandered toward the paths of *truth* and *virtue*.

A circumstance that rendered this task the more arduous was, that the stage, which had been gradually resuming its former *licentiousness*, had added to its stock of *acting plays* many new pieces, and revived many of the old, which, had their morality been equal to their *wit* and *humour*, *would*, and *ought*, to have served as *dramatic models* for every period that has since elapsed: but these, alas! not only deficient in morals but in decency of language and characteristic decorum, were, like *deleterious drugs* of the most active properties, spreading their poison far and near, when, fortunately, to counteract their influence, a *literary antidote* appeared, which it is now necessary to notice.

In the year 1697, *Jeremiah Collier*, a *Nonjuring clergyman*, the properest man upon earth to undertake the Herculean task of purifying the *drama*, published "*A short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*:" a work that displays the

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* William and Mary.

learning, the talents, the temper, and what is, considering his profession, very singular, *the reading* of its author.* The town was astonished! This attack, which was an appeal to the piety and good sense of the nation, was strenuously urged, and as strenuously resisted, by the veteran *Dennis* and others. *Collier* had, however, fixed himself upon the *firmest ground.* His great object was to support the *religion* and *morals* of the country, while that of his opponents was to *sap* their very foundation. Nothing could stand against his arguments, or combat his comparative instances, *ancient* and *modern*; and, though he did not entirely *reform*, he most certainly, in a very great degree, *repressed* the evil of which he complained.

Dennis, although he stood upon a *quicksand* which at every step trembled under him, derived some support from the passions of the multitude.

Another writer arose, who published a work intituled "The Stage Condemned;" who, consequently with equal learning, and a still greater degree of asperity, ranged on the side of *Collier.*

Dryden shewed marks of contrition; and if *Dennis* was not *convinced*, he was at least *silenced.*

This was the state of public amusements at the close of the seventeenth century. With respect to *domestic life* and *metropolitan society*, the people had, in consequence of the situation of public affairs, of the *war* and of the *peace*, become *great politicians.* To the study of this *abstruse* science a new stimulus was afforded in the dawn of the *Funding System*, and the consequent rise of the *monied interest.* Business was sedulously pursued; and its relaxations, *dinners* and *domestic* parties, conducted with great *state* and *appropriate solemnity.* To assert that *profligacy* did not still continue to spread, would certainly be incorrect; indeed, it would be an assertion which the *King's proclamation*, and the *Queen's* letter, addressed to the *magistrates* of *Middlesex*, would confute.†

At this period, *St. James's-park*, which we have before mentioned, had again become the nocturnal resort of the *idle* and *dissolute.* The *Ring* in *Hyde-park* was also reprobated, as the diurnal scene of the *foppery*, *frivolity*, and *follies*, of what was termed the *polite world.*

In every sphere of life, the prevalence of party now became obvious. It is not necessary to state the influence which the words Whig and Tory had upon the sentiments of the people, because the political confusion that they created is already well known.

* It is a remark, we think to be found in *Dennis*, or some other of the respondents of *Collier*, that it was impossible he could have written such a book, if he had not *read* with *avidity*, aye and seen with *delight*, the *plays* he censures with such *asperity.* That he had read them with all the eagerness of a *reformer* and *controversialist* we have no doubt; but, according to the *clerical costume* of those times, it was impossible that he could have *seen any* of them without being *seen* himself.

† These public documents, in effect, state, that impiety, immorality, profligacy, and vice, *had again* raised their heads; that the people had, in many instances, become licentious, inattentive to the laws, negligent of their religious duties, and requiring the exertions of the said *magistrates* for the suppression of vice and immorality.

INGRATITUDE;

OR,

THE ADULTERESS.

A TRAGIC DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS.

Taken from the Play of Thomas Heywood, *intitled,* "*A Woman killed with Kindness.*"

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

Act II. Scene I.

A Grove of majestic Trees on the right; on the left side, the Cottage appears at a distance.

Enter Sophia *and* Susan.

Sophia sings.

SWEET Echo, tune thy vocal shell
Thro' cavern, grove, and lurid dell,
Responsive to my woe:
Hear! hear! a female lost, forlorn,
Recite her plaints from eve to morn,
Whose tears must ever flow.
Sweet Echo, tune thy vocal shell
Thro' cavern, grove, and lurid dell,
Repeat my cries,
Respond my sighs,
Deplore my fatal choice;
Till worn with grief,
Beyond relief,
I am, like thee, a voice.
A voice, to sorrow tun'd alone,
Whose trembling accents always moan.
See my tears like streamlets flow,
Since *Cupid* broke *Diana's* bow.

Susan. They flow, indeed, dear lady, morn and night,
And all night too; but sure the lapse of time,
Which softens other sorrows, will abate them.

Sophia. Never, dear girl!
Time but increases woe;
For time on eagle's pinions swiftly flies
To eternize dishonour.

Susan. I think not so.
Sure, when your lover shall have heard your sufferings,
He'll fly to claim your hand.

Sophia. Never!

Susan. Have better thoughts of *Morven.*

Sophia. I once had better.
Once, fate ordain'd me to adore the villain
Who stole, insidious, to my father's house,
Seduc'd me thence; with wiles, perhaps with drugs,
Ruin'd my fame, my fortune, and my person.

Susan. He left you with a promise to return.

Sophia. He did.

Susan. And vow'd, invoking all the saints of heaven,
To shield your honour from the darts of slander.

Sophia. Vows which he oft had made,
And often broken. Has he return'd?
Did I not wait his time, and much beyond it?
Did he not leave me wretched, and forlorn?
Driven from the very roof that shelter'd me,
And justly driv'n from my father's door,
Who imprecated vengeance on my head,
Was not the gulf of misery before me?
Where should I now have been, had not an angel,
For sure it was no less, protected me?

Susan. A lady saw you fainting at the door
Of your inhuman father; rais'd you up.
She learn'd, from me, the cause of your distress,
And, with a bounty equal to her beauty,
Afforded you the means to fly the city.

Sophia. Who was she?

Susan. Alas! I know not.

Sophia. But how came I here?
My brain still rambles thro' the whirl of thought.

Susan. This, my dear lady, is my native country.

Sophia. A country which erst in happier days
I well remember.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Remember! Good now, in your situation the less you remember the better. This was what I used to say to my lady; and she always smiled, and replied, she must learn the art of forgetfulness from me.

Susan. Well!

Nurse. No, it is not always well to forget. Yet I can remember too.

Susan. Can you? You seemed to have some message for my lady.

Nurse. Dear heart! I had forgot that—this is so like what happened the other day—there came a fine gentleman——

Susan. But the message!

Nurse. He did not leave any message: he asked if *Lady Frankford* had passed this way. She had sure enough: I saw them afterward meet in this very grove—I dare say they were near relations.

Susan. Why?

Nurse. They seemed so kind to one another.

Susan. But still the present message?

Nurse. Oh Lord! I had forgot that again—What a head, as my lady used to say——

Susan. Ne'er mind your lady.

Nurse. Ah! I did not mind her so much as I ought.

Sophia. Heaven above!
How far will this garrulity extend?
Repress your speech, or turn it to the course
Of information—What message have you?

Nurse. None.

Susan. None!

Nurse. No: I only come to inform you that my nephew *Nicholas* is returned. He has seen my lord——

Sophia. Has he not also seen your lady?

Nurse. All in good time. He will not want *Farmer Rye's* horse, because I have orders to provide you with every thing. Here's a purse of gold!

Sophia. For me!

Susan. Impossible!

Nurse. For certain! My lord never does things by halves. My lady, too, is a charming woman. I remember when they were married.

Susan. Remember nothing bu[t] present business. My lord, you say[,] the purse.

Sophia. Heavens! how indelicate!

Susan. But, alas! how necessary.

Sophia. It must be returned.

Nurse. Return money! Lord! I never did such a thing in my life. When I first come into place——

Sophia. In place or out, it must. Where's the servant?

Nurse. He waits now at my cottage.

Sophia. I'll see him myself.
Susan, support me home.

[*Exeunt* SOPHIA *and* SUSAN.

Manet NURSE.

Nurse. Return money! Whip me if I would have returned a single piece—For why? Because I have heard my old lady say, that it was the greatest affront that could be put upon gentlefolks: however, I thank heaven, I never *affronted* any one so in my life.

When merry bells sound,
And the gentry around
Attend to the christening's call,
I serve cake and wine,
In my province I shine,
And music and mirth shakes the hall.
In this season of joy, each guest opens her purse,
And kindly remembers dear, good MRS. NURSE.
In this season of joy, each guest opens her purse,
And kindly remembers dear, good MRS. NURSE.
In this season of joy, while the merry bells sound,
Each lady has hopes that the feast will *come round.*

[*Exit* NURSE.

Scene II.

An Apartment in Frankford Castle.

Enter WENDOLL.

Wendoll. Remorse! What is it? Nothing! yet it beats
Here at my breast, and sometimes gains admittance.
Already have I practis'd on the heart
Of lovely *Frankford:* met her in the grove.
But she, as pure as innocence itself,
As unsuspicious, ne'er discern'd the snare.
Shall I proceed?—Why not?—Aye, but the world——
Her husband is my friend: I am to him
Almost as necessary as his food.
He cannot eat without me——
I will not do it—added to the rest,
[illegible]uld sink me deep indeed——
[illegible]ot do it; what then can enforce [illegible]ne?
What can compel me?—I will not——
Ha! some fury goads me on:
The swift fates drag me at their chariot wheels,
While lovely *Frankford* seems to ride aloft,
And smilingly invite me.
Lady, beware!—and yet why should I hesitate with her
More than another? Honour! Gratitude!
Words! Words! mere words!—they're broken every day.
I must pursue her. How——

[*Throws himself in a chair, and rests his head upon his hand.*

Enter JENKIN.

Jenkin. There are, said *Sam Slippery*, who got into the *wrong place* at last, more *places* than parish-churches. So there are; but I wish they were as permanent. I thought I was as much a fixture in this castle as the turret-clock, that has been in *its place* time out of mind. However, I find that I am, as our steward says, transferred like an *ancient villein*—Yet I am no villain; but though I am not, I know who is——Mum!——I am ordered to serve a new master——This is strange, and he's seemingly of a strange humour—If he's not mad, he's worse—I have no ambition to serve him in *Bedlam*—Yet he made a terrible rout—but, perhaps, he was only mad for missing me. If a man misses such a servant as I, he's an object of pity—therefore I'll comfort him——Sir!

Wendoll (*starting*). I will pursue her!

Jenkin. He's thinking of hunting—Ecod, I'm as fond of the sport as he is——Sir!

Wendoll. What, Jenkin! Where's your lady?

Jenkin. Is your honour married?

Wendoll (*alarmed*). Married! No! Why do you ask?

Jenkin. Because, as you are now my master, if I have a lady, she must be your wife; and therefore, like a good servant, I should be glad to pay my duty to her.

Wendoll. Well argued, *Jenkin*: but I meant *Lady Frankford.*

Jenkin. This alters the case—But, sir, as his lordship rode out to pay some distant visits, she went very lovingly to see him mount his horse. Do you not see her, sir? She comes in at the *great* gate, therefore out I go at the *little* one.

[*Exit* JENKIN.

Wendoll. And so will I: this once
I'll fly her presence.
This is a sacrifice to friendship: still,
Let her, I say, beware when next we
meet. [*Exit* WENDOLL.

Scene III.

Enter LADY FRANKFORD.

Lady Frankford. Sure *Wendoll* left
the room on my approach.
What could that mean? Respect.
His fiery eyes shot their keen glances
round:
He seems much chang'd; disorder'd in
his speech.
Perhaps his fortune, aided even by us,
Is still too much entangled for his peace.
I'll question him—But stop! What right
have I
To question him? Yet my lord en-
join'd
That I should in his absence take his
place,
And shew my best regard to cheerless
Wendoll.

Enter NICHOLAS.

How now? I thought that you attended
on
Your lord.

Nicholas. My lady, so I do.

Lady Frankford. Have you return'd
from him? Some accident,
I fear.

Nicholas. No accident, my lady. I have returned not from him, but to him, at least as I expected. I hoped to have arrived before he proceeded on his journey; but, according to the old saying, "*Delay breeds danger.*"

Lady Frankford. Leave your old sayings, and tell me what occasioned your delay.

Nicholas. I could not prevail upon the young lady to accept the purse.

Lady Frankford. What purse? What young lady?

Nicholas. Respecting whom I informed his lordship; and he, of course, informed your ladyship.

Lady Frankford. Oh! (*starting.*) Well, what of her?

Nicholas. Your ladyship knows: I told his lordship the whole story.

Lady Frankford. The whole story! Well.

Nicholas. How through the terrors of a dark and dreary night she arrived at the cottage in which nurse resides.

Lady Frankford. A convenient place!

Nicholas. O, the best place for her in the county. Nurse is a very good sort of woman.

Lady Frankford. Doubtless!

Nicholas. His lordship, to whom I told her story, was quite pleased that she should be there.

Lady Frankford. Pleased! (*starting.*) Why should he be pleased?

Nicholas. Because access to the cottage is so easy from the castle.

Lady Frankford. So it is! (*Sighs*) I had forgotten.

Nicholas. I dare say your ladyship is as pleased as he was.

Lady Frankford. To be sure! (*Sighs*) So you carried her a purse?

Nicholas. That I did—a pretty full one. I wish I had the fellow to it. But here another difficulty occurred.

Lady Frankford. A difficulty! What?

Nicholas. She would not accept of it.

Lady Frankford. Not accept of it! —Why?

Nicholas. Nay, I know not: she considered it an affront.

Lady Frankford. Of what country is she?

Nicholas. She came from *London*, I believe; but she could not be born there, because I have heard the *Londoners* know better.

Lady Frankford. So you have brought back the purse?

Nicholas. Indeed, my lady, I have not.

Lady Frankford. Why?

Nicholas. Because there is an old saying, "*If one won't, another will:*" so I left it with her maid.

Lady Frankford. Her maid?

Nicholas. Who told me, that her lady was in the deepest distress.

Lady Frankford. Art! art! all art! (*aside*) So you came away?

Nicholas. I hurried away to give this account to my lord, who, I dare say, will see the lady himself when he returns.

Lady Frankford. Doubtless!—She's very handsome?

Nicholas. Oh! the beautifulest creature——

Lady Frankford (*eagerly*). Beautifulest creature!

Nicholas. Sings like an angel.

Lady Frankford. So!

Nicholas. Is in form graceful, majestic, enchanting.

Lady Frankford (*sternly*). Indeed! I think you seem to be enchanted with her!

Nicholas. My lady!

Lady Frankford. You have not mentioned these circumstances to any one?

Nicholas. Not to any creature breathing: but *Nurse*, my aunt, knows the whole particulars.

Lady Frankford. And so will the whole county in a short time: therefore, I depend upon your discretion to caution her.

Nicholas. That I certainly shall: she cautioned me a few days ago.

Lady Frankford. And, above all, do not let a word transpire in this castle.

Nicholas. Your ladyship may depend upon my discretion and taciturnity.

Lady Frankford. If you hear any more from the cottage, inform me.

Nicholas. Or his lordship, which is just the same.

Lady Frankford. Blockhead! You know he's absent.

Nicholas. Oh Lord! I had forgot: I will certainly inform your ladyship of every particular. [*Exit* NICHOLAS.

Lady Frankford. Is *Frankford* false? Good heaven, can it be!
Impossible!—Yet why conceal his fair adventurer,
His cottage beauty?—Why, unknown to me,
Relieve her want, and lodge her near his castle?
The reason's plain—The marriage-vow is broken—
By *Frankford* broken. Hear it, heaven and earth,
That *Frankford* breaks his vow; insults his wife;
Aye, tacitly insults her by his mistress,
His secret mistress: yet I must have proof.
Proof! it is too apparent—
I'll seek no further.—Still let me reflect——

Enter NICHOLAS.

Ha! have you brought more news?

Nicholas. Good news, my lady! for your much-lov'd brother
Has just arriv'd. [*Exit* NICHOLAS.

Scene IV.

Enter SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, *his arm in a sling.*

Sir Charles. Tho' scarce recover'd, yet, my lovely *Anna*,
I could not be restrain'd.

Lady Frankford. Oh, *Charles!* too soon you venture forth.

Sir Charles. It seems, indeed, too soon. You're indispos'd:
Pale is your cheek, and languid your address;
Some secret sorrow preys upon your heart:
Let me demand the cause.

Lady Frankford. My lord is absent.

Sir Charles. He is! I know it well——
I met him near the cottage of the grove.
We stopp'd our horses—he inquir'd my health,
And begg'd me to convey his love to you.

Lady Frankford. His love to me—The cottage of the grove—
Had he been there?

Sir Charles. I think he said he had, to leave some orders.

Lady Frankford. To leave some orders—for the fair within.
Confirm'd! Confirm'd! (*aside*)

Sir Charles. But I have other news: romantic too.

Lady Frankford. Romantic news!

Sir Charles. Scarce had I left his lordship, ere I met
A lovely nymph, attended by her maid.
Feeble and weak she seem'd; but still her form
Attractive as your own—a sister grace.

Lady Frankford. No flattery, brother!—Spoke she to my lord?

Sir Charles. 'Tis probable she had—She seem'd a stranger.
Her manners courtly, and her face divine.
I felt myself interested in her fate.
But still, repulsive to my ardent queries,
She shrunk from observation, and retir'd.

Lady Frankford. To the cottage? (*Eagerly*)

Sir Charles. She cross'd the grove, and took the rugged path
That leads that way. I follow'd with my eyes;
But the umbrageous foliage soon conceal'd her.

Lady Frankford. She will be found——
Too soon for my repose. (*aside*)

Sir Charles. Sure I before have seen her!—Where's *Wendoll?*

Lady Frankford. I had a glimpse of him at my return.
Before my lord took horse, he much desir'd
To speak with him, but he was absent then:
The fields were search'd, and every place explor'd,
Yet he could not be found; therefore he enjoin'd me
To greet him, and express his kind command
To use his house, his table, and his fortune,
As if himself were present.

Sir Charles. Too much!—too much! I say, beware of him!

Lady Frankford. What should I fear? His manners bland and courtly; Smooth in his speech, and in his morals pure.

Sir Charles. Sister, stop here! nor trust appearances. Man is not always what he seems.

Lady Frankford. Alas! I know it well. *(Sighs)* Yet *Wendoll* ——

Sir Charles. Comes.

Enter WENDOLL.

Wendoll. *Sir Charles!* the moment that I heard this dome Was once more honour'd by your long-wish'd presence, I flew to gratulate your bless'd recovery.

Sir Charles. I thank you, sir; tho' in the air too soon, I come to soothe the sorrows of my sister, Affected by the absence of her lord.

Wendoll. I could have well excus'd your absence too. *(Aside)*

Lady Frankford. I fear your health will suffer by your kindness.

Wendoll. Heaven forbid!

Sir Charles. I mean not to encounter evening dews.

[NICHOLAS *appears.*

Lady Frankford. At present, dinner waits, and friends expect us.

Sir Charles. Then, lovely *Anna*, let us join those friends.

[*Exeunt* SIR CHARLES, *leading* LADY FRANKFORD.

Wendoll. By heaven! my heart bounds at her every accent; Her voice is silver-ton'd, her touch elysium. Oh! how I envy grave *Sir Charles* her hand! How I dislike the scowling of his eyes, That seem on me to glance suspicion!— Suspicion! What can he suspect? He knows my obligations to *Lord Frankford*, And, therefore, cannot think me such a deep Designing villain—Yet I must go on; I'm hurried to distraction; loathe my food.

Enter JENKIN.

Jenkin. Ah, your honour! that's the very thing of which my lady complains: she says, you abandon the table, and seek solitude—So she sent me to seek you.——Such a dinner!

Wendoll. Did *Lady Frankford* complain of my absence?

Jenkin. That she did; and when one of the young ladies offered to seek you, she said, No, she would send honest *Jenkin.*

Wendoll. What can this mean?

Jenkin. Mean! Why, that dinner waits—Ah! if you were as sharp set as I, you would not let it wait long.

[*Exit* JENKIN.

Wendoll. By heaven! this blockhead has arous'd a thought That darted thro' my mind, and pierc'd my heart. Impatient of my absence!—Jealous!— No! it cannot be—Yet why not? She is a woman. If insidious words Impress a female mind, I oft have us'd them. If mark'd attention, silent admiration, Watching her looks, and dwelling on her accents; If flattery, tears, and falsehood, do not fail, My glowing passion shall at last prevail.

[*Exit* WENDOLL.

Scene V.

The Grove Cottage. An Apartment.

Enter DOCTOR LENITIVE *and* NURSE.

Nurse. So, as she returned so perilous ill, I did not know what to make of her —I tried my drops—You never took any of my drops.

Dr. Lenitive. I never take any thing.

Nurse. Good now! Well—so I tried my drops, but they had no effect.

Dr. Lenitive. So I suppose.

Nurse. Yet they are an excellent medicine.

Dr. Lenitive. Better than half of them.

Nurse. So they are! However, she continued ill—So then, thought I, what's to be done?—a *doctor's* better than an *old woman.*

Dr. Lenitive. Sometimes.

Nurse. So I sent for you.

Dr. Lenitive. I am obliged to you.

Nurse. Aye, and so is the lady; for I am sure she is better since you came, and I don't see that you have given her any thing.

Dr. Lenitive. Yes, I have.

Nurse. Bless me! What?

Dr. Lenitive. Advice—and consolation.

Nurse. Lord! that's talking—If I had known, she should have had enough.

Susan (without). My lady can't be seen!

Sir Charles (without). But for a moment!

Susan. Impossible!

Sir Charles. Nothing so easy! it is only following you.

Enter SUSAN, *followed by* SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD: *as he sees* DR. LENITIVE, *he starts.*

Dr. Lenitive. Heyday! I shall think I am in the hospital, if I have all my patients in one house.

Sir Charles. *Dr. Lenitive!*

Dr. Lenitive. *Sir Charles!*—I allowed you to take the air, and you seem inclined to make a *proper* use of my indulgence.

Sir Charles. Pardon me, doctor; but I this morning met a most interesting young woman.

Susan. Yes! and this afternoon you met another interesting young woman: but that's no reason why you should have been rude.

Dr. Lenitive. Rude! Was he rude to you?

Susan. I think so: he would not take an answer.

Dr. Lenitive. Was that all?

Nurse. Aye, he was rude to me too, this morning, for he would not *give* me an answer as he rode by.

Dr. Lenitive. Neither give nor take —These are heavy charges, *Sir Charles*: Do you mean to plead to them?

Sir Charles. I wish to see the lady.

Dr. Lenitive. And, of all men, she wishes to avoid seeing you: so far you disagree.

Sir Charles. Then I am confirmed in what before I merely thought.

Dr. Lenitive. What did you think?

Sir Charles. That she's the daughter of a worthy friend.

Dr. Lenitive. Of whom?—*Nurse*, you are wanted—*Susan*, you may retire—Even walls have ears, and passages have tongues. (*Shuts the door.*) (*Exeunt* SUSAN *and* NURSE.) Of whom, I ask?

Sir Charles. Of *Jerningham*—my father's valued friend.

Dr. Lenitive. So far you're right—rest satisfied.

Sir Charles. Confus'd in my ideas when first I met her:
Tho' years have pass'd, I recollect her now, and wish to see her.

Dr. Lenitive. Indeed you shall not.
Consistent with her health, she can't be seen.
Were I permitted to disclose a tale
I late have heard——

Sir Charles. I will avenge her wrongs!

Dr. Lenitive. Your wound scarce cur'd—
Dare you again to urge another quarrel?
Revenge her wrongs, indeed; on whom revenge them?

Sir Charles. The villain that seduc'd her,
That tempted her to leave her father's house.

Dr. Lenitive. Name him!

Sir Charles. Alas! I know him not.

Dr. Lenitive. Nor ever will.
His name, I fear, is even beyond her knowledge.

Sir Charles. Her servant can inform me.

Dr. Lenitive. I doubt it much; but even if she could,
Tempt not a servant to betray her mistress.

Sir Charles. I'll seek the villain!

Dr. Lenitive. At present, seek repose.
These strong emotions, and these bursts of passion,
That rise to madness, are your greatest foes:
Therefore, I say, retire, and seek repose.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter JENKIN *and* NICHOLAS.

Jenkin. My master, who is the genteelest of all genteel persons, seems to have made a genteel step into this family.

Nicholas. 'Tis too apparent!

Jenkin. So good a man as *Lord Frankford!*

Nicholas. So kind a master!

Jenkin. So warm a friend!

Nicholas. I could kill the villain myself!

Jenkin. Whom?

Nicholas. *Wendoll!*

Jenkin. My master! the master of this family at present. I knew him well in *London*; as I before said, and, therefore, always have suspected him.

Nicholas. Of such an object
Suspicion was a virtue. But then my lady,
She that was always deem'd as chaste as ice,
Her fame unsullied as the mountain-snow,
To suffer liberties——

Jenkin. From *Wendoll* too!
Their secret meetings, and their garden
Walks, I've lately trac'd.

Nicholas. I've observ'd them too within this castle,
Erst the seat of honour. What shall we do?
Nicholas. Shall we advise with *Laura?*
Jenkin. *Laura*, who loves my lady as her life,
Will ne'er betray her secrets.
Nicholas. Here she comes.
[*They stand aside.*

Enter Laura.

Laura. Is this the end of virtue, and of honour,
Of matrimonial bliss, of female pride,
And all the chaste distinctions of our sex?
Has *Frankford* fallen, or may she still escape?
Alas! I fear her fate is firmly fix'd!
Horror, destruction, hovers o'er her person,
And o'er my lord! her lovely infants too,
All, all will be involv'd!—What can be done?
Ah! [Nicholas *and* Jenkin *appear*].
Have I betray'd my mistress?
Nicholas. You have not, virtuous *Laura.* Well we knew
The dire misfortunes that attend our lady,
Before our ears imperfect caught your accents.
Like you we mourn the mischief we presage,
And wish to stop, or to avert its force.
Jenkin. How can this be done?
Laura. Her guilt, if there is guilt, will soon be public——
Nicholas. Never from us! We feel too much concern
For all the wrongs our noble master suffers
To blazon them abroad.
Laura. Could we but drive this *Wendoll* from the house.
Nicholas. It is too late, I fear, too firm his hold.
Laura. A desperate remedy must yet be tried.
Acquaint *Sir Charles.*
Jenkin. He both suspects and hates the treacherous villain.
Yet who would dare?
Nicholas. I'd do it, were my life to pay the forfeit.
Laura. Still caution must be used, and proof obtain'd.
Soon they will meet again.
Nicholas. We'll watch them then.
Jenkin. *Wendoll* has given some of the servants leave
To sup at Farmer Rye's.
Nicholas. His annual feast.
Laura. The house is now their own.
Nicholas. And also ours—We'll watch their meeting.
Laura. Return two hours hence: come thro' the stable gate.
Jenkin. Enough.
[*Exeunt* Jenkin *and* Nicholas.
Laura. Too much, I think!
Good Heaven! inspire the heart
Of *Lady Frankford* with a sense of duty.
Oh! may the wife and mother free from blame
Rescue her honour from the gulf of shame. [*Exit.*

Scene VII.

The Green before a Farm-house of the most picturesque style of building, half overgrown with ivy and other clinging plants, and embosomed in trees—A Farm-yard on the one side, and small pal'd Garden in front.

Enter Farmer Rye, Male *and* Female Peasants, Scrape (*the Fidler*), First *and* Second Falconers, Huntsmen, Roger, Butler, Cook, *and other Men Servants;* Sisley, Marian, Lucy, Bridget, &c.

Farmer Rye. We'll take our ale in the house: but the girls would have a dance upon the green.

Roger. A dance is their delight. I'm sure they have danced me till I am more tired than I should have been after a day's threshing.

Bridget. Aye, you deserve threshing for not dancing brisker: you move as heavily as my lord's old mule, that we used to call Camel.

Farmer Rye. Roger always sung better than he danced; and to shew that he has not forgot—let's have a song.

Cook. What, before supper?

Butler. You ought to let him wet his whistle.

Scrape. Always rosin the strings.

Roger. Right, Scrape!

Farmer Rye. Then bring some liquor!

Sings.

Let the ale be handed round;
Let the sprightly fiddle sound:
Thus merry and gay
We'll drink down the day;
Then with partners so light
We'll dance thro' the night.
Let the ale be handed round;
Let the sprightly fiddle sound:
Tweedle tweedle de,
Happy, happy,
With our nappy,
Happy, happy we.

CHORUS.

Tweedle tweedle de,
Happy, happy,
With our nappy,
Happy, happy we.
[*They drink.*

Farmer Rye. There, I've set you a going; but, as I'm out of breath—whose will may take up the cudgels.

Sisley (sings).

Father roam'd a field to plough;
Mother went to milk her cow;
Sisley in the garden wander'd,
Where the murm'ring rill meander'd:
What else could she do?
She sung of love, and *Cupid's* pow'r;
And as she sung, she pluck'd a flow'r:
Her quavering voice allur'd a youth;
They plighted honour, faith, and truth;
So she'd no cause to rue.

Roger (sings).

A husbandman's life
Is void of all strife;
For if once should ill humour prevail,
He'd never give way,
But, to quiet a fray,
He'd *thresh* them all round with his flail.
He'd *thresh* them all round with his *flail.*

Huntsman (sings).

When Phœbus first opens the curtains of morn,
We hail his approach with the sound of the horn.
From the east dart his beams; his rays tinge the skies;
Clouds flicker; horns sound; men and dogs join their cries;
Hills, dales, woods, reverberate; glad notes fill the space;
All nature partakes of the joys of the chace.

CHORUS.

Hills, dales, woods, reverb'rate; glad notes fill the space;
All nature partakes of the joys of the chace.
[*Exeunt.*

The scene closes.

Scene VIII.

An Apartment in Frankford Castle.

Enter LAURA.

Laura. I've track'd the villain whose insidious arts
And wily speech have poison'd *Frankford's* mind,
Inflam'd her passions, and her reason lull'd.
Alas! alas! dishonour is too certain;
And quick destruction will as surely follow.

Enter NICHOLAS *and* JENKIN.

Nicholas. All is confirm'd: we've trac'd their garden walk.

Jenkin. And watch'd their private meeting in this castle.

Laura. Heaven and earth! I tremble at the thought!
Can *Lady Frankford* ever know dishonour?
Sure Chastity resides no more on earth.
A noble husband—lovely infants too.
Where is the wife, the matron, I ador'd?
Lost! lost! for ever lost! to virtue and to honour.

Nicholas. No more, they come!
[JENKIN, NICHOLAS, *and* LAURA, *retire to different sides of the scene.*

Scene IX.

Enter LADY FRANKFORD *and* WENDOLL.

Lady Frankford. No more! We have already gone too far.
You know my husband loves you.

Wendoll. I know it well.

Lady Frankford. He esteems you,
Even as his brain, his eye-balls, and his heart.

Wendoll. I feel his love; rejoice in his esteem.

Lady Frankford. His purse is your exchequer, and his table
Doth freely serve you.

Wendoll. So I have found them.

Lady Frankford. Then, with what face of brass, and brow of steel,
Can you unblushing own this to the wife,
The wife ador'd too by so dear a friend?
The faithless wife that hath dishonour'd him?
Heaven! Can I bear the thought?
Frankford dishonour'd by the man who lives
Upon his bounty. Oh! can I endure it?
It is my husband that maintains your state:
To you he has consign'd his whole affairs,
Only his wife. Ha, traitor! have you seduc'd his wife?

Wendoll. I have, and glory in it—Speak no more!
For more than you have said I have recorded
Within the red-leav'd table of my heart.
Belov'd! ador'd! the thread of my existence!
I freely give my life into your hands,
And at once hazard all my earthly means.
Go, tell your husband! he will turn me off,
And I am then undone. I care not—I—
'Twas for your sake. Perchance in rage he'll kill me.

I care not—'twas for you! I'll meet the stroke,
And kiss the conq'ring hand that gave the blow.
Say I incur the general name of villain thro' the world!
Of monster! felon! traitor to my friend!
I care not—it moves not my firm heart.
Brand me with shame, with obloquy, reproach!
With beggary goad me! hunt me from society—
Why, what care I for this?

Lady Frankford. You rouse the strong emotions of my mind,
Which erst had centred into self-reproach.
Yet still, tho' he is false, I love my husband.

Wendoll. False! I believe him false! report belies him,
If that a cottage nymph, a rural grace,
Does not possess his heart.

Lady Frankford. Ha! have you heard of this?

Wendoll. Who has not heard that noble *Frankford* stray'd?
What is the purpose of his present journey?

Lady Frankford. Ah! what indeed—perhaps he's there conceal'd—
You move, nay you command, my passions, *Wendoll.*

Wendoll. Admit me to your chamber!

Lady Frankford. Ha! that theme again!

Wendoll. I will be secret, lady! close as night;
And not the twinkling light of one small star
Shall shine forth to betray us.

Lady Frankford. My chamber!—Oh!
How can I comply?—How soon the bourn is pass'd
That separates good and evil.
I've o'erstepp'd it—My chamber!—What shall I say?
My soul is wand'ring, and has lost her way.
Oh *Wendoll!* ruin! ruin!

[*Sinks in his arms.*

Wendoll. Sigh not, sweet saint!
For every sigh you breathe draws from my heart
A drop of blood.

Lady Frankford. Oh *Wendoll!*
Pray Heaven I be not born to curse your tongue,
That has enchanted me.

Wendoll. Rather to bless it!
Your husband is from home. Where? That's the question——
Think of revenge.

Lady Frankford. I fear I've thought too much!

[*Exeunt* Lady Frankford *and* Wendoll.

Scene X.

Enter Nicholas, Jenkin, *and* Laura.

Laura. "Your *husband* is *from home*"——
Heard you the villain.

Nicholas. I did—"*the chamber*" too
Oh! I could stab him.
I love my lord—I hate the insidious wretch.
I love my lady, faulty as she is.
I have a sword.

Jenkin. How!

Nicholas. My master's honour calls it from the scabbard.

Jenkin. Yes! and your rage would turn it on yourself.
Are you to be appriz'd of *Wendoll's* arts?

Nicholas. No: I have lately seen their sad effects.

Laura. His influence o'er his lordship would rebut
Our charge against him.

Jenkin. Nought but demonstration
Would e'er affect the villain.

Nicholas. His lordship's absent——

Laura. But expected home.

Jenkin. I'll meet him on the way,
And in his ear pour such a tale——

Laura. As will destroy his peace,
Derange his mind.

Nicholas. Mean time, the insidious villain lives—nay, triumphs.

Laura. Yet I'll unkennel him.

Nicholas. What will you do?

Laura. What I before propos'd:
Inform *Sir Charles*: he's at the manor-house.
Myself will do it.

Nicholas. We'll assist you—
A blessed thought! he's ready to believe the worst of *Wendoll*:
And tho' he cannot save his lovely sister,
He'll break the matter gently to my lord.

Jenkin. The gathering clouds hang on the murky brows of distant hills,
And clad in hazy grey the evening comes:
We must be speedy——

Laura. I'll attend you straight.

[*Exeunt* Nicholas *and* Jenkin.

Oh, noble, lovely *Frankford!* Mistress! Friend!
So vanishes the joy that usher'd in
Thy marriage morn, and the connubial bliss
Attendant on that state.
A star has fallen—shot from the zenith
A resplendent star. The names,

The endearing names of *wife* and *mother*,
Are sunk at once, into perdition sunk.
Heaven and earth! is this the lovely
Anna?
Distraction! Let me once more see her
children;
For only in their smiling innocence
Shall I again e'er recognize their mother.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

OBSERVATIONS *on the newly-discovered* ART *of* PRINTING *with* STONE.

IT will probably be in the recollection of many of our readers, at least we will endeavour to bring the circumstance to their knowledge, that, in our review of that splendid and truly ingenious work, "*The Antiquities of Westminster,* By *John Thomas Smith,*"* a method of *drawing* and *engraving* on STONE, invented and practised by *Mr. Aloys Senefelder,* is mentioned, and two specimens of the different methods of increasing copies alluded to. We there, although we allowed the discovery to have been extremely curious, from a minute inspection and deep contemplation of the engravings, stated, that there was a *coarseness* in the ART, or rather in the *material* upon which it was practised, which only adapted it to the production of *large works;* at the same time we admitted, that it included properties capable of great improvement. This improvement has, we understand, been in progress, and learn that experiments have been made, and are now making, that afford the prospect of very considerable advantage to the arts in general, and to those dependant upon the multiplication, and consequent wide dispersion, of copies in particular. We, therefore, in order to facilitate the improvement to which we have alluded, feel great pleasure in inserting the following account of the elementary principles of *the art of printing with stone,* in order to introduce, or superinduce, *disquisition,* which, in the efforts of ingenuity, has been deemed the *portal* that leads to *perfection.*

THE art of printing from stone, originally discovered in *Germany* about nine years ago, and which has since been successfully practised in *Italy* and *France,* appears, till lately, to have been but little used, or even known, in this country, though meriting, from its simplicity, its expedition, and its economy, to rank high among modern discoveries, and offering some real and important advantage to the arts. Its inventor was, as already stated, *Aloys Senefelder,* a native of *Prague,* in *Bohemia,* who first obtained, in 1801, an exclusive privilege for the exercise of it from the then *Elector of Bavaria;* and, in 1803, a like privilege from the *Emperor of Germany. Senefelder,* in consequence, established stone-printing houses at *Munich* and at *Vienna;* and, under his directions, similar establishments have been formed in *France* and *Italy.* It is at *Munich,* however, that the art has been brought to the greatest perfection.

There are *three* different methods of *printing with stone;* namely, the method in relief (most generally used), and particularly adapted for music; the hollow method, preferable for engravings; and the flat method, which is neither *hollow* nor in *relief,* but which is very useful for the imitation of chalk and other drawings. To print or engrave according to this process, a slab of inverrated marble, or any other calcareous stone, is used, provided the stone can be easily cut, and takes a good polish. These stones may thus be compared to the *copper-plates,* or *wooden-blocks,* for which they are, indeed, substituted. They ought to be from two inches to two inches and an half thick, and of a size proportioned to that of the work which it is meant to engrave upon them. When the stone is dried and well polished, the next operation is, to draw the design, notes, or letters, that are intended to be printed upon it with a pencil, and afterwards retrace the pencil marks with an ink made of a solution of gum lac, in pot-ash, coloured with lamp-black, produced from *burning wax.* In about two hours, the letters, or *musical notes,* impregnated with the ink, will be dry, when there is passed over them *nitric acid (aquafortis),* more or less diluted, according to the relief or hollow which it is desired to form upon the stone. The *acid* attacking all parts of the stone but those which have been impregnated with the resinous ink only, the notes or drawing remain untouched. The slab of marble is then washed with clean water, and a printer's ball is charged

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* See *Europ. Mag.* Vol. LII. pp. 121. 199. 294.

with an ink analogous to that used in other kinds of printing, and being pressed by the hand only, the letters or notes take the ink from the ball, so that they are found to be properly coloured. After this, a sheet of paper being put in a frame, the latter is lowered, and an impression is obtained by a brass cylinder being passed over the paper; or a copper-plate press may be used. At each proof it is necessary to wash the plate with water. When the intended number of copies are printed, and there is no farther use for the work, the stone is polished again; and thus the same slab will, according to its thickness, serve for thirty or forty different works.

The *hollow* method does not differ greatly from the method in relief, except that the *nitric acid* is made to act stronger upon the stone, so that the letters are more relieved, and the stone itself much hollower: stronger and heavier rollers are likewise requisite.

The *flat* method requires less *nitric acid* than either of the other two; and great care must be taken, that the stone prepared for this purpose is quite flat.

The kinds of work that are engraved on stone are the following: *imitations* of *wood cuts, imitations* of the *dot manner, drawings, musical works*, all kinds of *writing, geographical maps*, and *engravings* in *mezzotinto.*

The advantages resulting from the manner of printing or engraving described above, are, that it has a peculiar character, which cannot be imitated by the other methods of printing, and that it can easily imitate any of the former. But its greatest advantage is, the quickness with which it may be performed. A *design* which an artist could not finish upon *copper* in the space of *five* or *six* days, may be engraved upon *stone* in *one* or *two.* While the copper-plate printer draws off *six* or *seven hundred* impressions, the printer from stone can take off, in the same space of time, *two thousand* impressions. An engraved copper-plate will seldom yield 1000 impressions; but the stone slab will yield several thousand, and the last will be every whit as good as the first. It has been tried in the *stone-printing-office* at *Vienna* to take off *thirty thousand* impressions of the same design; and even then the last impression was nearly as handsome as the first.* They have even carried this number of copies to a greater extent in printing *bank-notes.*† The most industrious and most skilful engraver of music can hardly engrave four pages of music on pewter in a day, while the engraver on stone may engrave twice as many in the same time. Every kind of work which artists engrave upon *copper* or *pewter*, and which the printer executes with moveable types, may also be performed by using stone. Our limits will not permit us to enter into all the details of the cost of this method of printing; but experience has shewn, that it may be performed with a saving of one third of the *expense* in comparison of the printing upon *copper* or *pewter.*‡

Explanation *of a* mysterious Expression *in* Exodus, *respecting the* Deity.

THE mysterious and expressive designation of the Creator, which appears in Exodus iii. 14. I am, that I am! has not always been so satisfactorily explained, as the lover of Sacred Writ would wish. Whether the phrase be a pure Hebraism, and is untranslatable; or whether it be elliptical, and requires the addition, or, perhaps, substitution, of other words; what-

* If this art could be in some degree refined, and its productions adapted to *periodical publications*, for instance, its *explanatory* advantages must be *incalculable.*

† The *facility* of *printing* these *in this country*, we are of opinion, needs not *be increased.*

‡ Contemplating the rise of *engraving*, and particularly adverting to the *wood-cuts* of *Albert Durer* (who was the first that practised the art in that manner), which we erst have frequently considered with attention, as we have those of *M. Antonio*, we cannot help congratulating this age upon the very great improvement that has been made in the *art* of *engraving* upon *wood.* The two celebrated artists whom we have mentioned, though *correct*, perhaps *too correct*, in their *outlines* and their *muscular delineations*, are, in their general designs, *stiff, harsh*, and *tasteless*: which leads us to observe, that the *wood cuts* that embellish the works of modern times, *the Life of Leo X.* for instance, exhibit such traits of improvement, indeed of excellence, that we are induced to hope *stone engraving*, which, as we have said, seems to promise still greater advantages, will be as sedulously pursued.

ever be the cause, its obscurity is manifest, and can never be intelligible without a comment. The following explanation has been drawn from the writings of a Rabbin, and appears to me equally clear and rational.

I AM, THAT I AM!—or, more properly, I AM, BECAUSE I AM! That is, my existence, says the Supreme Being, is not dependant upon any other cause, as is the case of every *created being*. For every created being has a cause of existence on which he is dependant; and therefore such, can only say *I am!* that is, I exist; but I am not the *cause of my existence*. But God, being self-existent, as having the power of existence in himself, he, of consequence, exists *without any cause*; and therefore he only with propriety can say, I AM, BECAUSE *I am!* The phrase designates a Being, of infinite perfection, who necessarily exists, or must needs be; who is independent of all other beings, immutable and eternal.

The above explanation may be accepted by Jew, by Christian, or by Mahometan; it ascertains the belief of the existence of the Deity; and it even seems to throw as much light on the divine origin as our finite faculties are capable of receiving. I know of no better explanation, nor one less objectionable.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

10th August, 1810. D. L.

THE GIANTS IN GUILDHALL.

[WITH A VIEW.]

PROEM.

Gog and Magog.

Second Dialogue.

Gog (repeating).

" But how describe the lively groupes
Above, below, assembled;
When music stirr'd those sprightly troops,
Then, even the GIANTS trembled."*

Magog. How now, friend GOG! you seem to be poetically inclined this morning.

Gog. You happen to be mistaken, as indeed you generally are; I was thinking more of the grand entertainments that have been served before us, and anticipating the pleasures of the approaching celebration, than of poetry or dancing either:

My fancy brought the vanish'd feast to view,
And built imaginary piles anew.

Magog. May be so! *to eat* is the best property of a GIANT; it is his peculiar excellence.

Gog. There you are mistaken again, for I have seen *a dwarf* rival *Dennis O'Brien*,† or *Milo*, the *Crotonian*,‡ at the table below.

When *Ragot*, whose stomach is always compliant,
Will flourish his arms, and feed like a GIANT;
I'll own, my good brother, my feelings it shocks,
To think of a *frog* emulating an ox.

Magog. You are generally thinking of something that relates to eating; yet, for all you repeated those lines about *giants trembling*, to *sneer* at my *gestic* propension, all my ideas are centred in the ball.

Gog. The ball! Good! Why surely you would not dance!—ha! ha! ha! *(laughs)*

" Light and airy
As a *fairy*" §

Ha! ha! ha!

Magog. Dance! Yes—for all your mirth! Why should I not? Whensoever I *come down* amongst them, I will *dance* to *some tune*—*Light*—I certainly shall dance as light, *after dinner*, as many of our friends.

Gog. Well! this remains to be proved. I long to behold the roast beef smoaking under me. A NOBLE BARON, with the UNION FLAG stuck in it, is a most gratifying sight.

Magog. I hope *a park of artillery* will not be drawn forth in the yard, to *drive us* from the enjoyment of it.

Gog. I hope not: a *cannonade* would play the devil with us, as we are made of WOOD.

Magog. We should *smoke* more than the *roast beef*.

Gog. Our *drapery* would be *singed*.

Magog. And we should, at least, lose *one of our members*.

Gog. However, let us augur that the display of the *Union flag* will introduce *harmony* at *home*, while it induces us to turn all *our fire* upon the enemies of our country.

Magog. I have a song to that effect.

(A buz beneath.)

Gog. Silence! for a song.

Magog (sings).

When *patriots* proclaim
That the Great are to blame,
And that measures most woefully lag:
Let them all join their hands,
And in brotherly bands
Display the complete UNION FLAG.

'Gainst a nation combin'd,
And in *harmony* join'd,
Whenever *French conscripts* they drag,
We'll join hearts and hands
At our MONARCH'S commands,
And shew them our *broad* UNION FLAG.

Huzza! huzza! huzza!
Bravo! *(From the hustings.)*

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* " *Timothy Twig.*"

† *The Irish Giant.*

‡ A famous *eater*, *immortalized* by devouring a *whole* OX.

§ Midas.

WE have before noticed * GUILDHALL: a structure which, if we consider it either in an *ornamental* or a *useful* point of view, we deem a most important object. Whether it is, with respect to its size and interior convenience, so large and commodious as the great variety of business transacted under its roof requires, and the civic state concomitant to the august situation of LONDON demands, is a disquisition that it is not necessary at present to pursue: our only intention, which, indeed, the annexed Plate will much better explain than it can be explained by words, being merely to make a few observations on the part delineated, to which we shall gradually approach by describing a small portion of its exterior, and the gate that leads to it.

GUILDHALL is situated at the end of a *vista*, which shews the building to some advantage, although the *Gothic architecture* of its front does not possess a very extraordinary degree of excellence.† The entrance has a stately Gothic frontispiece, in the centre of which a gate leads into the hall, which we think a very noble room, though not, perhaps, the most admirably adapted for the purposes to which it is appropriated.

We now come to the immediate subject of our view.

Nearly fronting the gate are nine or ten steps leading to the *Lord Mayor's Court*, over which is a *balcony*, supported at each end by four *palm-trees*, manufactured of *iron*: by these is a small enclosure on each side. These enclosures are occasionally used as offices; under which *are cells* for the confinement of refractory apprentices, called *Little Ease*. In the front of the *balcony* is *a clock*, on the frame of which is carved the *four cardinal virtues*. The figure of *Time* appears on the top, and a *cock* on each side of him.‡ But it is observed by the author of "London and its Environs described," that "the most extraordinary figures are yet behind: these are *two monstrous Giants*, which stand on the outside of the balcony, close to the wall, one on each side. They have black and bushy beards: one holds a halbert, and the other has a ball set round with spikes, suspended by a chain to a long staff. These *absurd* ornaments, which *Mr. Strype* supposes were designed to represent an *ancient Briton* and a *Saxon*, are painted, as if to give them a greater appearance of life, and render them more formidable to children."

Contemplating these gigantic figures, and we really have very *seriously* contemplated them, we first adverted to the age in which they were erected, which was about the year 1670, or, perhaps, a little subsequent. This was past the era when

"Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Consign'd his figure to *Bernini's* care:"§

and although, as the sculptor did not die until the year 1680, he might have been in England; it is plain, from the figures which we are now *celebrating*,

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* In the Vestiges.

† "The hall within is a fine one; but the entrance would have been better at the lower end than in the middle; for by this means all the beauty of the perspective is lost. The ascent of steps across the hall not being opposite the gate, as it ought to have been, is another material defect. A noble front in the situation of Guildhall would have had an advantage hardly to be met with elsewhere, and have given an architect an opportunity of displaying his genius; but the present front is full of little parts, which have no *effect* at a distance."—*London and its Environs described*, vol. iii. p. 105.

With respect to the *smallness* of the parts which compose the front of *Guildhall*, it seems to us as if the architect had foreseen that it would, one day, be in the same situation as most of the public buildings in *London*, around which an accumulation of houses has destroyed every idea of taking a distant view of them: therefore small parts are by no means disagreeable, where the eye cannot embrace a magnificent whole.

‡ The *small* works which surround, and serve for an *allegorical frame*, indicate a poverty of taste in the architect who formed the design, which has nothing grand or *striking* but, if we may be allowed a pun, *the clock* in the centre; to which the incongruous mixture of figures, flowers, ornaments, and foliage collected from various sources, is attached. The cardinal virtues *are Christian*: while *Chronos*, or *Time*, is a *classic symbol*: the *palm-trees* are *Hebrew*, and the *cocks* are *German*, though they do not *crow*, as those at *Strasburg* and *Nuremburg* formerly did: the *ornaments* are *Dutch*, and the *flowers*, &c. may, for aught we know, be English: but, upon the whole, we are sorry to observe, in all the different objects, the depression of *the arts*, and an immensity of labour wasted in the production of a *mass of absurdity*.

§ It was also the age when, we have heard it observed, many *rooks-nest* and *pigeon-hole* monuments were erected in *Westminster-abbey*.

that he had never been *professionally* at Guildhall.

These two terrific objects have been designated GOG and MAGOG. When, or how, they acquired these appellations is unknown; but it is most probable that they were honoured with them from the first time of *their appearance in public*.

GOG we take to have been the *British Giant*: and we have some idea of a legend, whether *English* or IRISH we do not recollect, wherein it is stated, that a monster of the same name summoned a host of gigantic attendants,* and intending to unite *Hibernia* and *Caledonia*, formed that immense assemblage of *basaltic columns*, called the *Giant's Causeway*.† He has a sword by his side; and in his hand, as we have observed, a staff, to which *was* suspended a ball, armed with spikes of iron. This was a principal weapon among the *ancient Britons*.‡ To his *lorica*, which was a coat of mail generally made of leather worked over with small hooks of iron, and sometimes adorned with thin scales of gold, as we learn from Virgil,

Loricam consertam hamis,§

And,

Nec duplici squama lorica fidelis et auro, ‖

and his *cuishes* and *greaves*, which are (though introduced in France by *Pharamond*, whence their appellations) perfectly Roman, as we do not know what to say, and as it is impossible for us to correct these *sculptural solecisms*, we must leave them as we found them. His *garland*, or *crown*, may be *oak*, which, at least, brings the *head* of our hero back to *Britain*, whatever country the rest of him may belong to.

MAGOG, whom every one agrees to term the *Saxon* GIANT, stands on the left side of the clock, having yielded the place of honour to the ancient British hero, and rests his hand on a shield on which is emblazoned the *black eagle*.¶ The *Saxon* cognizance was a *white horse*: therefore we should suppose the figure was intended for an *Anglo-Roman*: this, indeed, the *armour*, which is *Roman*, and the *crown* of *laurel*, seem to indicate.

With respect to the execution of these figures, it is, in its first principles, extremely faulty. They are out of all proportion; that is to say, they are by much *too short* for their *bulk* and the *magnitude* of *their limbs*; for although, for want of space, we can only have *a fore-shortened* view of them, it is easy for even an unscientific eye to discern that *their heads* are, with respect to their bodies, as Shakspeare says, "out of all cess." *Eight times* the length of *the head* from *neck* to *skull*, or *ten* of *the face*, should, according to the Attic scale, be the height of a well-proportioned figure: those are in height not more than *five heads*, or, at most, *seven faces* each; so that they would seem, if they were placed any where but in *Guildhall*, where we know such things never happen, to be a little *top-heavy*.

* We understand that *Ogygia* was inhabited by *Giants*. Saying nothing of what happened *before* the *Flood*, we shall *descend* to what passed 300 years after it, when we find that *Bartholanus*, a *Scythian*, waged fierce war with the *Irish Giants*: (*a*) respecting the result of this contest, which is not *very material* to the present age, historians have left us in the dark.

† The *Giants Causeway* was, by the antiquarians and *naturalists*, first noticed in a letter from *Sir Richard Bulkeley* to *Dr. Lyster*, 1693.

‡ We can remember when, at least, *six* tall men, though not perhaps *giants*, *adorned* with tremendous hairy caps and whiskers, whom the people called *pioneers*, appeared *above ground*, armed with *staves* and *spiked balls*, marching at the head of the *buff regiment* of *trained bands*, in the procession attendant upon the inauguration of the LORD MAYOR.

§ Æn. 3.

‖ Æn. 9.

(*a*) Nennius.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

YOUR humane Correspondent X. (Vol. LVII. p. 405) will be gratified to learn, that the praise-worthy object of his solicitude has equally engaged the attention of those whose illustrious rank contributes largely to a favourable reception of plans for the public benefit. An institution is actually now forming, at Chelsea, under the patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, for instructing blind pupils of the higher classes of society in reading, writing (including the consolatory ac-

¶ This, it has been said, was intended for the arms of the German empire; but then the *eagle* should have had *two heads*, and over them an *Imperial crown*.

quirement of corresponding with distant friends), arithmetic, music, geography, the belles lettres, languages, the rudiments of science generally, and the fashionable accomplishments of polished life; such as dancing, chess, draughts, backgammon, cards, &c. While the innocent amusements are to be cultivated merely as amusements, the pupils are to be directed for their chief comfort and cheerfulness to the consoling dispensations of the gospel; where diseased imaginations only find pretences for indulging an unprofitable melancholy: and where those from whom any of the ordinary bounties of Providence are withheld in this life, may be taught to rely with confidence on an ample remuneration in the next.

The filling up of so important a blank in the social establishments of life, will not take place without considerable animadversion; and I have the pleasure to enclose to you a prospectus of the Plan, which lately fell into my hands, but, I believe, is not yet published.*

20th July, 1810. N. S.

THE

LONDON REVIEW,

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL,

FOR AUGUST, 1810.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

The Poetical Works of Anna Seward: with Extracts from her Literary Correspondence. Edited by Walter Scott, Esq. In three volumes, 1810.

THE last century was particularly distinguished by the elegant effusions of *female genius*. Preceding ages have been occasionally illuminated by the erratic splendor of a few *stars*; but from the middle of the eighteenth, we have beheld their rays combined, their brilliancy fixed, and every year producing *new constellations*. To descend from this, which *the Spectator* once termed the *celestial* style, and, through the medium of *common sense*, contemplate the progress of the *feminine mind*, it gives us pleasure to observe, that, in the period to which we have alluded, *literature* has been so widely diffused through, and so enthusiastically pursued by, that lovely part of the human species, that it seems, in many instances, to have acquired a new character, and, in a very peculiar manner, to have attained a *sexual* distinction. Leaving the strength of argument, the intricacy of polemics, the researches of erudition, and the keen weapons of satire, where they ought to be left, still in the possession of the *men*, the *ladies* have waved their mental wings, and taken excursive flights into the extensive and sublime regions of *fancy*, or, when they have kept *on earth*, wandered in the pleasing mazes of local description: they have viewed *still life* and *animated nature* with all the enthusiasm of a painter, and, in the most glowing colours, frequently depicted *evanescent*, and sometimes *ideal objects*. That some have delighted in the *terrific*, and *enjoyed* the *tragic scenes*, which they have so well described; that they have indulged in *visionary distresses*, erected *aerial castles*, and, within the sites of *mouldering* walls, impending towers, and all the *varieties* of tremendous *art*, constructed *dreary* and *dark passages*, *wind-attracting galleries*, *dungeons* and *trap-doors*; and also peopled these mansions of *horror* and *despair* with a *creation* entirely their own, there is no doubt; yet while we lament that genius has been, in raising this dreadful scenery, *adorning* it with blasted trees, rocks, caverns, thunder, lightning, &c. frequently misemployed; still let us remember, that those, and even banditti, villains, and assassins, may be

* It has been advertised as published within these few days, and to be had of Mr. Asperne.—EDITOR.

tolerated, because nothing but genius, guided by taste, could have formed and employed them as they are employed, and therefore the tales in which they are embodied frequently find the way to *our hearts*, without suffering our *understandings* to stop their progress.

With respect to *elementary* and *moral* tracts, works relating to *domestic economy*, and in the effusions of *real piety*, the ladies of the last age excelled all their predecessors. To them the *drama* has also been obliged for a few irradiatory sparks, which have occasionally cheered the *theatric darkness* of a long succession of *Greenland winters*.

In the flowery paths of *poetry*, our fair countrywomen have most supereminently distinguished themselves; harmony of numbers, picturesque description, beautiful imagery, delicacy of thought, and felicity of expression, are a few of the *striking* characteristics of the *female muse*.

It has been said, that in epic verse, the men have, in modern times, been more successful than the ladies: this is a point which we are not prepared to controvert; for although the same difference might, in the last century, have existed in *England* as there once did in *Greece* betwixt the admirers of the effusions of *Homer* and of *Sappho*; yet, as our poetesses have seldom attempted *heroic flights*, it is as impossible now, as it formerly was, to make, in this respect, a judicious comparison.

To describe the effects of the passion of *love* has been the peculiar province of the ladies in the period to which we have alluded. In this they have been *unrivalled*: their muses glow with all the *fervour*, and all the *elegance*, which animate the soul-enchanting aspirations of Pope's ELOISA, divested of their *gross voluptuousness*: that they should so much excel in describing the exquisite emanations of tender sentiments, and depicting their influence, is little to be wondered at, because

"They best can paint them who can feel them most."

As a poetess, the lady whose works are now before us has long been "known to fame." We have had occasion to admire her genius almost from its first dawn; and are, therefore, glad to see its effusions, which have heretofore been dispersed in many publications, collected, like a fascinating picture of Mosaic work, which is composed of a variety of small but *beautiful* and *brilliant* parts, into a *perfect whole*, under the inspection of a gentleman whose genius and talents do honour to the muse he commemorates.

These volumes, which it is now time more particularly to examine, are introduced by a "*Biographical Preface*," from the pen of the editor; which, as it contains many circumstances that ought to be known, we could wish entirely to quote; but, as this is impossible, we shall detach such parts as form its prominent features.

"Miss Seward's father was the Rev. Thomas Seward, rector of Eyam, in Derbyshire, prebendary of Salisbury, and canon-residentiary of Litchfield. In his youth, he travelled as tutor with Lord Charles Fitzroy, third son of the Duke of Grafton, a hopeful young nobleman, who died upon his travels in 1739. Mr. Seward returned to England, and soon after married Miss Elizabeth Hunter, daughter of Mr. Hunter, head-master of the school at Litchfield. In 1747, the second year of his marriage, Miss Seward was born. She had several sisters and one brother, but none survived the period of infancy, except Miss Sarah Seward, whom her sister and parents were to lament at a later and more interesting stage of existence.

"Mr. Seward was himself a poet; and a manuscript collection of his fugitive pieces is now lying before me, the bequest of my honoured friend when she entrusted me with the task which I am now endeavouring to discharge. Several of these effusions were printed in Dodsley's Collection, vol. II. towards the close. Mr. Seward was also an admirer of our ancient drama; and, in 1759, published an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, which, though falling beneath what is expected from the accuracy and investigation of later dramatic authors, evinces a scholar-like degree of information, and a high relish for the beauties of his authors. Thus accomplished himself, the talents of his eldest daughter, did not long escape his complacent observation. He early introduced her to Milton and Shakspeare; and I have heard her say, that she could repeat passages from the Allegro before she was three years old.

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"Miss Seward's," Mr. S. states, "was one of those gifted minds which catches eagerly at the intellectual banquet—The romantic hills of Derbyshire, where the village of Eyam is situated, favoured the instructions of her father. His pupil imbibed a strong and enthusiastic partiality for mountain scenery, and, in general, for the pleasures of landscape, which was a source of enjoyment during her after life. Her father's taste was rigidly classical, and the authors to whom Miss Seward was introduced were those of Queen Anne's reign. She was early

familiar with the works of Pope, Young, Prior; and their predecessor Dryden; and, in later life, used to make little allowance for poetry of an older date, excepting only that of Shakspeare and Milton.

"Mr. Seward, about the year 1754, removed his family to *Lichfield.*"

* * * * * *

"The classical pretensions of this city," the editor observes, "were exalted by its being the residence of *Dr. Darwin*, who soon distinguished and appreciated the talents of our youthful poetess. At this time, however, literature was deemed an undesirable pursuit for a young lady in Miss Seward's situation—the heiress of an independent fortune, and destined to occupy a considerable rank in society. Her mother," it seems, "though an excellent woman, possessed no taste for her daughter's favourite amusements; and even Mr. Seward withdrew his countenance from them, probably under the apprehension that his continued encouragement might produce in his daughter that dreaded phenomenon, a learned lady."

Why a *learned* should be a more *dreaded* phenomenon than an ignorant lady, we are yet to learn. *Prior's* fair* might certainly have been dreaded: but we have, in general, remarked, that ladies *really learned* are less given to exuberance and volubility of speech than those that hardly know their *alphabets*. However,

"Poetry was prohibited, and Miss Seward resorted to other amusements, and to the practice of ornamental needle-work, in which she is said to have excelled. Thus rolled on time for nearly ten years after her father had settled at Lichfield."

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"In 1764, a heavy calamity took place in Mr. Seward's family. Miss Sarah, his younger daughter, had been for some time on the eve of forming a matrimonial connexion with Mr. Porter, a merchant at Leghorn, brother to Mrs. Lucy Porter, of Lichfield, and son-in-law, of course, to the celebrated Dr. Johnson. Miss Anna Seward was to have accompanied her sister to Italy, and already anticipated with delight the pleasures of treading classical ground, of viewing the paintings of Raphael, and wandering among the groves of Valambresa. These flattering prospects were clouded by the sickness and death of the young and lovely bride. An affecting account of this distressing calamity occurs among the following extracts from Miss Seward's correspondence. Mr. Porter appears afterwards to have intimated a wish to transfer his attachment to the surviving sister; but it was not encouraged."

In this Miss S. shewed at once the greatest respect for the memory of her sister, and her own mental delicacy. It is plain, that the attachment of the lover was to the deceased bride,

"For he had eyes, and chose her:"

therefore, though we will not suppose one single spark of pride entered into the composition of Anna Seward, yet a strong idea of propriety in this transaction was apparent. She could have expected little happiness in a union rather emanating from *compliment* than *passion*: she could not suffer her deceased sister's wedding cheer

Coldly to furnish out her marriage table.

Her sensibility, we have no doubt, took the alarm at the offer; and, we think, her rejection was a circumstance such as might have been expected from the delicacy of her feelings, and the strength of her understanding.

The human heart must, in juvenile years, have attachments; in our latter days they follow of course. Those of real friendship observable among the youth of either sex very frequently

"Grow with their growth, and strengthen
with their strength."

"The blank in the domestic society" of Miss S. "was supplied by the attachment of Miss Honoria Sneyd, then residing in her family, and often mentioned in the ensuing volumes. This young lady was afterwards married to the ingenious Mr. Edgeworth.

"After the death of Miss Sarah Seward, her sister's society became indispensable to her parents, and she was never separated from them. Offers of matrimonial establishments occurred, and were rejected, in one instance entirely, and in others chiefly, from a sense of filial duty. As she was now of an age to select her own society and studies, Miss Seward's love for literature was indulged; and the sphere in which she moved was such as to increase her taste for its pursuits. Dr. Darwin, Mr. Day, whose opinions formed singular specimens of English philosophy, Mr. Edgeworth, Sir Brooke Boothby, and other names well known in the literary world, then formed part of the Lichfield Society. The celebrated Dr. Johnson was an occasional visitor of their circles; but

* Who *kindly* talk'd at least three hours
Of *plastic forms* and *mental* powers;
Describ'd our *pre-existing* station
Before this *vile terrene* creation.
And, lest I should *be wearied*, Madam,
To cut things short, *came down* to ADAM.
From thence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns *the world*, and builds up *Babel*.
Thro' PERSIA, SYRIA, GREECE, she goes,
And takes the ROMANS in the close.
Alma.

he seems, in some respects, to have shared the fate of a prophet in his own country; neither Dr. Darwin nor Miss Seward were partial to the great moralist. There was, perhaps, some *aristocratic* prejudice in their dislike; for the despotic manners of Dr. Johnson were least likely to be tolerated where the *lowness* of his origin was in fresh recollection. At the same time, Miss Seward was always willing to do justice to his native benevolence, and to the powerful grasp of his intellectual powers," (faculties) "and possessed many anecdotes of his conversation which had escaped his most vigilant recorders. These she used to tell with great humour, and with a very striking imitation of the sage's peculiar voice, gesture, and manner of delivery."

The revival of the poetical ardour of *Miss Seward* is, in some degree, attributed to her acquaintance with *Lady Miller*, whose fanciful and romantic institution at *Bath Easton* was then the subject of public attention. The applause of the selected circle of poetical contributors, among whom the names of *Hayley* and *Anstey* appear, encouraged Miss S. to send some of her essays to the press; and the world received with great applause the elegiac commemorations of *André* and *Cook*.

Personal friendship for the brave and unfortunate sufferer, and the ill-fated attachment of her friend, Miss Sneyd, induced the first: the second was the spontaneous tribute of admiration and gratitude.

To trace the progress of *Anna Seward's* genius by the expansion of its emanations is here impossible; and, fortunately, the easy reference to the work renders it unnecessary. There have, in our own times, been few female writers whose effusions are better known, or whose talents are more justly appreciated; let us, therefore, endeavour to catch a few traits of her moral character.

"In friendship, indeed," says the Editor, "she was an enthusiast; of which she gave, in 1778, an example too remarkable to be passed over, even in these brief biographical notices. In the summer of that year, the Countess of Northesk visited Lichfield, to consult Dr. Darwin for the benefit of her health, then sinking rapidly by hemorrhage. The poetical physician became deeply interested in the fate of a lovely young woman, distinguished by her sufferings and her patience; and the same circumstances produced a strong attachment on the part of Miss Seward. Of this interest and attachment a proof was nearly made of a kind so very remarkable, that I will tell it in Miss Seward's own words:

"One evening, after a long and intense reverie, he," Dr. Darwin, "said—'Lady Northesk, an art was practised in former years, which the medical world has very long disused, that of injecting blood into the veins by a syringe, and thus repairing the waste of diseases like yours.* Human blood, and that of calves and sheep, were used promiscuously. Superstition attached impiety to the practice. It was put a stop to in England by a bull of excommunication from some of our Popish princes against the practitioners of sanguinary injection. That it had been practised with success, we may, from this interdiction, fairly conclude, else restraint upon its continuance must have been superfluous. We have a very ingenious watchmaker here, whom, I think, I could instruct to form an instrument for that purpose, if you chose to submit to the experiment.' She replied, cheerfully, that she had not the least objection, if he thought it eligible.

"Miss Seward then said, 'If a trial should be determined upon, perhaps Lady Northesk would prefer a supply from a healthy human subject, rather than from an animal. My health is perfect, neither am I conscious of any lurking disease, hereditary or accidental. I have no dread of the lancet, and will gladly spare, from time to time, such a portion from my veins, to Lady Northesk, as Dr. Darwin shall think proper to inject.'

"He seemed much pleased with the proposal; and this amiable patient expressed gratitude far above the just claim of the circumstance. Dr. Darwin said, he would consult his pillow about it.

"The next day, when Miss S. called upon Lady N. the doctor took her previously into his study, telling her, he had resigned all

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* With respect to the *transfusion* of blood, *Dr. Lower* is usually accounted the inventor; and the experiment is said to have been first publickly made by him at *Oxford*, in 1665; the description and result of which are published in his, as it is termed, excellent book, '*De Corde*.' Yet it is stated, upon good authority, that it had been proposed in *Paris* in 1658; also, that an English physician had an idea of it before, and that it had been known in *Germany* several years. It is certain, there is a passage in *Libavius*, wherein the *transfusion* is exactly described as since practised; but it is by him reprobated, and, indeed, only mentioned to be ridiculed. The medical advantage expected from the operation is, that one animal may live by the blood of another; so that those which want blood, or in whom that fluid is *corrupt* and *morbid*, may be supplied with that which is *pure*, and consequently *healthy*.

It is, however, certain, that this operation, which seems to carry *absurdity* upon the *face* of it, has no place in the present practice of physic.

thoughts of trying the experiment upon Lady Northesk; that it had occurred to him as a last resource to save an excellent woman, whose disorder, he feared, was beyond the reach of medicine; 'but,' added he, 'the construction of a proper machine is so nice an affair, the least failure in its power of acting so hazardous, the chance, at least from the experiment, so precarious, that I do not choose to stake my reputation upon the risque. If she die, the world will say I killed Lady Northesk, though the London and Bath physicians have pronounced her case hopeless, and sent her home to expire. They have given her a great deal too much medicine, I shall give her very little. Their system of nutritious food, of gravy, jellies, and strong wines, I have already changed for milk, vegetables, and fruit. No wines ever, no meat, no strong broth, at present. If this alteration of diet prove unavailing, her family and friends must lose her.'

"It was not unavailing: she gathered strength from day to day. The disease abated; and in three weeks she pursued her journey to Scotland, a convalescent, full of hope for herself, and of grateful veneration towards her physician, whose skill had saved her from the grave, and full also of over-rating thankfulness to Miss S. for the offer she had made. With her, Lady Northesk regularly corresponded, from that time till her sudden and deplorable death."—*Memoirs of Dr. Darwin, by* ANNA SEWARD. Lond. 1804, pp. 110–114.

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"In the year 1780, Mrs. Seward died; and, in 1790, the scene closed by the death of Mr. Seward. His daughter remained mistress of an easy and independent fortune, and continued to inhabit the bishop's palace at Lichfield, which had been long her father's residence, and was her's until her death."

The editor here, with great propriety, devotes several pages to his account of the works of Miss S. which are included in these volumes, and also of her life of Dr. Darwin,* already referred to; which, he observes, "ought rather to have been entitled, Anecdotes of the early part of his Life, and of the Society of Lichfield while it was the place of his residence.

"Although," he continues, "written upon a desultory plan, and in a style disfigured by the use of frequent inversions and compound epithets, the memoir has preserved much curious and interesting literary anecdote. The history of Mr. Day is told with a liveliness which these defects have not obscured, and contains a useful lesson, though humbling to the pride of human wisdom, since no prejudices of bigotry or of fashion ever lead a votary into so many absurdities as this gentleman successfully achieved, while professing to be guided only by the pure light of reason and philosophy. In this publication, also, Miss Seward laid her claim to the first fifty verses in the Botanic Garden, which she had written in compliment to Dr. Darwin, and which he had inserted in his poem without any acknowledgment. The correctness of Miss Seward's statement is proved by the publication of the verses with her name in some periodical publications previous to the appearance of Dr. Darwin's poem; and the disingenuous suppression of the aid of which he availed himself, must remain a considerable stain upon the character of the poet of Flora."

We are, waving any observations on the influence of "a queen's personal charms" during "a female reign, of the opinion of" *Robertson*, "respecting those of a female author. When we are, with exquisite delight, contemplating mental effusions, especially those of a lady, we most naturally wish to see the fair object delineated: indeed, through this medium, to become acquainted with the countenance of every writer that has instructed or amused us, is a desire concomitant to a love of literature; for this reason, we are sorry that the volume now before us is not adorned with the likeness of ANNA SEWARD; and still more sorry, that it has not, among a number of the portraits of those persons that have distinguished themselves by their talents, their *learning*, and their *genius*, been inserted in this Magazine. However, till we are enabled to rectify this omission, we will do what is the next best thing, namely, quote the description of her person, as given by our author.

"Miss Seward, when young, must have been exquisitely beautiful; for, in advanced age, the regularity of her features, the fire and expression of her countenance, gave her the appearance of beauty, and almost of youth. Her eyes were auburn, of the precise shade and hue of her hair, and possessed great expression. In reciting, or speaking with animation, they appeared to become darker, and, as it were, to flash fire. I should have hesitated to state the impression which this peculiarity made upon me at the time, had not my observation been confirmed by that of the first actress of this or any other age, with whom I lately happened to converse on our deceased friend's expressive powers of countenance. Miss Seward's tone of voice was melodious, guided by excellent taste, and well suited to reading and recitation, in which she willingly exercised it. She did not sing, nor was she a great proficient in music, though very fond of it, having studied it later in life than is now

* Reviewed Vol. XLV. p. 219.

usual. Her stature was tall, and her form was originally elegant; but having broken the *patella* of the knee by a fall, in the year 1768, she walked with pain and difficulty, which increased with the pressure of years."

Referring the reader, who is anxious to trace the melancholy gradations of a scorbutic disease, which terminated in the death of this lovely and amiable woman, to the work itself, we shall only state, that, "upon Thursday, the 23d of March, 1809, she was seized with an universal stupor, which continued until the 25th, at six o'clock in the evening, when she expired," lamented by her friends: a term which comprehends many names long distinguished in the annals of British literature.

(To be continued.)

The Travels of Mirza Abu Taleb Khan, in Asia, Africa, and Europe, during the Years 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, *and* 1803. *Written by Himself, in the Persian Language.—Translated by Charles Stewart, Esq. M.A.S. Professor of the Oriental Languages in the Hon. East India Company's College, Herts.* 2 vols. 8vo. 1810.

(Concluded from page 46.)

The second volume of these travels commences with the seventeenth chapter; the subject of which was of a nature to tax the ingenuity of our author to its utmost extent, for it contains a "*Description of the Courts of Law in London;*" and, among other things, "Censures the Establishment of the *English Courts of Judicature in India.*" In *England*, he had observed, "that the courts of *law* very often over-ruled *equity*." In *Hindoostan*, according to his statement, justice is still worse administered. We know that he is, as might be expected, *incorrect* with respect to the proceedings of the *English* courts, of which, indeed, he only refers to the *lowest*, viz. *the Court of Requests;* and, as we have known several of the Oriental judges, have great reason to believe, that he is *rather* mistaken in his examination of those of *India*. He, however, says, that

"In Calcutta, few months elapse that some respectable and wealthy man is not attacked by the harpies who swarm round the courts of judicature. Various are their modes of extorting money; and many of them have acquired such fortunes by these nefarious means, as to live in great splendour, and quite eclipse the ancient families."

That there are *harpies* of this nature in all countries, and in all professions, no one, who has had the smallest insight into human nature, ever doubted: but it is, we should tell *Mirza*, if he were present, no proof that a system is *useless* or *onerous*, because it may occasionally have been abused. As he is no longer in existence, there is no such thing as arguing the matter: we shall, therefore, in the place of *critical controversy*, which, by-the-bye, is almost as dull as *political* contention, extract a little anecdote, that seems to display a very considerable share of shrewdness in the mind of a *female*, we had like to have said *fair*, *Hindoo*.

"A clever woman," says *Mirza*, "having been summoned before the court of judicature in Calcutta, deposed, that such a circumstance occurred in her presence. The judge asked where it happened. She replied, in the verandah of such a house.—'Pray, my good woman,' said the judge, 'how many pillars are there in that verandah?' The woman, not perceiving the trap that was laid for her, said, without much consideration, that the verandah was supported by four pillars. The counsel for the opposite party immediately offered to prove, that the verandah contained five pillars, and that, consequently, no credit could be given to her evidence. The woman, perceiving her error, addressed the judge, and said, 'My lord, your lordship has for many years presided in this court, and every day that you come here ascend a flight of stairs: may I beg to know how many steps these stairs consist of.'—The judge confessed he did not know.—'Then,' replied she, 'if your lordship cannot tell the number of steps you ascend daily to the *seat of justice*, it cannot be astonishing that I should forget the number of pillars in a balcony which I never entered half a dozen times in my life."—The judge was much pleased with the woman's wit, and" (we presume, according to the law of the case) "decided in favour of her party."

We must, although we are convinced that we shall, before we arrive at the end of this article, want the space which we are now, perhaps, wasting, give our author's proposal for the improvement of the practice of our courts.

"As the English judges," he observes, "are at present paid from the public funds, and, therefore, cannot benefit themselves by prolonging suits, *I recommend*, that the counsellors, attornies, &c. shall be placed on a similar footing, and that they shall not receive any fee *or bribe* from the litigating parties, under a severe penalty. In order to de-

fray the expense of this establishment, either let a *small* additional tax be laid on the nation at large, or a duty of so much per cent. be levied on all litigated property. By this plan, I am convinced, that the number and length of suits would be much curtailed, the time of the witnesses would be saved, the law would be purified from those imperfections which are now a reproach to it, and the courts *purged* of those pettifogging lawyers who are now a disgrace to their profession."

In the next chapter, which treats "*of the Finances of England*," *Mirza Abu Taleb Khan*, who would have made a very tolerable *patriot*, proposes a plan "for the liquidation of the *national debt*." This plan, which is founded upon *hypothetical misinformation*, is too long to quote; but as, from its *extravagance*, it stamps a more *Oriental character* on the work than any thing which we have yet read, we shall consign it to the contemplation of those whom it may concern; and most unquestionably, if there was the smallest probability of its ever being carried into effect, it would *really concern* many.

Let us now, for a moment, consider the author's philosophical investigation of the English character, to which he has dedicated the whole of his nineteenth chapter. In the beginning, he apologizes for the censure he is about to pass upon a people whom he could scarcely have known; and, as we think an apology was necessary, we shall quote the passage.

"It now," says Mirza, "becomes an unpleasant, and, perhaps, ungrateful, part of my duty, by complying with the positive desire of Lady Sp——r, and several other of my friends, to mention those defects and vices which appear to me to pervade the English character, but which, perhaps, only exist in my own imagination. If the hints I shall give are not applicable, I hope they will be attributed to want of judgment, rather than to malice or ingratitude: but if my suggestions are acknowledged to be correct, I trust that they" (the *English*) "will thank me for my candour, and endeavour to amend their errors.

"VERSE.

"He is your friend, who, like a mirror, exhibits all your defects:

"Not he who, like a *comb*, covers them over with the hairs of flattery.

"As my experience and knowledge of the *common* people were chiefly acquired in London, it may, and with great propriety, be objected, that there are more vicious people to be found in the capital than in all the rest of the empire.'

Patiently to hear the detail of our faults, is, by the wise, allowed to be the first step toward their amendment: we, therefore, had intended to have extracted them all; but we soon discovered, that the catalogue was, in the text, *too long*: of course, we shall do the next best thing, which is, to give the heads of the chapter in which they are displayed, that the reader may see how seriously he is accused by honest *Mirza*, and reform accordingly.

"*The author*" (as above) "*apologizes for the censure he is obliged to pass on the English character. He accuses the common people of want of* RELIGION *and* HONESTY, *and the nation at large of a blind confidence in their good fortune; also of cupidity. A desire of ease one of their prevailing defects. Picture of a London Gentleman. The English irritable, bad economists of their time, and luxurious. The advantages of simplicity exemplified in the histories of the Arabs and Tartars. The English vain of their acquirements in learned or foreign languages—Governed by self-interest, licentious, extravagant. An instance of meanness and extravagance united—Bad consequences of these vices. The English too strongly prejudiced in favour of their own customs. The author's mode of defending the Mohameddan customs. The English blind to their own imperfections.*"

For the reason stated in a foregoing extract, the author has thought it necessary to hold up this literary mirror. Whether it is a *true glass*, or, from *Asiatic concavity*, formed to *exaggerate* and *distort* the *English features*, it is not necessary here to inquire; especially as, in his twentieth chapter, he makes us some amends; which is, indeed, applying a *lenitive* to stop the corrosion of *caustic*: let us, therefore, see of what kind of ingredients this *lenitive* is composed.

"*The Author describes the virtues of the English under the following heads:—Honourable—Respectful to their superiors—Obedient to the laws—Desirous of doing good—Followers of the fashion—Plain in their manners—and hospitable.**** He censures the custom of retaining handsome footmen to wait on ladies.*"

How does he censure this custom? Why, in the following manner:

"I cannot approve of the custom of the nobility and gentry in London retaining a number of handsome footmen, and other *male* servants, to stand behind a lady's carriage, or to attend her when she walks out. These fellows are, in general, well looking, and, when smartly dressed, have

an engaging appearance. It should be recollected, that Cupid makes no discrimination between poor and rich, vulgar or noble, the beggar or the king; we are all his slaves, and the subjects of his power. Scandal or dishonour must sometimes be the consequence of such a system."

The twenty-first chapter begins with an account *of the Geography of Europe*; includes, *the Commencement of the French Revolution—Rise of Buonaparte*, &c. and ends with the *Battle of Aboukir*.—The twenty-second records *the Conquests of the English by Land—Origin of the War with Tippoo Sultan—Invasion of Egypt*, &c. &c. and ends with the conclusion of the peace of *Amiens*.

These chapters we shall pass over; for although we have no objection to the manner in which they are written, and know that the events which they comprise are detailed with a considerable degree of accuracy, yet the account of those events, which have now become *history*, has been so often before the public, that it is impossible to extract either *amusement* or *instruction* from them. Had the author placed those *Oriental* subjects in an *Oriental* light; had he animated them with the *brilliant radiance* of his *climatural flame*, it would have been something; but, as they stand at present,

"They're English! English, sirs! from top to toe."

We shall, therefore, pursue the course of his other inquiries, which commence in the twenty-third chapter, and seem to promise greater satisfaction.

"As I," says *Mirza*, "had been for some time anxious to return to India, I determined to avail myself of the favourable opportunity of a general peace to do so, and at the same time to gratify my curiosity by visiting several countries, the fame of which had excited my attention. The route I proposed to take was through France, Germany, and Hungary, to Constantinople; thence through Turkey in Asia, either to Arabia or the Persian Gulf; whence, to India, the passage by sea is short."

After residing two years and five (lunar) months in *London*, we find that he set out in the stage-coach for *Dover*, a town which he does not seem very highly to praise. However, here he in due time arrived; and, embarking on board a packet, was in six hours wafted over to *Calais*, whence he travelled in the *diligence* to *Paris*: let us, therefore, briefly contemplate what impression his *entré* into the capital of France made upon his mind.

"Paris," he observes, "is an extensive and noble city, and, in its appearance, far surpasses London. Its public buildings are all of stone, and are seldom less than eight stories high; some houses have even eleven stories. A considerable river of fresh water, called the Seine, runs through it; from which several canals have been cut, to communicate with the different parts of the city: over these canals are many bridges, and over the river itself there are three handsome stone bridges, nearly as long as those of London."

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"I have," says he, "before mentioned, that the exterior of Paris is superior to London; so, in this respect, are the houses: they are very lofty, and have a great deal of gilding and finery about them; but, in the interior, they are not, by any means, so neatly or comfortably fitted up as the English houses.

"The pleasures of this life depend much upon the attainment of three things:—1st, A clean, comfortable, and private house, to reside in. For such a situation a stranger in Paris may seek in vain. 2dly, Good eating and drinking. Of this pleasure I was deprived by the badness of their cookery. 3dly, A facility of procuring those things which are requisite for our comfort. The better classes of the inhabitants, probably, enjoy these means, but they are unattainable by a traveller."

In short, *Mirza* does not seem to be enchanted either with the *houses* or the *tables* of *Paris*: respecting the *people*, he says,

"The French in general, and especially the Parisians, are extremely courteous, affable, and *flattering*. They never make use of the simple words, Yes, or No; but have always some circuitous phrase ready, expressive of the honour you confer, or their regret. In pointing out the road, or explaining any thing to a foreigner, they are indefatigable, and consider such conduct as a proof of their good breeding and humanity. You may call on a French gentleman at any hour, and relate to him your whole story twice over: he will listen with the greatest patience, and never betray a discontented look. How superior, in this respect, to the irritable and surly Englishmen!"

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"The men in France are, I think, *better looking* than the English; their clothes are made to fit the body, and are of more lively colours: many of them, also, wear rings and other ornaments.

"The French women are tall, and *more corpulent* than the English, but bear no comparison with respect to beauty. They want the simplicity, modesty, and graceful motions of the English damsels. Their fashion of dressing their hair was, to me, very dis-

gusting, as it exactly resembled the mode practised by the common dancing-girls in India; that is, by dividing the hair into ringlets, two of which hung on the cheeks in an affected careless manner. They were also *painted* to an excessive degree, were very forward, and great talkers. The waists of their gowns were so short and full bodied, that the women appeared *hump-backed*, whilst the drapery in front was so scanty as barely to conceal half their bosoms. Although I am by nature amorous, and easily affected at the sight of beauty, and visited every public place in Paris, I never met with a French woman who interested me."

We have, in this part of the work, been rather more free of quotation than, considering space, we, probably, ought, because we wished to display our author's comparative ideas with respect to *Paris* and *London*, and the *French* and *English*. We shall now, on paper wings, take a rapid flight with him to *Lyons*, *Avignon*, and *Marseilles*, where he resided fifteen days; and then, taking his passage on board a small French vessel, proceeded to *Genoa*. The *Italian* music seems here to have made a considerable impression on the mind of *Mirza*.

"I had frequently," says he, "been informed in London, that the Italians excelled all the world in their skill in music; and I here acknowledge, that the Indian, Persian, and Western Europe music, bears the same comparison to the Italian that a mill does to a fine-toned organ."

This is rather a *bold*, than a *correct*, simile: however, let it pass. We have little idea of the harshness of *Indian* and *Persian* music; and still less inclination to defend *our own*, if, except the vocal, we have any that can with propriety be so termed: but with respect to this, we think, that even the *roaring* of *John Bull* is so superior to the *squeaking* of *Signior* ****, that they will not bear the smallest degree of comparison; and as to our *female songstresses*, we do look with the most innate pity and contempt on their *compatriots*, who can, merely from the impulse of *fashion* and the operation of *folly*, prefer the *artful* strains of *artful itinerants* to the *native melody* of their *lovely countrywomen* ——Yet so it frequently is: *Mirza* was probably here while the *Italic rage* was prevalent, and seems to have caught the *senseless* infection.

To return, however, to *Italy* itself. Our author, although he praises the city of *Leghorn*, yet, in very strong terms indeed, execrates the people that inhabit it, who, he says, "are such avaricious knaves, that they would plunder a stranger of his last penny."

"One night," he continues, "I was sitting, according to custom, on the steps of the church, when a fellow came behind, and snatched off my turband. By the merest chance, one end of the muslin was loose, which I laid hold of, and, rising up, attempted to catch the fellow; but, as he had a knife in his hand, he immediately cut the turband into two pieces, and ran off with the half of it. When I related this circumstance to my English acquaintances, they cautioned me never to sit there again, nor to go out alone at night, as the Italians, frequently from bigotry or other prejudices, assassinate foreigners, by stabbing them with a knife or dagger. It is thus also that the Italians revenge an affront or supposed injury."

On board the *Victorieux* man of war the author sails for *Malta*, of which island he gives us a description and short account: thence he proceeds in the same ship to *Smyrna*, and ultimately arrives at the *Dardanelles*: he here gives a lively description of a sea view, which, considering the sublimity of the surrounding scenery, must, indeed, have been enchanting.

"A strong westerly wind springing up, nearly one hundred vessels, of different sizes and various nations, got under way" (*weigh*) "at the same time. As this was a scene I had never before witnessed, having made all my former voyages in a single ship, I was much delighted at the view of a whole fleet under sail, and the attempts of the ships to get before each other. In a very short period we passed the forts, and had a beautiful view of the country on both sides the Strait: and on the third day we anchored opposite the city of Constantinople."*

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"This city is composed of three towns, situated on the shores of the Propontis. The principal of these is where the emperor, the nobles, and all the opulent Mussulmans, reside."

* * * * * * *

"It is impossible to ascertain the number of inhabitants, or the extent of Constanti-

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* This view brings to our minds the glowing picture which *Lady Mary Wortley Montague* drew of the same scene, as viewed from a *choisk* in a garden at *Pera*.

"Here, at my window, I at once survey
The crowded city, and resounding sea;
In distant views the Asian mountains rise,
And lose their snowy summits in the skies;
Above these mountains proud Olympus tow'rs,
The parliamental seat of heavenly pow'rs."

nople; for the gardens, hamlets, &c. are continued on both sides the Strait as far as the Black Sea; and if the length of the city was to be calculated in this manner, it would not be less than thirty miles. It is a common saying of the Turks, that their city is three days' journey in circumference."

With respect to the inhabitants of *Constantinople*, he observes, that

"From the time they rise in the morning till they go to bed at night, the pipe is *never* out of their hands; and the common people are such slaves to this habit, that even while walking, or on horseback, they continue smoking. They always carry a steel and tinder-box about them; and even while riding at a brisk pace, will strike fire, and light their pipes. If, by any accident, they desist from smoking, they put their pipe into a leather case, suspended like a quiver to their saddles. It was in consequence of this habit that Nadir Shah (the Persian usurper), when encouraging the Persians to attack the Turks, said, 'You need not have any fear or anxiety respecting this nation, for God has given them but *two* hands; one of which is absolutely requisite to keep on their caps, and the other to hold up their trowsers; and if they had a third, it would be employed to hold their pipes: they have, therefore, none to spare for a sword or shield.'"

The author, it appears, only resided in Constantinople *twenty-eight* days: he has, therefore, given a slight, but tolerably correct, sketch of this august city and its dependencies. It affords us pleasure, that Lord E——n, the British ambassador, honoured him with his patronage and protection. We also learn, that the "emperor behaved to him with the greatest condescension and kindness."

Under the conduct of a *Mehemander*, who was paid from the royal treasury (but who abuses the trust reposed in him), *Mirza* arrives at *Bagdad*, by the way of *Diarbekir* and the *Desert*.

This city, so much celebrated in the ARABIAN *Nights* and other tales, and also by *Oriental travellers*, loses all its interior splendor in the description of *Mirza*; for he says,

"Bagdad being situated on the skirts of the Desert, and in an extensive plain, when viewed from the exterior, has a grand appearance, but, in the interior, it is a dirty, filthy town, especially the old town, which, during the winter, is fully as bad as Moorshedabad, or any other city in Bengal. Although the principal bazar is built of brick and mortar, and has an arched roof, it is, nevertheless, a confined, dark, and stinking place."

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"The fame of the cities of Bagdad, Bussora, Nejif, and other places of Persia, with which Hindoostan" (and Europe) "resounds, is like the sound of a drum, which is thought best at a distance; for I declare, that from my quitting Constantinople till I arrived at Bussora, I never saw a house that a person of moderate fortune in Lucknow would have considered respectable, or could live comfortably in, except that of Aga Jafeir, at Kerbela; and even that was only calculated for a small family."

The reason for our author's taking this route to *Hindoostan*, at which, indeed, we rather wondered, now appears. He states, that he went "to worship the shrines of the martyrs and saints of our religion (Shya Mohamedans), and to visit the tombs of my pious ancestors, descendants of the Prophet." These tombs are described, and the historical events connected with them detailed.

In the thirty-fourth chapter, "*The author continues his pilgrimage to Nejif*, &c." He *describes the Mausoleum of Aly: relates an anecdote of a devout Arab: and resolves to devote himself to religious contemplation*; and in this excellent frame of mind, though we still find him occasionally entangled with *worldly affairs*, he returns to *Bagdad*.

The transactions at *Bussora*, where our author remained fifteen days, are too long to be detailed with any degree of accuracy, or indeed of connexion. On May the 10th, 1803, we find that he embarked on board the *grab Shannon*; in the course of which voyage he has an opportunity to describe the *Persian Gulf, the Sea of Oman, and the Indian Ocean*. In due time, he arrives at *Bombay*: is received with *hospitality* and *marked attention* by the governor; describes the place; takes his passage on board the *Bombay frigate*, for *Bengal*. The ship soon arrives in *Balasore Roads*, and anchors in *the Ganges*, whence he proceeds to *Calcutta*.

On the return of *Mirza* to *Hindoostan*, he had a desire to accompany *Colonel Symes* to *Dely*, and to be appointed his assistant.

"But this scheme," it is observed by the *Translator*, "having been frustrated by the *Colonel's* illness, he proceeded up the country to his friend *Mr. Augustus Brooke*, at *Benares*, through whose interest and recommendation he was appointed collector to one of the districts of *Bundelcund*, and died in that situation in the year 1806.

"As he left but little property, the East India Company have generously settled a pension upon his wife and family."

It is here, in conclusion, proper to remark, that, as this work emanated from a mind to which, *on this side the Line*, every object was new, it is rather to be wondered that it is, generally speaking, *so correct*, than that there should be in it a *few errors*. It is, however, in many parts, entertaining; and, when it is considered that the *author* had the *spirit* and genius to execute a task which had never before been *in reality* attempted, we have no doubt but that it will elicit a very large portion of approbation.

The Wisdom of the Calvinistical Methodists displayed: In a Letter to the Rev. Christ. Wordsworth, D.D. Dean and Rector of Bocking, and Domestic Chaplain to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. By Thomas Witherby. Pamphlet.

Mr. Witherby, who has distinguished himself by his two former works,* we have for a long series of years known and esteemed; he is a *powerful*, a *laborious*, and an ingenious writer: he is, in fact, what a *controversialist* should be, skilled in *research*, correct in his *assertions*, and fair in his *deductions*; consequently, not very *assailable*.

With respect to the work before us, he has chosen a subject the most important of any that can engage the attention of the public, and has pursued it through a chain of *facts*, and of *reasoning* upon them to a *conclusion*, in which he expresses his sincerest love "both to Churchmen and Dissenters, and to the *Jewish nation* also;" which is certainly a conclusion perfectly consonant to the *tenor* of his preceding observations.

We have neither *time*, *space*, nor *talents*, to enter into a critical investigation of this *pamphlet*, and are by no means inclined to engage in a *controversy* (to which we have been formerly urged, we had almost said *provoked*) upon its subject: yet we must make one observation, which is, that the *remarks* and *reasoning* it contains will, we have no doubt, have a *peculiar* effect, emanating, as they do, from the *pen* of a layman.

Guy's School Geography, on a new and easy Plan: Comprising not only a complete general Description, but much topographical Information, in well digested Order. Exhibiting three distinct Parts, and yet forming one connected Whole, expressly adapted to every Age and Capacity, and to every Class of Learners, both in Ladies' and Gentlemens' Schools. By Joseph Guy, Author of the Pocket Encyclopædia, New British Spelling Book, Chart of Universal History, &c. and Professor of Geography, &c. in the Royal Military College. Pocket volume, pp. 172.

This title is so *complete*, and indeed so *copious*, an abstract of the contents of this small volume, that it is quite unnecessary for us to *enlarge* upon it. School-books are not, correctly speaking, objects of *criticism*: yet we like to announce their authors, because we are convinced, that whosoever contributes to increase the stock of *juvenile knowledge*, and to turn the minds of the rising generation to habits of *observation* and *reflection*, is a *benefactor* to the public.

Lessons for Young Persons in Humble Life: Calculated to promote their Improvement in the Art of Reading, in Virtue, and Piety, and particularly in the Knowledge of the Duties peculiar to their Stations. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 336. 1809.

When contemplating the date of this publication, we should, had we had greater space for critical effusions, have felt considerable regret that it had so long remained unnoticed: it is, however, never too late to mend our ways. Could we as easily *mend our pens*, it were something.

The intent of this small volume,*

* "An Attempt to remove Prejudices concerning the Jewish Nation," and "A Vindication of the Jews."

* This work is, we see, printed at *York*, and is certainly a good specimen of the correctness of our *provincial typography*: for, and we are sure the Yorkists will excuse us, York must now be reckoned a provincial city, though there was a time when it was deemed the metropolis of *learning* and *piety* in Britain: and however low the state of the former might at one period have been, we can hardly think it ever deserved to be *carped at*, as it is in the following verses:—

"York," said a learned *Doctor* once,
"I'd have you understand,
Was deem'd by *scholar* and by *dunce*
The eye of all the land."
"Then England, sir," a *Graduate* cried,
"Of old, like *Polypheme*,
Great *Homer's* Cyclops, *unus-ey'd*,
Had but a *single gleam*."

as expressed in the title, is one of the most laudable that can influence the intelligent mind: there have, of late, been many works of the same species published, but not any, that we particularly recollect, which are so pointedly directed to the very essential object of blending *amusement* with morality, and endeavouring to make the attainment of reading a *pleasure* instead of a *task*.

There is not, perhaps, in this kingdom, any thing more necessary than the education of those young persons who are destined to perform the *domestic duties* of life. If their minds are formed by *early* habits of *piety* and *morality*, they will become valuable members of *society*; or its PESTS, if those important branches of tuition are neglected. We cannot compliment the age upon the manners of the rising generation of servants. VANITY (perhaps proceeding from the uncommon cheapness of every article of *female dress*) seems to have seized upon all the *young women*, and dissipation (emanating from causes that are too obvious to stand in need of explanation) to have possessed all the *young men*: we are therefore happy to recommend a work which may

"From devious paths reclaim *domestic* youth,
And set their passions on the side of truth."

ON ATHEISM.

AMONGST the many examples recorded in the sacred volume of implicit obedience to the will of God, none stands higher in importance than Job. The Book of Job commences with an account of his happiness and immense possessions, but he is shortly reduced to the lowest abyss of misery and want. His oxen, his sheep, his camels, his houses, and possessions, of every kind, are wasted and destroyed; and, to render his anguish more complete, his children are snatched away by the hand of death. He had to brook the insults of those around him, who reason, that calamity falls alone upon the wicked, and from thence augur the sin and hypocrisy of Job. But he ably answers these sophistical arguments, and proves that God spares not the virtuous from the trials of calamity; nor prohibits vice from prosperity: that worldly rewards are uncertain, and that it is only on the day of eternity that the Christian receives his just reward. Thus the character of Job affords the utmost comfort to the contemplative mind; all his unexpected sorrows could not move him from his allegiance to his Creator; and his subsequent victory over them was a sure presage of heavenly favour in the world to come. This is the bright side of human nature. Why must I paint a dreadful reverse, in men who, enjoying a profusion of worldly benefits, are insensible to the mercy which bestows them, and, entering into impious speculation, deny the existence of Him from whom all is derived? Yet the atheist is a character which the most ancient records hand down to us; and although we wonder and regret that any human being can deny the presence of a Deity, we are, nevertheless, compelled to believe it. Blind Insensibility! how canst thou survey the scenes of nature, without looking up from thence "to nature's God?" I shall not quote the arguments of Cicero, although they would answer the aim of religion and gratitude extremely well, but mention the opinion of a man whose name and splendid merit are, perhaps, more generally known; whose vast and scientific mind pierced through the gloom of obscurity, and made even the heavens brighter than they were. This man was Newton. He felt convinced, that the perfect order of the starry spheres was not the effect of chance. The planets circle the sun to the precision of a moment, and, with Newton, we may exclaim, "Is it chance, is it nothing which effects all this?" The analogy which subsists between the animal and vegetable kingdoms is a further confirmation of an all-ruling Power. All things appear to be formed from the same elements. In its various principles, a mite is as perfect as a world; and though we sometimes see chance produce a monster, yet the Almighty interposes, and takes from it the ability of propagating its kind, and introducing another species of things. Hence order is preserved entire; the whole face of nature still displays smiling emblems of a Deity, and with the lightning's wing speeds thought from pole to pole!

W. S.

CURIOUS EXTRACT *from an* ANCIENT PAMPHLET.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

THE following Extract from a very scarce and curious pamphlet, intituled, *Pappe with an hatchet, alias a Figge for my God Sonne*, &c. is so very applicable both to the state of real comfort we have long been enjoying under his present Majesty's benignant government, and to the projectors of political novelties, whether Burdettites or others, that, I think, it can hardly fail to be an acceptable *morceau* to many of your readers. The pamphlet was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and is described by Mr. Beloe in his Anecdotes, vol. ii. p. 261.

I am, sir,
Your humble servant,
OXONIENSIS.

"HER sacred Majestie hath these thirtie yeares, with a setled & princely temper, swayed the scepter of this Realme, with no lesse content of her subjects, than wonder of the World. God hath blessed her goverament, more by miracle than by counsaile, & yet by counsaile as much as can come from policie. Of a State taking such deepe roote, as to be fastened by the Providence of God, the vertue of the Prince, the wisdom of Counsellors, the obedience of Subjects, & the length of time; who would go about to shake the lowest bough, that feeles in his conscience but the least blessing. Here is a fit roome to squeeze them with an apothegme.

"There was an aged man that lived in a well ordered Common wealth by the space of threescore yeares, & finding at the length, that by the heate of some mens' braines, & the warmnes of other mens' bloud, that newe alterations were in hammering, & that it grewe to such a height, that all the desperate & discontented persons were readie to runne their heads against their head; comming into the midst of these mutiners, cried as loude as his yeares would allow; Springalls & unripened Youthes, whose wisdomes are yet in the blade, when this snowe shall be melted (laying his hand on his silver haires), then shall you find store of durt, & rather wish for the continuance of a long frost, than the comming of an untimely thaw. Ile moralize this. Ile warrant the good old man meant, that when the antient government of the state should be altered by faction, or newe laws brought in that were devised by nice heads, that there should followe a foule & slipperie managing; where if happelie most did not fall, yet all would be tired. A setled raigne is not like glasse mettal, to be blowne in bignesse, length or fashion of everie man's breath, & breaking to be melted againe, & so blown afresh; but it is compared to the fastening of the Cedar, that knitteth itself with such wreaths into the earth, that it cannot be remooved by any violent force of the aire."

A probable DETECTION *of* ERRORS *in* GROSE'S PROVINCIAL GLOSSARY.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

IN reading, at the end of Grose's Provincial Glossary, the local Proverbs, the explanations of which are chiefly taken from Fuller and Ray, some of these explanations appear to be erroneous, and others defective. For example:

"*He will faint at the smell of a wall-flower:*

intimating, that the person so spoken of had been confined in the Gaol of Newgate, from the wall-flowers growing up against it."—*Grose.*

May not this proverb be rather understood generally to apply to any finical person who affects to have more refined taste than his neighbours?

You were born at Hog's Norton.

"Why this proverb was introduced among those of Oxfordshire, I know not; Hog's, or Hogh, Norton being in Leicestershire."—*Grose.*

There is such a place as Hook-Norton in Oxfordshire: the proverb may be as applicable to it as to the place abovementioned, as it is an obscure village. This remark is confirmed by the antiquarian Mr. Gough, who, in the course of the description of Oxfordshire, says,

"Hoke-Norton, before-mentioned for the rusticity of the inhabitants, became, in the last age, a proverb, that a boorish or hoggish person was born there."—*Gough's Camden's Britannia*, vol. ii. p. 4.

A Jew cannot live in Bristol.

"The Bristol men the devil cannot deal with."—*Grose.*

The explanation of the proverb would surely be plainer if it was expressed thus:—The men of Bristol are so sharp and cunning in their dealings, that even a Jew cannot over-reach them, or get a livelihood among them.

Go dig at Malvern Hill.

"Spoken of one whose wife wears the breeches: but why is not apparent."—*Grose.*

This is a senseless explanation. Malvern Hill is not productive of coals, or any other minerals; so that a person may dig there without finding any thing to reward his pains. The meaning seems to be, go and employ yourself where your labour will be as vain as to attempt to wash a blackamoor white.

Merry Wakefield.

"The explanations of this proverb are unsatisfactory. What peculiar cause of mirth this town has above others, Fuller acknowledges he cannot tell: might it not be mirrie, that is, faithful Wakefield, and allude to some disputes between the Houses of York and Lancaster?"—*Grose.*

Merry is not always used in the sense of mirthful by the old writers, but rather means cheerful, and no more. Spenser says, "merry London;" that is, cheerful, in consequence of the crowds and bustle of a city, compared with the dullness and solitude of the country.

When Sheffield Park is ploughed and sown,
Then little England hold thine own.

"Ray says, it hath been ploughed and sown these six or seven years."—*Grose.*

This matter of fact remark is no explanation. The proverb evidently expresses a predictive caution; and implies, that if ever Sheffield Park should alter its state, England would be liable to do the same, by losing some of its possessions. It might be so construed as to allude to some defalcations of territory, which have actually happened; the loss of provinces in France, &c. in the earlier period of our history, or of America in the more recent.

There are proverbs of which no explanation is given: as, for instance;

Powis is the Paradise of Wales.

Powis Castle is situated near Welsh Pool: the beauty of it is unrivalled. The situation commands an extensive prospect of all the fine country, intersected by the river Severn, with much of the cultivated parts of Shropshire, bounded by the distant Breiddin Hills.

Fix thy pale in Severn, Severn will be as before.

The exact meaning of the word pale here is not easy to be ascertained—but whether it alludes to a stake, to an heraldic device, or to a pail, the general allusion is obvious. Let human art or labour do what it may, it cannot change the course of nature.

Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
HORACE.

Many proverbs are of a satirical turn; and mark, in a strong manner, the characteristic features of particular places. Of this description, I know no one more cuttingly severe than the following:

Shake a bridle over a Yorkshireman's grave, and he will rise to steal a horse.

I venture not to justify its allusion; and, I believe, it requires not explanation.

I am, sir,
Your constant reader,
SCRUTATOR.

A LITERARY PROPOSAL.

Rudis indigestaque moles. OVID.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

WHEN I have a little explained myself, I am sure you will think that my motto is excellent: but how explain? You have, sir, in walking down Bedfordbury, for instance, observed the *piecebrokers'* shops,

Where *shreds* of every *colour*, close entwin'd,
Resemble oft the *patchwork* of the mind:

which remark most naturally leads me to state, that my mind is exactly of the description alluded to;

There *strange ideas* are *afloat*,
Of *tints* and *hues*, like *Joseph's* coat.

How are these ideas collected? You must know, sir, that I have, from early youth, had a propension (which, I believe, I derive from the *Spectator*, who derived his from *nature* and *genius*) that induces me to *examine*, with the greatest accuracy, every *scrap* of *printed* or *written paper* that falls in my way:

in short, the *sweepings* of a *bookseller's shop* are such a *treasure* to me, that I believe, if his terms are not *too extravagant*, I shall contract with the well-known *little man*, who has formerly represented the ancient borough of GARRET, and now lives in a *cellar*, who every morning takes his round, and collects into a large bag the *literature* which is *swept* out of the tradesmens' shops and counting-houses in the vicinity of the Royal Exchange. Whether he does this upon *Mahometan*, *Addisonian*, or *pecuniary* principles, it is impossible for me to say; but I declare, that I have seen him *delighted* while picking up the *paper fragments* diurnally strewed before *Mr. Asperne's* (your publisher's) door; and I am sure, sir, you will excuse me; I think, for I sometimes compare him to an *avaricious spirit*, no *uncommon spectacle* in *commercial regions*, that he has crammed many *sheets* of *your works* into his *literary Hell*, or, as the *vulgar* say, *given them the bag*. Be this as it may: with this *paper cormorant*, who was originally a *barber*, and is, therefore, *professionally intelligent*, I mean, if he is not *too shrewd* for me, to *contract* for a regular supply of fragments *per diem*, which, like a basket of *broken victuals* to my *corporeal*, will afford *several meals* to my *mental appetite*. Upon these I shall, of course, *luxuriate*; and, as all FEASTS, however numerous the *dishes* may be, are composed of *scraps*, so are, I must again intreat your pardon, all *periodical publications*, which, like *club dinners*, are devoured once a month. I shall, therefore, *cook* my *morceaus* in various ways, *bake*, *broil*, *fry*, *stew*, *boil*, and *carbonade* them. I shall not *roast* any, as, *entre nous*, *Mr. Editor*, the *critics* are ready enough to do that. Indeed, they here deserve *much praise*, because, in *these times*, when *coals* are so dear, they contrive *to dress* an *author* without putting themselves to any expense *for fire*. You will now, probably, ask what I mean to do with my collection, which *I bar* your comparing to a RAG-MOP, inasmuch as I intend to take the honour of that comparison to myself. Therefore, in one word, or, more correctly, one sentence, when I have *coined my brain*, or, rather, *converted* the *brains* of others to *my own use*, I propose to offer the treasure such a process produces, which will, I foresee, be as *valuable* as a bundle of *French assignats*, TO YOU, in the hope that you will *exchange* it, as the *lawyers*, who are excellent manufacturers of *waste paper*, say, for something that *savours of the reality*. If this proposal, my good sir! should be honoured with your *approbation*, it will not only afford me pleasure as an *individual*, but as a *patriot*: because it will shew to the public the falsehood of the report that you are "*an enemy to speculation*," and at the same time intimate that you *wish* to encourage any *ingenious device* by which the price of *commodities may be raised*.* I am, yours, &c.

JOSEPH RAINBOW.

LITERARY QUERY.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

IF you, or any one of your numerous Readers, will state in what poem the following lines (so often quoted) occur:

"He that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Can never rise to fight again;"

it will confer an obligation on many, besides your constant reader, N. S.

On the SCARCITY *of* MONEY.

THE scarcity of *money*, with respect to its operation in the transactions of *subordinate trade* and *local traffic*, which has arisen from *causes far different* from those that have been assigned, *causes* over which even *the laws* have, in *some instances*, no *control*, has, it is to be lamented, induced *many discontented spirits*, who, like CROKER, in Goldsmith's play,† rejoice at *depression* and enjoy *apprehensions*, to endeavour to convey their own *malignant ideas* to the public through the medium of *the press*: to shew, however, that there is not the smallest reason for their *feigned suggestions* and *hypocritical apprehensions*, the following statement of the Gold and Silver coined in England during every reign from the Restoration, to the 25th of March, 1810, extracted from authentic documents, is inserted:

* Without acceding to the last observation of our Correspondent, who seems to us to carry more *sail* than *ballast*, we desire to inform him, that if he is *serious*, we mean *sincere*, in his proposal, we shall receive his effusions with *pleasure*; peruse them with *candour*, and, if he does not *shoot beyond the mark*, readily insert them.—EDITOR.

† "The Good-natur'd Man." *Pamphlet*, the *antiministerial* writer in the *Upholsterer*, also says, "I tell them that they *are ruined*. The people of England love dearly to be told *that they are ruined*."

By Charles II.	£ 7,524,105
By James II.	2,737,637
By Anne	2,691,626
By George I.	8,725,921
By George II. Gold, 11,662,216l. Silver, 304,360l.	11,966,576

The great re-coinage of Gold, between 23d August, 1773, and the end of 1777, amounted to 20,447,002l. From the commencement of the reign to August, 1773, there were coined about 10,000,000l. making:—

By Geo. III. before 31st Dec. 1780	Gold	30,457,457l.	30,464,583	86,277,141
	Silver	7,126		
From 1780 to the end of 1802	Gold	33,310,832	33,367,305	
	Silver	56,473		
From 1802 to 25th March, 1810	Gold		22,445,253	
Total Gold and Silver Coinage since the Restoration				119,923,006

In the above statement it will be seen, that the Bank Dollars (amounting to many millions) duly stamped, and issued by authority, are not included. The last silver coinage was in 1802.

OBSERVATIONS *on* COUNTRY BANKS.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

THE rapid increase of COUNTRY BANKS is a subject which, so long ago as the year 1793, engaged the attention of one of your Correspondents,* whose observations, I presume, arose from the then distressed state of *credit*, and the consequent depression of *commerce*, which had spread an alarm not only through the *metropolis* and its environs, but from one end of the island to the other, and had, indeed, *paralized* this *kingdom*, and *shaken* all its *dependencies* † The *measures* that were at that time taken to relieve *commerce* and to restore *credit*, measures the most wise and salutary of any that could have been adopted, are still fresh in the memory of every one concerned in trade; but yet, owing to the unfortunate *prepossession* of many in favour of *speculation*, it is to be lamented, that although the distresses of those times "scotched the *snake*," they did not "kill it," the *hydra* of *country-banking* again reared its *numerous heads*, and, it does appear, ravaged and devoured whatsoever came within its reach.

Seriously, then, there does seem to be a recurrence of those times to which we have alluded. COUNTRY BANKS are stated to have exceedingly increased, and their concomitant evils to have spread *far* and *wide*.‡ A writer in a public paper §

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* Mr. Moser, whose "Thoughts upon *Cash*, *Credit*, and *Country Banks*," were published in this Magazine, Vol. XXIII. p. 340.

† "From the operation of causes, which," says my author, "I shall not pretend to explain, the unprecedented number of bankruptcies in November 1792 was prodigiously exceeded in number and amount by those which took place in the spring and summer of this year (1793): 105 in March, 188 in April, 209 in May, 158 in June, and 108 in July." *Annals of Commerce*, vol. iv. p. 266. —But it must here be observed, that, in a great number of these instances, the failures arose rather from want of *confidence* than from want of *property*—It was for a short time impossible to turn property, however generally negociable, into money. In fact, the people had a notion that they could not keep their cash any where in safety, except locked in their *own coffers*.

"Amidst the general calamity, the COUNTRY BANKS, which were multiplied greatly beyond the demand of the country for circulating paper currency (there being about 280, or, according to other accounts, 400, of them in England and Wales (*a*)), and whose eagerness to push their notes into circulation had laid the foundation of their own misfortunes, were among the greatest sufferers, and, consequently, the greatest spreaders of distress and ruin among those connected with them, and they were also the chief cause of the *drain of cash* from the *Bank of England*, exceeding every demand of the kind for about ten years back." (*b*)—It is unnecessary here to state more, than that of these banks above 100 failed.

‡ The late *Lord Liverpool*, in his admirable "Treatise on the Coins of the Realm," p. 226, states, that "the number of private bankers spread over every part of the country during that interval" (from 1797 to 1805) "has been more than doubled."

§ The Morning Post, Aug. 3, 1810.

(*a*) "The larger number is taken from the accounts made up at the time. The smaller" (which I take to be the most correct) "from the evid nce of Mr. Ellison before the Committee of Secrecy."—Ibid.

(*b*) Ibid.

observes, that "This evil is become so notorious and extensive, and has brought so much loss and misery upon numerous and various classes of the community, that I shall not give myself the trouble to draw a detailed picture of the wretched scenes it has occasioned."

He, therefore, instead of wasting words in describing those effects which are, *at present*, irremediable, with great propriety proposes a plan of prevention *in future*.

"Let such persons" (Country Bankers), says he, "prove to the satisfaction of those whom the legislature may authorize to take cognizance of that business, that their estates," which are to be properly assigned, with a declaration of trust, "are not entailed, nor under settlement, but are amenable property for the payment of the parties notes and just debts***the same as those who make a deposit in the public funds."

Another writer in the same paper,* who thinks *Country Banks*, in their present increased state, "*horrid nuisances*," and who details a few of the evils which they produce, proposes, "that every man, when applying for a license to become a banker, should *make oath* as to the extent of his property, and thereby solemnly aver that he is able to pay all the notes he purposes to issue; or that he shall bring with him, when applying for a license, *two opulent persons*, *as bondmen*, as sureties, who will bind themselves to pay any debts the banker may contract in the way of his business. Or, that no man be permitted to commence banker till he shall have satisfied the *Commissioners of Taxes of his district*, and shall from them have obtained a certificate, that he has amenable property sufficient for all the purposes of his intended business. Or, that no man be permitted to commence the business of a banker, till the *Governor* and *Company* of the *Bank of England* shall have publicly notified their readiness to exchange, at all times (till further notice), the said person's notes."

A third gentleman suggests the propriety of having, in every large *commercial town*, an OFFICE under the sanction of the GOVERNORS OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND, where their notes may, by their agents, be issued in the same manner that the notes of the *Bank of England* now are in LONDON. This seems to me a most excellent plan; for if an *immense circulation* of *paper* has, by the circumstances of the times, become necessary (which I doubt), it is certain, that the most *ample security* ought to be resorted to. *Country bank-notes* are *now*, in many instances, in the same situation as *copper tokens* lately were; those that were taken in one *county* or *town* would not *pass current* in *another*.† It is, however, fair to state, that this plan has been objected to in a letter,‡ the greater part of which I shall, in conclusion, quote:

"The remedies which patriotic ingenuity has proposed, and which public gratitude has acknowledged, are, I fear, too complicated for adoption. Houses in connexion with the Bank of England established in the principal towns for the issue of Bank Paper, would be opposed with all the industry of private interest, and the establishment would soon be given up, from the expenses necessary to its support.

"When the arts to which the *Country Bankers* have stooped for their emoluments are considered, and the undue influence which sets of men (remote from the capital) have upon farmers and manufacturers, some interference of the legislature seems necessary, notwithstanding the changes that will be rung upon a few words—*public credit*—*private convenience*—*circulation of stamps*, &c.

"Can any *Country Banker* believe that his notes are equivalent to those of *the Bank of England*, because some countrymen (in expectation of favours) may tell him so?

"The definition of a Bank is, *a place where money is laid up to be called for occasionally*. The issue of promissory notes is no part of the idea. The power of sending out such notes should be the distinction of the *Bank of England*, *a chartered company* and *a national security*. The *London Bankers* do not usurp that right. Such is the ignorance even of substantial countrymen, that it is difficult to persuade them that the

* Morning Post, Aug. 9, 1810.

† We are sorry to add, that where banks have failed, their notes have been still used, swindling concerns erected upon, and goods obtained with them; and all these frauds have been effected with so *much art*, that, as the proceedings at the *Old Bailey*, and in numerous cases before magistrates, evince, the offending parties have escaped the operation of the *criminal law*.

‡ Morning Post, Aug. 17, 1810.

London Bankers do not send out their own notes in all the pomp of engraving, according to the practice of the country. This mimicry of the *Bank of England* is peculiar to country towns. Blackstone observes, in 1756, that the very increase of paper-circulation itself, when extended beyond what is requisite for commerce or foreign exchange, has a natural tendency to raise the price of provisions, as well as of all other merchandise.

"If there were no other than *Bank of England* paper suffered to circulate, the *Country Banks* would become more respectable, and have a greater interest in the *Bank of England*, and greater support from the LANDHOLDERS of the KINGDOM."

Amidst such a variety of opinions, I shall content myself with observing, that, although they may differ in *the mode* of application, they all agree in one point, namely, that *some remedy* is *absolutely necessary* for the enormous evil complained of. The *thing itself* demands *parliamentary interference;* therefore, I have the most ardent hope, that it will there undergo a thorough investigation, and that a remedy will be suggested, commensurate to the object upon which the *impolitic* and, in some instances, *flagitious* system of COUNTRY BANKING operates.

I am, sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

SOLID.

YORK ASSIZES.

BARON GRAHAM'S ADDRESS TO THE GRAND JURY.

GENTLEMEN,

THERE is one point on which I never speak but with the greatest diffidence and reluctance, because I know there are many of you to whom I might rather apply for instruction: I mean, what is due from you as magistrates and country gentlemen. You, gentlemen, must have felt that the criminal laws of this country press hardest on the lowest class of society;* not that they press improperly upon them, but because their poverty, and more especially their artificial wants, most strongly tempt to outrage the institutions of society, by seeking their gratification in converting to their own use the property of others. It is for this reason that the laws of this country are charged with undue severity. If, therefore, you would wish to mitigate this severity, you must *begin* (at least such is my opinion, which I give with diffidence, because there are men of the most enlightened minds who differ from me in this opinion) you must begin by improving the morals of the lower class of society, and not by removing those terrors which are likely to influence persons of this class. How this improvement may be best effected, I do not presume to dictate; but I feel it my duty to state, that the great duty which society expects from you is *example:* for by it you can most extensively and effectually influence the morals of your dependants and inferiors; and if this influence is on the side of virtue, the benefits may be incalculable; if, on the contrary, they learn of you to disregard the restraints of moral obligation, and to indulge in those irregularities which they see sanctioned by the practice of their superiors, the consequences will be to them most dreadfully injurious; for every day's experience convinces us how much disposed the dependants and servants of the great are to copy their vices, and by so doing they become most dangerous to society.

"In offering these observations, I should be most unwilling to appear to

* It is certain, that the *criminal* laws *press* upon the lowest classes of society; but it must be observed, that the *poor*, or even the *indigent*, are not always the most *culpable*. The frequent violations of those laws, the periodical list of which fills the *calenders* of our gaols, arise not, generally speaking, from the *stimulations* of *want*, they are not *urged* by *necessity*. The far greater number of FELONS charged before *magistrates* (*a*) are persons who have been, if such a phrase may be allowed, *regularly* initiated into the science of depredation, who are *systematic* plunderers, and, like those robbers who were formerly in this kingdom, termed *outlaws*,(*b*) have some kind of *connexion*, who support each other while in prison, and, perhaps, with the aid of *receivers*, who are a much *more opulent body* than is generally imagined, are sometimes enabled to *evade* the force of those laws that they have violated. Against persons of such descriptions our ancestors thought it necessary to guard, by the promulgation of *statutes* which have been lately deemed *too severe*. Whether they *were*, or are, so, or not, *experience* will soon decide.

(*a*) It must be stated, that the *whole* of these remarks arise from *metropolitan* observation.

(*b*) utlagd, *Utlaghe*, by the *Saxons*.

assume the air of a master or a tutor. I am convinced I may be in as much need of them as any of you; and I should wish to become a scholar with you in learning the best and most effectual means of improving the conditions and morals of the poor.*

It would be most useful, and it is particularly necessary to impress on the minds of the lower classes of society, that the only means of really improving their condition is, by adopting a course of honest industry, and by refraining from every species of vice and intemperance; by these means they may hope to attain a higher rank, and, having conducted themselves as faithful and industrious servants, in their turn become good masters. When this improvement shall have become general, it may then be safe and proper to mitigate the severity of our criminal code, which has been accused, in my opinion unjustly, of being unduly severe. I say, this improvement will enable us to take from our laws this appearance of severity, and do away a reproach under which they have long laboured. Gentlemen, I have already kept my promise in not intruding upon you observations which your own good sense may have more powerfully suggested, but I always feel anxious to seize every opportunity of directing the attention of country gentlemen to a subject so important to the best interests of the country. For I never sit in this place without feeling, however useful and necessary our labours may be, how much more usefully those are employed, who, instead of bringing a single victim even to condign and justly-merited punishment, by their example and instruction preserve numbers from the path of ruin.†

POETRY.

ODE,

ON THE INSTALLATION OF LORD GRENVILLE.

[*By* C. A. Elton, *Esq.*]

——————οἱ δέ νυ λαοὶ
Πάντες ἐς αὐτὸν ὁρῶσι. Ἡσίοδ.

STROPHE 1.

FOR whom shall science wreathe
The crown of blooming olive? who shall rest
In Academic groves, while, murm'ring, breathe
The Muses' harps, to charm his pensive breast?
Bid awful visions throng th' embowering trees,
And solemn accents whisper in the breeze;
While bards and sages now no more,
Whose feet have paced calm Isis' willowy shore,
In Contemplation's eye slow musing tread
The mossy haunts they loved, still sacred to the dead!

ANTISTROPHE 1.

Not the destroyer of his kind,
Whose mad ambition grasps the wind
And manacles the wave;
Not he that turns to Freedom's cry
The deafen'd ear of Tyranny,
And only stoops when whispers nigh
The flattery of the slave;
He shall not lean the honour'd head,
Where myrtle boughs the snowy fragrance shed;
Nor shall the fount, whose murmurs roll,
To soothe the virtuous and enlighten'd soul,
To him a transient peace convey,
Nor steal his cares of blood, his thoughts of fear, away.

EPODE 1.

Spirit of Alfred! on whose infant head
Heaven the light of wisdom shed
Thou whose hand in manhood's noon
Struck the harp of minstrel power
That bade the Dacyan raven cower
Anon in Freedom's vengeful hour,
Fray'd the foe at Æthendune;

* *Intemperance* and, of course, *immorality* seem, among the lower class of people in the *metropolis*, rather to *increase* than to *decline*. This, with respect to intemperance, may be correctly ascertained, by observing the increase of *liquor-shops*: with regard to *immorality*, it is not here necessary to depict *scenes*, or to state *irregularities*, respecting which we are of the opinion of the learned judge, that *example* and *influence* might do much toward effecting a radical cure.

† The *intelligence* and *humanity* that dictated these observations are above all praise: the great end of punishment is, certainly, the prevention of *crimes*. The question is, Whether, in the present state of society, *crimes* would, by a *revision* of our ancient statutes, be prevented? or, whether to remove seemingly *obnoxious parts* would not, in a great measure, destroy the whole fabric, or, at least, *endanger* the *lives* and *property* of those WHO DEPENDED UPON IT FOR SUPPORT.

When from that bloody battle plain
Thy warrior steps were turn'd again,
Thou bad'st these peaceful groves arise,
The shelter of the just and wise;
Thou badst the flowers of pure Illissus spring,
And Hybla spread its honied blossoming;
That in Philosophy's sequester'd bowers
The patriot sage may sit, and soothe his toilsome hours.

STROPHE II.

Mother of sages! Christian Isle!
Where Freedom, Law, Religion, smile,
And Order's silver chain
Winds round thy sea-rocks like the circling main;
Soil that to god-like Alfred gave
A cradle and a grave!
Oh Heaven forefend, that violence and blood
Rear their strong holds, where these his towers have stood!
May Learning still unviolated dwell,
'Midst thy green glooms in sacred cell;
And Science lift to heaven her radiant eye,
Child of social Liberty!
Here blooms the porch with olive twin'd;
Here shines unquench'd the light of mind;
While all beyond the rounding wave
Is darkness and despair; a desert and a grave!

ANTISTROPHE II.

And is there one, on whose still solitude
No busy, startling fears intrude?
Is there who from the rock can bend his ear
Listening the gather'd thunder rolling near,
Nor cast an eager and imploring eye
For shelter? who, thou angel Liberty!
Say who hath power thy talisman to bind
Upon th' unconquerable mind?
'Gainst this, more strong than coat of mail,
The sword shall, like a rush, be snapt in twain;
And the war-tempest's fiery hail,
Like flakes of melting snow, fall harmless on the plain!

EPODE II.

But who that talisman shall bind
Upon the unconquerable mind?
Who point, oh Freedom! thy majestic way,
And rouse thy slumbering energies of might,
Till those who in Oppression's darkness lay
Come forth to the meridian light:
In strength of supernatural manhood stand,
And burst their shackles with a giant hand?

STROPHE III.

Oppressor! terrible art thou!
Darkness and storm are on thy brow:
Unfelt, beside thee, the loud torrents beat;
Fix'd, as the everlasting hills, thy feet;
Thy arms around the solid shores are hurl'd,
And stretch their span to grasp the watery world;
What light'ning hand shall smite thy strength sublime,
And roll thy greatness down the gulph of time?

ANTISTROPHE III.

That flame of soul hath ceas'd to burn!
The warrior-statesman slumbers in his urn!
Cold is the tongue of prophecy,
And sightless, now, that rival's piercing eye,
Which, through the mist of dim futurity,
Beheld the frantic arm of France
Lift, in air, the gory lance;
Saw kings unsceptered, hosts o'erthrown,
Crouch at her withering frown.
Oh, from the precincts of the silent grave
Be utter'd still that voice, and let it breathe to save!

EPODE III.

The voice is heard!—but not its quickening breath
Is utter'd from the silent house of death;
From living lips its thunders roll
To strike to rouse th' enkindled soul!
On him, around whose brows in Alfred's groves
Twines the green ivy-wreath by Learning giv'n;
On him, whom Science owns, whom Freedom loves,
On him th' inspiring mantle dropp'd from heaven!—
For him shall Science wreathe
The crown of blooming olive; he shall rest
In these calm groves, while harps aërial breathe
Strains of Alcean mood, that charm the virtuous breast!

THE ROCKY RECESS.

By the side of a mountain o'ershadow'd with trees,
With ivy and moss intermingled and wove,
Lay a wand'rer, expos'd to the sharp cutting breeze,
Benighted, and lost in the far-winding grove.
Her deplorable state to the wind she proclaim'd,
And murmur'd her griefs to the pitiless storm.
"Why left I my father's fond arms," she exclaim'd,
For one who did promise, but never perform."

Once elated with pride, tho' now far at a distance,
She sigh'd, near heart-broken, to see her distress;
When, lo! a good hermit came to her assistance,
And led her safe into his Rocky Recess.

Regaled with fruits from the garden and mountain,
And water most pure from the clear crystal well,
The hermit, his pleasure, affliction, recounting,
Entreated the wand'rer her name for to tell.

With tears flowing down her fair cheeks, she imparted,
"Mandeville!" in accents complacent and mild,
"O! come to my bosom, once nigh broken-hearted,
And there soothe thy sorrows, my Julia, my child."

With tender affection she flew in his arms,
And pleaded forgiveness, repentance sincere:
The wand'rer he pardon'd; yet still her alarms
Were evinc'd, as adown her fair cheek stole a tear.

With contentment dwelt Julia; again soft repose
Refresh'd the fair wand'rer; far off was distress;
With a conscience unspotted, her numerous woes
Found pleasure once more in the Rocky Recess. T. S. S.

DISTRACTED ELLEN.

THE curfew's knell proclaim'd the hour
Of silence thro' the glade;
And Echo's sweet enchanting pow'r
In dying cadence play'd:

When Ellen, with distracted mien,
The convent's aisle did pace,
And strew'd her flow'rets fair and green,
Her Henry's tomb to grace.

Love beam'd refulgent in her eyes;
Her dimple cheek was pale;
Th' emotion of her breast descries
Love there did once prevail.

On Henry's name she loudly call'd;
Then sank, exhausted, tir'd:
Death's ghastly form her eyes appall'd:
She groan'd, and then expir'd.

Ah! who could paint poor Ellen's woes?
Her heart was soft, sincere:
Ere love in her warm breast arose,
She knew nor sigh nor tear.

In slow procession mov'd her bier;
Maids bore, in white array'd:
Each o'er her grave bedew'd a tear,
And cried, "Adieu, poor maid!"

August 6th, 1810. T. S. S.

ANECDOTES IN FAMILIAR VERSE.

No. XXXIII.

Five Guineas well bestowed.

A FARMER, 'bout some rent and labour
Had a dispute with his next neighbour;
And, lest 'twere thought he stood in awe of him,
He roundly swore he'd take the law of him;
But, as he was not very sure
That remedy the ill would cure,
He thought he'd better break the ice
By some good counsel's sound advice.
The counsel noted all he said,
And pro and con the matter weighed;
'Till, balancing each likelihood,
He cried, "My friend, your cause is good;
And such a process sure to win is;
So pay me, if you please, five guineas!"
"Sir," cried the farmer, "in this purse
They are; 'tis well it is no worse:"
Then, that he might not too far hook him,
A cunning thought that moment struck him;
"Pray, Mister Counsellor," said he,
"Now I have given you your fee,
Ere I have in a hobble got,
Is my cause good, or is it not?"
"Why," said the other, "you were strenuous
And self-willed; but I'll be ingenuous:
The cause for which you'd take the law,
'Twixt you and I, 's not worth a straw."
"Thanks," cried the farmer, "sir! I thought so:
'Tis not the first time I've been caught so;
For this good counsel I'm your debtor;
I ne'er bestow'd five guineas better."

BADINE.

No. XXXIV.

The Soldier out of his Element.

A GENERAL 'twixt deeds in arms,
And fascinating women's charms,
Pass'd all his time; he'd foes inthral,
And lead up dances at a ball.
One night, though aged and uncouth,
As he display'd the fire of youth,
With stately form and awkward air,
He made the wond'ring dancers stare;
His bold la voltas shook the ground,
And tittering merriment went round.
His partner, who had given her hand
But to obey dad's stern command,
Still forced to smile, though in a fume,
For her own beau was in the room,
Did to a friend her grief confess,
Who saw and pitied her distress.
"As well," cried she, "a Russian bear
Might ape a soft and tender air;
Why, he a country-dance goes down
As if he would besiege a town;

And can a minuet perform
As soldiers take a fort by storm."
"I must acknowledge," cried her friend,
Hearing her story to an end,
"He will be pretty keen who traces
I'th' general any of the graces;
But none a force can better head,
Or on to fame an army lead;
And all to him are forced to yield,
For reputation in the field."
Cried she, and gave her love a glance,
"*Well, let him fight then*, AND NOT DANCE."

BADINE.

LORD NELSON'S MONUMENT.

THE following effusion, on hearing that Lord Nelson's Monument, at Glasgow, lately shattered by lightning, was about to be repaired, and a poetical inscription put upon it, is by the Rev. J. GRAHAME, author of "The Sabbath," &c.

WITHHOLD, withhold the sacrilegious hand!
That lofty ruin still a ruin stand!
Nor let those lines, which Heaven's own fire hath trac'd,
By mortal numbers ever be effac'd.
What record so sublime of him who fell,
Where thousand thunders peal'd his parting knell:
As Nature's sculpture, trench'd by forky leaven;
As characters engrav'd by bolts from heaven,
Inscrib'd by fate—Leave then th' unrivall'd plan—
The monument an emblem of the man!

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

HAYMARKET, *July* 25.—A new Comedy was presented, called "HIGH LIFE IN THE CITY;" of which the characters and their representatives were as follow:—

Crastinus	Mr. MATHEWS.
Connaught	Mr. JONES.
Pimento	Mr. EYRE.
Mortimer	Mr. HOLLAND.
Duplex	Mr. GROVE.
Captain Frazer	Mr. CARR.
John	Mr. LISTON.
Bailiff	Mr. ATKINS.
Lady Janet	Mrs. GLOVER.
Emily Danvers	Mrs. EYRE.
Miss Duplex	Mrs. GIBBS.
Jenny	Miss DE CAMP.

Mr. Pimento, a city merchant, is brought to ruin by the extravagant pleasures of his wife, a Scots lady (Lady Janet), whose sole ambition it is to ape the world of fashion at the west end of the town. His partner, Mr. Mortimer, whom, from an orphan left at his door, he had educated, cherished, and gifted with a share in his business, is the favoured lover of Miss Danvers, his ward, who, at the opening of the scene, reaches town from a retired village in Yorkshire, where she has just lost her uncle. These, with John, an honest Yorkshireman, servant to Miss Danvers, form the group at the merchant's house. The other characters (whose interests are connected with these principal parts, by means of a bond, which constitutes him a chief creditor of Pimento's) are, Mr. Duplex, a pawnbroker, and deputy of Candlewick Ward; Miss Duplex, his daughter; Mr. Crastinus, her suitor; Mr. Connaught, from the sister country, his friend, and ultimately his rival; and Mr. Frazer, who, in the fourth act, returns from India, claims his orphan son from Duplex, with whom he had been left, and to whom repeated remittances had been made for his maintenance. This son turns out to be Henry Mortimer; and Frazer, thrown into the same gaol with Pimento and his son, by the villany of Duplex, restores them to liberty and affluence; and the piece happily concludes with the repentance of Lady Janet, the disgrace of Duplex, and the marriage of Mortimer and Emily Danvers.

Our readers will perceive that there is little of plot in this piece; and the little that there is possesses no novelty. The unexpected return of rich relations from India, to relieve the distresses of dramatic characters, is an incident much more common on the stage than in real life.

But having stated in what this play is defective, we shall do the author the justice to say, that the moral inculcated throughout is excellent. To show the ruinous consequences that must result from the absurd desire of rivalling in expense those placed above our sphere by fortune or birth; to exemplify the miseries to which so vain a contest exposes us; and to impress on the public mind, that, he who lives within his income, is the man most respectable and most respected, are highly laudable objects; and the author of the comedy has evidently taken great pains with this part of his design.

Upon the whole, though we cannot bestow very high eulogiums on this Play, yet there were many excellent passages, and many palpable hits at the prevailing follies of the day. Sometimes, however, the idea was spun out too much; and thus what was in itself

good, lost half of its merit. Thus the comparison of a citizen gaining a fortune in the city, to waste it in fashionable fripperies in the squares at the other side of Temple-bar—to the sun, which rises in glory *in the East*, to set in mists and darkness *in the West*—was greatly applauded; but the idea, being too long dwelt upon, came at last to be hissed. Curtailments in these parts were found necessary, and they have since been made; and, notwithstanding the first reception of the play was rather unfavourable, it has been several times repeated with approbation.

The Prologue was spoken by Mr. Stanley, the Epilogue by Mrs. Glover—the former was milk and water; the latter a lively production.—In one part of it, however, the political allusion to Buonaparte was too *gross;* and the hiss bestowed on it shewed that Britons were above abusing even an enemy behind his back. We subjoin this Epilogue, which was admirably delivered:—

THE reptile, *Vice*, essaying to deceive,
From Adam slunk, and fawn'd on frailer Eve.—
Smoothly the glozing serpent told his tale,
And sooth'd the softer sex, to damn the male;
For, when the devil himself can't conquer man,
He knows 'tis ten to one a woman can.
Thus Vice obtain'd:—and, still 'tis Vice's art
For ever to attack the weaker part.—
What, *now*, of weakness is the ruling passion?—
Apeing the Great, and *following the fashion*.
Is fashion Vice, then?—That 'twere rash to say:
No;—'tis a finger-post on Taste's highway,
Which blunderers *mis-read*, and go astray.
Observe the *genuine* fashion of our nation,
Then trace the ills of barbarous imitation.—
Exalted rank should point to Virtue's springs.
Where's an example?—See our *best of Kings*:
So mild, yet firm:—though war has mark'd his reign,
The ring-dove perches on the lion's mane.
And, oh! revere his age!—Support his Throne!—
Feel, as he feels, your welfare is his own.
To rival such a Monarch who shall try?
Up springs a Corsican, and cries—"'Tis I."
Who, chance first throwing armies in his way,
Work'd, from a subaltern, to sovereign sway:
Who profited by military strides,
'Till he was crown'd *the King of Regicides!*
Who, when a State was frantic, seiz'd the reins,
With all of Cromwell's luck, and half his brains;
And, having *grasp'd* the power of doing *good*,
Wantonly deluges the world with blood!
Is this *true kingly fashion?*—Death and shame!
While Reason sways, what voice will not exclaim
(At least, while *British* voices can be heard),
"Down with all Upstarts!—Bless King George the Third!"
In following Fashion through her various scenes,
Fools only ape the rich, beyond their means.
The frog who emulates the ox's size,
Swells, vainly, till he bursts; and, bursting, dies.
Because my lord, well-stor'd with cash and land,
Mounts the barouche, and drives his four-in-hand;
Must mimic tailors into tandems climb,
And journeymen become *Bang-up* and *Prime?*
Oh! let them think (and shun the million's scoff),
Tradesmen thus *prim'd* must very soon *go off*.
If Lady Bab boast graceful music's pow'r,
Heiress and St. Cecilia of the hour;
Must we be bor'd by fifty dowdy dolls,
"'Cause the Miss Fussocks *plays* the *Harpsicholls!*"
If—but more instances you cannot need them;
I leave it, then, to "the mind's eye" to read them.
Obvious, that the best *fashion* of a nation
Lies in the manners which become our station.
And if our modest author of to-night
Have labour'd in the *present taste* to write,
Let not his betters fly into a passion—
For *humble are his hopes* to be in fashion.

High Life in the City has been lately published, with this Address to the Public prefixed:—

The following letter having appeared in *The Theatrical Examiner* of Sunday the 5th of August, I shall print it here, with some of Mr. Lee [Leigh] Hunt's observations on my conduct as an actor, and an author. "I was preparing," says that Gentleman, "my critical knife for a decent analysis of Mr. Eyre's pericranium, when the following letter, directed personally to me, was sent to *The Examiner* Office:—

"SIR, *Saturday night.*

"As *The Examiner* generally takes a particular notice of theatricals, I wish, through the medium of your paper, to contradict a report generally circulated, and hitherto tacitly acquiesced in by myself, that the comedy of *High Life in the City* is written by me. The fact is, only two of its characters, viz. those acted by Messrs. Mathews and Liston, proceeded from my pen; the plot, dialogue, &c. of the piece belong entirely to a lady, who requested me to superintend its production, and make what alterations seemed necessary for stage effect. The lady's original motives for concealment have now ceased; and I am now authorized to state to

the Public, unequivocally, that Mrs. Cavendish Bradshaw is the real parent of the play now acting at the Haymarket Theatre.

"I am, sir, yours, &c. &c.

"C. J. Eyre.

"31, *Hampden-street, Somer's-town.*"

After some severe comments on the play, Mr. Hunt concludes his remarks in the following words:—

"I used to be willing to respect Mr. Eyre for his decent appearance on the Stage, his attention to what was going forward, and a manner which, though declamatory, seems indicative of a respectable understanding. But it is perfectly obnoxious to see him coming forward in a piece partly written by himself, as he did the other day in one that was entirely his own composition. It is so direct and awkward an appeal to the forbearance of the audience, that were his productions twenty times better, it would still be disgusting. If Mr. Eyre wishes to give the town a proof of his good sense, he will either write no more plays, or never appear in them himself; if he wishes to give them a still greater, he will avoid both."

It has been my practice, never to reply to any newspaper criticism; but, as the letter which was subscribed with my name was a gross and impudent forgery, I penned a hasty letter to the editor of *The Examiner*, of which the following, I believe, is nearly a correct copy:—

"SIR, *Sunday*, 2 o'clock.

"Your paper has just reached me; and I beg leave to assure you, on the word of *truth*, that the letter you have inserted with my signature is *a forgery*, contrived by some secret enemy to injure me. I have not the honour of knowing (*nomine tantum*) Mrs. Cavendish Bradshaw, and am shocked that her name should have been made the sport of criticism. The play, with all its numerous faults, is mine. Delicacy to the lady's feelings, and your own regard to justice, will suggest to you the propriety of immediately undeceiving the public.

"As you can have no personal enmity towards me, I am willing to suppose that your remarks on my play were the result of unprejudiced judgment. They have excited my regret, not my anger. An humble author, such as I am, must bend, like the reed, beneath each gust of wind that blows against it.

"You are greatly mistaken, sir, if you imagine that I *voluntarily* appeared in my own pieces. Necessity alone urged me to it. Engaged for a particular line of acting, I was compelled, *most reluctantly*, to fulfil the duties of my station; and the mental torments I endured as an actor, on those occasions, were even greater than the lacerated feelings of a condemned author.

"With regard to the charge of presumption, in daring to commence Dramatist, I might, in justification, quote a passage from the Roman Satyrist:

———'*Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique, Vatibus occurras, peritura parcere chartæ.*'

But, sir, I have better motives—Finding that my income was inadequate to the demands of an increasing family, I dedicated my leisure hours to writing for the stage; but the fruits of my honest industry have been all destroyed.

"You, sir, cannot possibly think more humbly of my abilities, as an actor, than *I* do; and happy should I be if my circumstances would allow me to indulge your wishes, by relinquishing a profession, in which even the brightest talents are exposed to slander.

"This communication, sir, is not penned in order to extort your compassion; for, bred up under the habits and education of a gentleman, I scorn to sue for pity.

"I shall call at your office to-morrow, to request a sight of the letter which bears my name, and endeavour, if possible, to discover the infamous author of it.

"I am, sir, yours, &c.

"E. J. Eyre."

Having by this public declaration avowed myself as the real parent of the following Comedy, Mr. Lee Hunt is at liberty to take up the critical knife against me; and, after having murdered the child, to resume his *favourite* and *humane* amusement of scalping the father.

31, *Hampden-street, Somers'-town.*

Aug. 7.—At the same Theatre was produced a new burlesque Tragic Opera, in one act, called "Bombastes Furioso!"

CHARACTERS.

Artaxominous (King of Utopia) .... Mr. Mathews.
Fusbos (Minister of State) .. Mr. Taylor.
General Bombastes ...... Mr. Liston.
Distaffina .... Miss H. Kelly.

The burlesque is well kept up, and the mock-heroic ably sustained. A few points in it are rather too close an imitation of *Tom Thumb*; but there is sufficient variety to give it a new turn. Much depended upon the actors, and they did ample justice to it.—Liston, Mathews, and Taylor, were each suited with a character, to which each gave its full effect.—Miss H. Kelly was the only female performer; and the little allotted to her was played with great spirit. Liston, as *General Bombastes*, was irresistibly laughable, and gave an air, in imitation of a highly-celebrated female singer, with great comic effect, which, with some opposition, was encored. A

very whimsical trio by Liston, Mathews, and Miss H. Kelly, to the tune of "*Oh Lady Fair*," was also repeated amidst universal laughter; and a comical song by Mathews was likewise again called for with great applause. The whimsicality of the piece seemed to be highly relished by the audience, whose repeated bursts of laughter sufficiently testified their approbation. After the curtain had dropped, Liston came forward to announce the repetition of the burlesque for the following evening; when some disapprobation was expressed; but the question for a second representation was decidedly carried in the affirmative by a large majority.—The piece has been since frequently performed.

Lyceum (English Opera), *Aug.* 18, —*Credite posteri!* The public were treated with a performance called Jack the Giant Killer. This Bartholomew-Fair piece was received with great disapprobation the first night; but, we observe, has kept possession of the stage, with occasional intervals, ever since!

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, JULY 28, 1810.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Mends, of his Majesty's Ship the Arethusa, addressed to Admiral Lord Gambier, and transmitted by his Lordship to John Wilson Croker, Esq.

His Majesty's ship Arethusa, off Bermeo, July 11.

MY LORD,

After a consultation with the Junta of Asturias on the 24th ult. I consented to receive on board of the squadron your lordship has been pleased to place under my command, the Spanish Brigadier-General Porlier, and five hundred of his soldiers, with the intention of beating up the enemy's quarters along the coast of Cantabria and Biscay, in order to make a diversion of his troops towards the sea ports in his possession, and thus afford an opportunity for a combined movement of the Spanish armies in Asturias, by compelling the enemy to detach more of his forces to oppose us, and thereby weaken the interior of that province and St. Andero, or to suffer his sea defences to be destroyed, and his supplies coastways cut off; the one or other alternative appearing to me an inevitable result of such movements. I have now the pleasure of informing your lordship, that we have completely succeeded in the maritime part of the expedition without the loss of a single man, having destroyed all the batteries (with the exception of Castro) from St. Sebastian to St. Andero, on which were found about one hundred pieces of heavy cannon altogether, and laid that whole extent of sea coast entirely bare of defence.

Communications are thus opened with these provinces, and the zealous attachment of the inhabitants to the independence of their country ascertained, should it hereafter be deemed expedient to act on it. The strong port of Santona, and the numerous batteries round Bermeo, being dismantled, our ships will have in future two good anchorages on the coast in westerly gales, as it will be a work of considerable time and labour to re-mount heavy cannon on the various eminences of those places, which must all be conveyed by sea, the country being so extremely mountainous, and the roads so bad, that land carriage is almost impracticable. The brigade of seamen and marines, from the squadron, being commanded by the Hon. Captain Aylmer, of the Narcissus, his letter to me of the 9th inst. will inform your lordship of the events which took place on their landing at Santona, and during the short time they occupied it. To the zeal and ability of that excellent officer I am much indebted, as well as to that of Capt. Bowles, of the Medusa, who most anxiously solicited to be attached to the brigade, and acted as second in command; Mr. Hugh Pearson, my first lieutenant, and Lieut. Desbrisay, commanding the marines, distinguished themselves by their exemplary conduct, as, in short, did all the other officers and men composing the brigade.

The disposition of the boats made by Capt. Galway, of the Dryad, assisted by Captain Joyce, of the Amazon, at our different landings, was so judicious as to prevent either confusion or loss where the surf was frequently extremely dangerous to approach; nor were the services of Capt. Digby, of the Cossack, less important in forwarding every part of the various duties going on both night and day; and I have only to regret that the early retreat of the enemy on the 7th deprives me of an opportunity of announcing to your lordship his entire defeat and surrender. Having by our landing at Santona induced the enemy to abandon several positions in the interior, as well as on the sea-coast, in order to collect a sufficient force to prevent our continuing in possession of that place, I shall be happy to find that the armies of Asturias, and of the mountains of St. Andero, have been put in motion, during the absence of the French, which was the principle agreed upon between the Junta of

Asturias and myself, but as yet I have no information on that head.

This expedition has, however, cost the enemy upwards of two hundred men, besides an infinity of trouble and marching, and added nigh three hundred volunteers to General Porlier's little army. I am also happy in having this opportunity of bearing testimony to the talents of that distinguished officer, and the gallantry of his small band of officers and soldiers, who on every occasion were emulous for their own and country's honour. I am now proceeding westward, to land the General and his men at Ribadeo, and shall feel happy if the complete success of this little expedition, the zeal with which it has been executed, and the principle on which it was undertaken, be honoured with your lordship's approbation.

I have, &c.

R. Mends.

Right Hon. Lord Gambier, Admiral of the Blue, &c.

Sir, *Narcissus, July* 9, 1810.

Herein I beg leave to detail the proceedings of the battalion of seamen and royal marines which you did me the honour to place under my command, acting in conjunction with, and under the orders of, Brigadier-General Porlier. On the morning of the 5th instant, we landed with the Spanish force on the beach to the westward of Santona, and immediately went forward to the town, which we entered without any loss, the French retiring across the river; our advanced guard, under Lieut. Desbrisay, of the marines of the Amazon, with the Spanish tirailleurs, succeeded in stopping a part of the rear guard of the French, after killing two, and wounding a few more, and taking some prisoners; in the course of the day, Brigadier-General Porlier sent off some of his men on the road to St. Andero, and Lieutenant Pearson, of the Arethusa, was detached with a party of seamen to destroy the guns in the forts, which was completely effected. The 6th was employed in examining the place, in case of being attacked by the French, who we had reason to expect would advance in force from St. Andero.

On the morning of the 7th, we placed the boats' carronades on a hill which commanded the Isthmus leading to the town, and posted the men along the hedges and vineyards in front of the position, the Spaniards on the right on a sand-hill, and the English, with the Spanish tirailleurs, in the centre and left. At about eleven o'clock A. M. a firing was heard, and our advanced parties retired, closely followed by the French. The marines composing our out post, under Lieut. Fennel, of the Arethusa, retired in the most perfect order. Very shortly the enemy was observed advancing rapidly in three columns, one making for the right, the other for the left, keeping the third in reserve; their principal object appeared the right, where the Spaniards were posted, but they were almost immediately checked by the steadiness of the reception they there met with, and a few shot being fired from the battery; the other column on our left scarcely advanced, but fired at a distance; finding, probably, our preparations made with more strength than they imagined, they faced about and retired, leaving several killed and wounded.

The enemy's force appeared to consist of between seven and eight hundred men, and I have only to regret that they did not advance nearer; for had they done so, I am convinced a most complete and entire destruction of their whole force would have taken place. Brigadier-General Porlier detached his sharp-shooters to harass their rear; they succeeded in killing and wounding several, and making some prisoners; on the whole I conceive the loss of the French in the three several days, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounts to about one hundred and fifty men. The whole of the guns, &c. in Santona and Laredo are destroyed, consisting of twenty-two 24-pounders, and four thirteen-inch brass mortars. On the 8th, in the morning, according to your directions, I withdrew the guns and ammunition, &c. and re-embarked with the people, without any loss; the Spaniards only having seven men wounded.

I have now to acknowledge the obligation I am under to Capt. Bowles, of the Medusa, for his indefatigable activity in getting every thing arranged, and having the men in such perfect order when the enemy advanced, as well as to express the great satisfaction I felt at the steadiness and firmness with which the men awaited the attack. Lieut. Rees, of the Dryad, who did the duty of adjutant to the battalion, has also my sincere thanks for the assistance he gave me in the different directions, and for his unremitted attention to the order of the whole. The only officers who had the least opportunity to distinguish themselves, were Lieutenants Desbrisay and Fennel, of the marines, who commanded the advanced guards during the two little affairs.

I have, &c,

F. W. Aylmer.

To Capt. Mends, Arethusa.

DOWNING-STREET, JULY 31.

Despatches, of which the following are extracts, were yesterday received at Lord Liverpool's Office, addressed to his Lordship by Lieut. Gen. Lord Visc. Wellington.

Extract of a Despatch from Lieut. General Lord Viscount Wellington to the Earl of Liverpool, dated Alverca, 11th of July, 1810.

The enemy passed the Agata in force on the morning of the 4th instant, and obliged

Brigadier General Craufurd to fall back with his advanced guard to the neighbourhood of the fort of La Conception, which had been occupied by a part of the third division of infantry.

In making this movement, Captain Kranckenburg and Cornet Cordeman, at the head of a small body of the 1st Hussars, had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves by making a gallant charge upon a superior body of the enemy. Upon mentioning the 1st Hussars, it is but justice to inform your lordship, that they have been with the advanced guard throughout the winter, and have performed their duty in the most satisfactory manner.

The 3d battalion of Portuguese Chasseurs, under Lieut.-Colonel Elder, had also an opportunity of shewing their steadiness during this movement of the advanced guard, and the skirmishing of the enemy which attended it. The 1st Hussars had five men and three horses wounded, and the 16th Light Dragoons three horses killed.

Alverca, 11th July.

Since I wrote to your lordship this day, I have received a report that Ciudad Rodrigo surrendered to the enemy yesterday evening. There was a large practicable breach in the place, and the enemy had made preparations for a storm; when Marshal Ney having offered terms of capitulation, the garrison surrendered.

The enemy took up their ground before this place on the 26th. April; they invested it completely on the 11th of June, and opened their fire upon it on the 24th of June; and, adverting to the nature and position of the place, to the deficiency and defects of its works, to the advantages which the enemy had in their attack upon it, and to the numbers and formidable equipment by which it was attacked, I consider the defence of Ciudad Rodrigo to have been most honourable to the Governor, Don Andres Hervasti, and its garrison; and to have been equally creditable to the arms of Spain with the celebrated defence of other places, by which this nation has been illustrated during the existing contest for its independence.

There was an affair between our picquets and those of the enemy this morning, in which the enemy lost two officers and 31 men, and 29 horses, prisoners. We have had the misfortune to lose Lieut.-Col. Talbot, and 8 men of the 14th Light Dragoons killed, and 23 men wounded.

DOWNING-STREET, AUG. 2.

A Despatch, of which the following is a Copy, was this Morning received at Lord Liverpool's Office, addressed to his Lordship by Lieut.-General Sir J. Stuart, dated Messina, June 11, 1810.

Messina, June 11, 1810.

MY LORD,

It is with much pleasure that I have the honour of transmitting to your lordship the within report from Capt. Reade, of the 27th regiment, employed in the command of the flotilla of gun-boats attached to the services of this army; and I hope the vigilant zeal and activity of this officer upon the present occasion, in which an essential service has been rendered, and the gallantry of the officers and men under his orders, and which was equally displayed by those of his Sicilian Majesty, will appear to your lordship entitled to favourable consideration.

I have, &c.

J. STUART.

SIR, *Messina, June 11, 1810.*

In consequence of a report, received from the Faro Telegraph on the evening of the 9th inst. that a convoy of the enemy's vessels were in sight off Cape Vaticano, steering for Bagnara, I have the honour to inform your excellency, that I got the flotilla under weigh, assisted by Captain Robinson, Lieutenants Bass and Thaine, and stood direct for Bagnara, accompanied by a division of his Sicilian Majesty's flotilla, under the direction of Capt. Vatoli. At day-light the following morning we fortunately fell in with the enemy close to the Marina, betwixt Bagnara and Palmi; we attacked them instantly, and I have great satifaction in saying that we succeeded in capturing fourteen large boats. Three of which are regular gun-boats, each carrying a long 18-pounder: the remainder are store-boats, laden with field pieces, ammunition, and provisions; eight gun-boats that were placed in front of Bagnara, at a distance of 100 yards from each other, for the protection of the boats that were drawn up on shore, were sunk by the heavy and well-directed fire of our flotilla.

I beg to report the good conduct of the officers and men, British and Sicilian; they behaved with a degree of coolness that does them great credit. Our loss is trifling, considering we were obliged to make the attack within grape-shot distance of three batteries; it consists in one man wounded, and one scampavia sunk, the crew saved. During the engagement one of the Sicilian gun-boats (which had got on shore at the Faro point early in the morning), in endeavouring to join us was attacked, off Scylla, by three French scampavias, and I am sorry to say was captured without the smallest resistance. The convoy, which consisted of four gun-boats and forty store-boats, were 25 days from Naples.

I have, &c. T. READE,
Captain commanding Flotilla.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, AUG. 4.

Copy of a Letter from Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, Bart. Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the Mediterranean, to John Wilson Croker, Esq. dated on board the San Josef, off Toulon, June 3, 1810.

SIR,

I enclose, herewith, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, copy of a letter from Capt. Brenton, of the Spartan, giving an account of a very gallant action fought by that ship against a squadron of the enemy, in the Bay of Naples, on the 3d ultimo. Any comment of mine upon this occasion would be superfluous, after the clear and distinct account given by Captain Brenton of the action, and the manner in which he enticed the enemy out; I have, however, to lament a severe wound this gallant officer has received by a grape shot, though I trust not dangerously. I have no doubt their lordships will duly appreciate the conduct of Lieut. Willes, First of the Spartan, who fought the ship after Captain Brenton was wounded.

I have, &c.
(Signed) C. COTTON.

Spartan, off the Bay of Naples, May 3.

SIR,

On the 1st instant, his Majesty's ships Spartan and Success chased the French squadron, consisting of one frigate of 42 guns and 350 men, one corvette of 28 guns and 260 men, one brig of eight guns and 98 men, one cutter of ten guns and 80 men; they succeeded in getting into the Mole of Naples, favoured by light and partial breezes; as I was sensible they would never leave that place of refuge, whilst two British frigates were in the Bay, I directed Capt. Ayscough to remain on my rendezvous, from five to ten leagues south west of the island of Capri, continuing with the Spartan in the Bay of Naples. At day-light this morning we had the pleasure of seeing the enemy's squadron as before-mentioned, reinforced by eight gun-boats, standing towards us in a close line. The action began at 56 minutes after seven with the enemy's frigate exchanging broadsides when within pistol-shot, passing along their line, and cutting off their cutter and gun boats from the body of the squadron. The enemy was under the necessity of wearing to renew his junction, but was prevented by the Spartan taking her station on their weather beam; a close and obstinate contest ensued; light and variable winds led us near the batteries of Baia; the enemy's frigate making all sail to take advantage of their shelter. The crippled state of the Spartan not allowing her to follow, we bore up, raking the frigate and corvette as we passed them, and succeeded in cutting off the brig; the corvette having lost her foretop-mast, effected her escape with the assistance of the gun-boats; the latter had, during the action, galled us excessively by laying on our quarter, and the severity of our loss, having 10 killed and 19 wounded, may in some measure be attributed to this circumstance. I was myself wounded about the middle of the action, which lasted two hours; but my place was most ably supplied by Mr. Willes, my First Lieutenant, whose merit becomes more brilliant by every opportunity he has of shewing it; he is without exception one of the best and most gallant officers I ever met with. To Lieutenants Baumgardt and Bourne I feel equally indebted, for their exemplary conduct and gallantry. Captain Horte, of the Royal Engineers, had been sent with me for the purpose of reconnoitering the enemy's positions on the coast. Upon this occasion I requested him to take the command of the quarter-deck guns, foreseeing that the whole attention of the First Lieutenant and myself would be required in manœuvering the ship during the variety of service we were likely to expect. His conduct was truly worthy of the relationship he bears to my distinguished friend, Captain Horte, of the Amphion. The intrepidity and judgment of Mr. Slenner, the Master, was also very conspicuous. Nor must I forget Mr. Dunn, the Purser, who took charge of a division of guns on the main deck, in place of their officer, absent in a prize with 18 men (which reduced our number to 258 at the commencement of the action) where he displayed the greatest gallantry. The warmest praise is also due to Lieutenants Fegan and Potterell, of the Royal Marines, whose conduct was truly deserving of admiration. The warrant and petty officers and ship's company evinced a degree of enthusiasm that assured me of success at the earliest period of the action. To the light and fluctuating winds, to the enemy being so near their own shores, which are lined with batteries, they are indebted for the safety of their whole squadron, which at a greater distance from the shore, I do not hesitate in saying, must have fallen into our hands. Among the killed, we have to regret the loss of Mr. Robson, the Master's mate, a young man of great promise. I enclose a list of the killed and wounded, and the damages we have otherwise sustained.

I have, &c.
J. BRENTON.

List of Enemy's Ships, &c. engaged by his Majesty's Ship Spartan, in the Bay of Naples, on the 3d of May, 1810.

Ceres frigate, of 42 guns and 350 men; severely crippled, escaped under the batteries. Fame corvette, of 28 guns and 260 men, lost her foretop-mast, and otherwise severely crippled. Le Sparviere brig, of 8

guns and 98 men; taken. Achilles cutter, of 10 guns and 80 men; escaped under the batteries. Eight gun-boats, each with one 24-pounder and 40 men; ditto.

Recapitulation.—96 guns and 1108 men.

(Signed) J. BRENTON.

A List of Killed and Wounded on board his Majesty's Ship Spartan.

Killed.—Mr. W. Robson, Master's Mate; 6 seamen, and 3 marines. Total, 10.——— *Wounded.*—Capt. Brenton, severely; Lieut. Willes, slightly; 15 seamen, and 5 marines. —Total, killed and wounded, 32.

Next follows a letter from Capt. Maxwell, of the Alceste, dated off Frejus Bay, May 26, giving an account of an attack made by the boats of that ship, upon several feluccas, at the entrance of the Bay of Agaye. In performing this service, and the first attempt not succeeding, Capt. Maxwell in his letter says, "Finding the enemy would not move whilst we kept close in, I last night sent the barge and yawl under Mr. Bell, accompanied by Mr. Day, Master's Mate, and Mr. Adair, Midshipman, to lie in a little cove we had discovered near the harbour's mouth, whilst the ship stood some distance in the Offing. The Frenchmen, though so noted for cunning, swallowed the bait, and came out this morning quite boldly. You may conceive, Sir, their astonishment, when our two boats, armed with a 12-pound carronade, and 4-pound field-piece, made their unexpected appearance amongst them; they captured four feluccas, two of which were armed, one with six and the other four guns, besides small arms."

This Gazette likewise contains a letter from Capt. Ascough, of the Success frigate, detailing the particulars of an attempt made by the boats of that ship under Third Lieutenant Sartorious, with those of the Espoir, under Lieut. Oliver, to destroy three vessels in the harbour of Castiglione, in Calabria; unfortunately, however, the boats on going in, struck on a sunken reef, and were swamped: the consequence was, that all the ammunition was wetted, and of course rendered unfit for use. The officers and men, however, *with their cutlasses in their mouths, swam to the shore, and landed under a fire of cannon, wall-guns, and musketry.* As soon as they had effected their landing, they attacked the enemy, who had taken a position behind some rocks, drove them from thence, and afterwards from some houses to which they had retreated. The guns were then spiked, carriages destroyed, two vessels set on fire, their cargoes (which consisted of oil) stove, when they with difficulty launched the boats that were swamped, and returned on board. The Success had one man killed; Espoir, one killed and two drowned.

This Gazette also announces the capture of seven privateers, by Sir C. Cotton's squadron, between the 10th of March and 19th of May.—Likewise, a letter from Captain Eyre, of the Magnificent, containing the details of the naval department of the expedition against Santa Maura, which terminated in the reduction of that island. The military details of this event, by Gen. Oswald, appeared in p. 66, 67.—The returns of killed and wounded on this service were:—Magnificent, 3 killed, 9 wounded. Montague, 4 killed, 21 wounded. Belle Poole, 6 wounded. Leonidas, 2 wounded, Imogen, 1 wounded.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, AUG. 7.

Vice-admiral Sir James Saumarez has transmitted to J. W. Croker, Esq. a letter from Capt. Poyntz, of his Majesty's ship the Edgar, giving an account of the capture, on the 7th last month, off Granna, of three Danish gun-boats, mounting each one long gun and four brass howitzers, with 28 men. They were boarded and brought out from under a fire of guns and musketry from the shore, by the boats of the Edgar and Dictator, under the directions of Lieut. Hewes, of the former ship. The English had one man killed, and three wounded: the enemy six killed, and two lieutenants and 14 men wounded.

DOWNING-STREET, AUG. 11.

A Despatch, of which the following is an Extract, was this Morning received at Lord Liverpool's Office, addressed to his Lordship by Lieut.gen. Viscount Wellington, dated Alverca, July 25, 1810.

The cavalry attached to Gen. Craufurd's advanced guard remained in the villages near the fort of La Conception till the 21st instant, when the enemy obliged it to retire towards Almeida, and the fort La Conception was destroyed. From the 21st till yesterday morning, Brig.-gen. Craufurd continued to occupy a position near Almeida, with his left within 800 yards of the fort, and his right extending towards Junca. The enemy attacked him in this position yesterday morning, shortly after day-light, with a very large body of infantry and cavalry, and the Brigadier-general retired across the bridge over the Coa.

In this operation, I am sorry to say that the troops under his command suffered considerable loss. The enemy, afterwards, made three efforts to storm the bridge over the Coa, in all of which they were repulsed. I am informed, that throughout this trying day, the commanding officers of the 43d, 52d, and 95th regiments, Lieut.-col. Beckwith, Lieut.-col. Barclay, and Lieut.-col. Hull, and all the officers and soldiers of these excellent regiments, distinguished themselves. In Lieut-col. Hull, who was killed, his Majesty has lost an able and deserving officer. Brig.-gen. Craufurd has also noticed the steadiness

of the 3d regiment of Portuguese chasseurs, under the command of Lieut.-col. Elder. Since yesterday the enemy have made no movement.

Copy of Gen. Craufurd's Report, enclosed in Lord Wellington's Despatch of the 25th July.

MY LORD, *Carvelhal, July* 25, 1810.

I have the honour to report to your lordship, that yesterday morning the enemy advanced to attack the light division with between 3 and 4000 cavalry, a considerable number of guns, and a large body of infantry. On the first appearance of the heads of their columns, the cavalry and brigade of artillery attached to the division advanced to support the picquets; and Captain Ross, with four guns, was for some time engaged with those attached to the enemy's cavalry, which were of much larger calibre. As the immense superiority of the enemy's force displayed itself, we fell back gradually towards the fortress, upon the right of which the infantry of the division was posted, having its left in some enclosures near the Windmill, about 800 yards from the place, and its right to the Coa, in a very broken and extensive position, which it was absolutely necessary to occupy, in order to cover the passage of the cavalry and artillery through the long defile leading to the bridge. After this was effected, the infantry retired by degrees, and in as good order as it is possible in ground so extremely intricate. A position close in front of the bridge was maintained as long as was necessary, to give time for the troops which had passed to take up one behind the river; and the bridge was afterwards defended with the greatest gallantry, though I am sorry to say with considerable loss, by the 43d and part of the 95th regiment. Towards the afternoon the firing ceased; and after it was dark, I withdrew the troops from the Coa, and retired to this place. The troops behaved with the greatest gallantry.

(Signed) R. CRAUFURD.

To Lord Viscount Wellington, &c.

Those returned as prisoners and missing were taken in a charge of the enemy's cavalry just after cavalry and guns had begun to retire.

Names of Officers Killed, Wounded, and Missing.

KILLED.—43d foot, Lieut.-col. E. Hull, Capt. E. Cameron, and Lieut. J. Nison.—95th foot, Lieut. D. M'Leod.

WOUNDED.—Staff, Lieut. Shaw.—43d reg. Aid-de-camp to Brig.-gen. R. Craufurd, slightly.—14th light dragoons, Lieut. Blatchford, severely.—1st batt. of the 43d reg. Captains P. Deshon, T. Lloyd, and W. F. P. Napier, slightly; Captain J. W. Hall, severely; Lieut. G. Johnstone, slightly; Lieut. J. P. Hopkins, severely; Lieut. H. Haucot, slightly; Lieuts. J. M'Dearmaid, J. Stevenson, and R. Frederick, severely.—52d ditto, Major H. Ridewood, slightly; Captain R. Campbell, ditto.—95th ditto, Captain J. Creagh and S. Mitchell, severely (the former since dead); 1st Lieutenant, H. C. Smith, slightly; 1st Lieutenants, M. Pratt, P. Riley, A. Coane, and T. Smith, severely: 2d Lieutenant, G. Simmons, ditto.

MISSING.—1st batt. 95th reg. Lieut. J. G. M'Cullock, taken prisoner.

Return of the Number of the Killed, Wounded, and Missing, of the Division of the Army under the Command of his Excellency Lieut.-gen. Lord Viscount Wellington, K. B. in Action with the French Army near Almeida, on the 24th July, 1810.

Head-quarters, Alverca, July 25, 1810.

Staff, 1 staff, wounded.—Royal horse artillery, 2 horses, killed; 2 horses, wounded; 2 rank and file, missing.—14th light dragoons, 1 serjeant, killed; 1 lieutenant, 1 rank and file, 4 horses, wounded.—16th light dragoons, 3 horses, wounded.—1st hussars, King's German legion, 1 horse, killed; 2 rank and file, 3 horses, wounded.—1st batt. 43d foot, 1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 captain, 1 lieutenant, 2 serjeants, 13 rank and file, killed; 4 captains, 6 lieutenants, 8 serjeants, 77 rank and file, wounded; 1 drummer, 14 rank and file, missing.—1st batt. 52d foot, 1 rank and file, killed; 1 major, 1 captain, wounded; 3 rank and file, missing.—1st batt. 95th foot, 1 lieutenant, 11 rank and file, killed; 2 captains, 5 lieutenants, 1 ensign, 1 serjeant, 54 rank and file, wounded; 1 lieutenant, 1 serjeant, 52 rank and file, missing.—1st batt. Portuguese Cassadores, 2 rank and file, killed; 7 rank and file, wounded; 7 rank and file, missing.—3d ditto, 2 rank and file, killed; 1 serjeant, 23 rank and file, wounded; 2 rank and file, missing.

Total—1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 captain, 2 lieutenants, 3 serjeants, 29 rank and file, 3 horses, killed; 1 staff, 1 major, 7 captains, 12 lieutenants, 1 ensign, 10 serjeants, 164 rank and file, 12 horses, wounded; 1 lieutenant, 1 serjeant, 1 drummer, 80 rank and file, missing.—One officer of the Portuguese Cassadores wounded, rank and name not ascertained.

C. STEWART, Brig.-gen. and Adj.-gen.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, AUG. 11.

Vice-admiral Campbell has transmitted to J. W. Croker, Esq. a letter from Lieutenant Warrand, commanding his Majesty's gun-brig Bloodhound, giving an account of her having, on the 6th instant, captured, off the North Foreland, the Becassine French privateer, of two guns and 26 men; out one day from Calais, without having made any capture.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, AUG. 14.

Admiral Sir C. Cotton has transmitted to John Wilson Croker, Esq. a letter he had received from Capt. Maxwell, of his Majesty's ship Alceste, giving an account of the capture of two vessels in the Bay of Martino, in the Island of Corsica, on the 21st of June, by the boats of the above ship and Topaze, under the directions of Lieutenants Andrew Wilson of the former, and Chas. Hammond of the latter; a three-gun battery which protected the entrance of the Bay, was carried by a detachment of seamen and marines, and the guns rendered unserviceable. The enemy had several men killed and wounded; on the side of the English, one man was killed and two wounded.

Admiral Sir Charles Cotton has transmitted to John Wilson Croker, Esq. a letter from Captain Wormeley, of his Majesty's sloop Minorca, giving an account of his having, on the 4th of June, captured the Sans Peur, French felucca privateer, of one long gun and two swivels, with 39 men; out 35 days from Genoa, without having taken any prize.

And also a letter from Captain Pringle, of the Sparrowhawk, stating the capture, on the 19th of June, of L'Intrepide privateer, of Marseilles, of 6 guns and 47 men.

FOREIGN-OFFICE, AUG. 18.

The King has been pleased to cause it to be signified by the Most Noble the Marquis Wellesley, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to the Ministers of friendly and neutral Powers residing at this Court, that the necessary measures have been taken, by his Majesty's command, for the blockade of the Canal of Corfou, and that from this time all the measures authorized by the Laws of Nations, and the respective treaties between his Majesty and the different neutral Powers, will be adopted and executed with respect to all vessels which may attempt to violate the said blockade.

QUEEN'S PALACE, AUG. 15.

This day, the Chevalier De Sowza Coutinho, heretofore Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from his Royal Highness the Prince Regent of Portugal, had a private audience of his Majesty to deliver new credentials as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from his Royal Highness; to which he was introduced by the Marquis Wellesley.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

A RECENT important change has taken place in commercial affairs. Bonaparte, who is supposed to be greatly in want of money, has issued a decree, permitting the importation of colonial produce into France, under very high duties; and the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a letter to the American Minister, at Paris, states, that he is authorized to declare, that "the Berlin and Milan Decrees *are revoked*, and that from the 1st of November they will cease to be in force; *it being understood*, that in consequence of this declaration the English shall revoke their Orders in Council, and renounce the new principles of blockade," &c. Another object of Bonaparte, in adopting this measure, is, evidently, to conciliate the Americans, and embroil them with this country.

As a proof of the parental protection which Holland is to derive from its annexation to France, every fishing-boat going to sea must take a French soldier on board as a spy, to prevent any trade with the English.

An Address has been privately circulated in Amsterdam, and other parts of Holland, recalling to the remembrance of the people the glorious deeds of their ancestors in throwing off the Spanish yoke, and exhorting them to seize the opportunity of Buonaparte's visit, to rise in arms; and by one bold effort of national energy to regain their independence, and rid the suffering world of the monster who oppresses it.

Private letters state, that a conspiracy against Bonaparte had been detected at Breda, and that two of the ringleaders were under arrest.

Paris Papers state, that Ciudad Rodrigo surrendered at discretion. The garrison has been sent to France.

The Portuguese troops in the French service consist of 12,000 men. As Buonaparte cannot rely on their fidelity to him, and is aware that both officers and men desert as often as they can find an opportunity, the French Minister of War recommended either that they should be disembodied, and the men distributed among the other corps of the army; or that they should be marched into the interior of France, and employed in garrisoning the several towns. The latter alternative has been preferred, and the corps has received orders to break up from Mentz.

A Caraccas Gazette, of the date of the 11th of May, contains an Address to the Supreme Junta of Spain. It declares that the Provinces of South America, during the present condition of the Parent State, deny its authority; but promise future obedience, if Spain should be rescued from the grasp of the tyrant, and a Constitution should be formed connecting America with the European

Monarchy, on the basis of equal liberties and laws.

The Dey of Algiers declared war against France on the 29th May last.

The Hamburgh Papers mention, that a fire broke out lately in the barracks at Klattau, in Bohemia, where a part of the regiment of Rosemberg was quartered; which spread with such rapidity, that in a little time the barracks, two stables, with 46 horses, great part of the magazine of oats, the German schools, the seminary, the church of the Jesuits, and about 60 houses of the town, fell a prey to the flames.

The Stockholm Court Gazette of the 22d ult. contains an official account of the late disturbances in that capital, as well as the murder of Count Fersen. This unfortunate nobleman appears to have been the victim of an artful conspiracy. On the morning of the funeral procession of the late Crown Prince, he is said to have received intimation, by an anonymous letter, of the attack which would be made upon him; but which, with the consciousness of innocence, he disregarded.—When his carriage was assailed near the Retterholm market, and his progress impeded, he sought refuge in a house. Thither the fury of the misguided populace pursued him; but the house presented singular facilities for escape, of which the Count would have doubtlessly availed himself, but for the advice of several persons who surrounded him. They persuaded him to quit the place under their protection; and, when yielding to their counsel, he entered the street, they not only abandoned him to the vengeance of the mob, but directed the pursuit, and with horrid barbarity exulted in his death.

His Danish Majesty has offered himself as successor to the late Crown Prince; engaging, in the event of his succeeding to the Crown, to make Stockholm his principal residence. Since then, a paper has been circulated with much industry, pointing out the advantages which would ensue from an union with the Three Crowns of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Although the sophistry of this paper should not be too palpable to make it rejected by every good Swede, yet the recent example of the Union of Holland to France, and the *benefits* which have followed in consequence, would be an inducement ample enough for the Swedes to resist, by every means in their power, a connection so abhorrent to the loyal and patriotic policy which they have ever displayed.

Mr. Viborg, Professor in the Royal Veterinary College at Stockholm, has published a Dissertation on the use of Horse-flesh. This publication is reported to have had the effect of introducing the use of this article as food throughout Sweden; in consequence of which, the butchers' shops are now supplied with the carcasses of horses in addition to those of oxen. Mr. Viborg assures his readers, that the flesh of the horse when roasted is preferable to that of the ox.

The Turks (say the French Papers) have sued for peace; but the Russians have refused to listen to any terms, without the preliminary cession of the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, to the left bank of the Danube; and payment of a contribution of 30 millions of piastres.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

JULY 25.

A FOOTMAN, in the employ of the Prince of Wales, named Tranter, on Wednesday morning discharged the contents of one of his travelling pistols into his stomach, at Carlton House.

JULY 29.—The premises of Mr. Gillet, printer, in Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, were early this morning destroyed by fire, together with the dwelling-house of Mr. Swan, printer, adjoining. Some houses at the back of these buildings in Crown-court, and Hanging-Sword-alley, were also much damaged, as was the house of the Vaccine Institution. It is remarkable, that the premises of Mr. Gillet, on the same spot, were destroyed about four years ago; and the present fire is supposed to have been occasioned by some incendiary throwing combustibles into the ware-room, the window of which had been left open to dry the sheets; as the flames were first observed to issue from thence, though neither fire nor candle had been for some weeks introduced into it, and it had that very evening been inspected by Mr. Gillet himself.

A reward of 500l. has been offered in the Gazette, for the apprehension of any person concerned in setting fire to the premises of Mr. Gillet, printer, Salisbury-square; and his Majesty's pardon to any person concerned, except the one who committed the act.

AUG. 1.—An action was tried in the Court of King's Bench, at Guildhall, brought by a Miss Bishop, against Mr. Robinson, an opulent merchant in the city, for a breach of promise of marriage. The acquaintance between the parties had subsisted 16 years, and the courtship three. When, however, an union was agreed on, and the alliance approved of by both families, the defendant wrote to the plaintiff, stating, that he had consulted with a medical friend upon the state of his constitution, and his report was, that he could not enter into the state of matrimony, as it was quite impossible for him

to perform those duties which it required.—The lady in reply upbraided him with his conduct, and renounced the connection. It would seem as if this was his object; as, shortly after, he wrote her another letter, telling her that he had consulted another physician, and that the impediment to his matrimonial union was removed. Mr. Parke defended his client from any intention to wound the feelings or honour of the lady; but attributed his conduct to infatuation of mind, and inexperience of the world.—Lord Ellenborough commented in strong terms on the scandalous conduct of the defendant—who, if even his statement was true, which he had not attempted to support, by any kind of evidence, ought to have desisted from his suit, and made known to the plaintiff's male relatives the incapacity he complained of. His Lordship, with these and other strong marks of reprobation, but with a due consideration of all that could possibly arise in favour of the defendant, left the case to the Jury, who, without retiring from the box, returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 5000l.

8. Brown and Roberts, convicted of an attempt to swindle Mr. Hancock, ironmonger, of Marchmont-street, stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, pursuant to their sentence; as did Aaron Alexander, in High Holborn, for attempting to set fire to his house in Little Queen-street. During the last half hour, the two former were severely pelted; but the latter from the beginning had to encounter the indignation of the spectators; nor could his uplifted hands, as he made his *detour*, procure him either respite or mercy.

At the fire which destroyed the dwelling-house of Mr. Paris a few days ago in Took's-court, Cursitor-street, a female lodger in the second floor unfortunately perished. Her mutilated remains have since been dug out. Mr. Paris himself narrowly escaped with his life a few days after, owing to a part of the parapet wall falling on him while overlooking the workmen who were clearing away the rubbish. He was dreadfully bruised.

12. A dreadful fire took place on the premises of Messrs. Pyer and Co. druggists, Bristol, occasioned by the upsetting of a quantity of spirits; which communicating with the fire-place, the room was instantly in a blaze. Mrs. Pyer (who had lately lain in) and several others of the family, were rescued by various means from the devouring element; every possible exertion was then made to extricate a nurse and two female children from an upper back room, but without success—for when the flames were sufficiently subdued, the remains of the poor woman were found, with those of the newly-born infant on her bosom, and the other, of two years old, lying by her side, on the wreck of their bed, in a state too shocking for description!

17. Marshall, Sawyer, Wakelin, and Atkinson, convicted at the late Lincoln Assizes of felony, underwent their sentence. In two minutes after they were turned off the three first appeared to be dead; but at that time Atkinson, to the inconceivable horror of all around, cried out, "Oh God! Oh God! I cannot die! I cannot die!—lift me up!" Immediately a soldier of the 69th regiment went to him, lifted him up a little, and then, by hanging at the body, put the poor wretch out of his misery!—The emotion excited by such a scene can be but faintly imagined: to describe it is impossible. The dreadful circumstance arose from the knot of the rope having got under the chin when he turned to shake hands with one of his fellow sufferers.

Betty Amplett, convicted at the Gloucester Assizes of the murder of her illegitimate child, suffered the sentence of the law last week. She was not more than 21 years of age, and was induced to commit the crime for which she suffered under circumstances of great distress. It was the subject of her constant regret, during the short interval between her condemnation and execution, that the duties of religion had never been inculcated on her mind; and she was hardly even aware of the existence of a God!

At the Essex Assizes, J. Sweeney, R. Pearce, Ed. Buckley, P. Fleming, M. Brenwick, and J. Sullivan, were convicted of the wilful murder of J. Bolding, the landlord of a public-house, at Westham, on the 20th of May last. Of the six, however, only two, Sweeney and Pearce, have suffered.

John Britton, Captain in the West-India Rangers, was indicted at Winchester Assizes, for the wilful murder of his son, George Britton, by beating and kicking him about the body. It appeared, that the prisoner had repeatedly beat his son very violently; and Mr. Powell, a surgeon, had no doubt that the mortification which was the cause of his death, ensued from the contusions on his back, which were the aggregate of several days beating. The indictment, however, having stated the deceased to have been killed on a specific day, when it turned out that he had died of the aggregate ill treatment he had received on several days, the Judge directed the acquittal of the prisoner.

A ludicrous cause for an assault was tried at the Northampton Assizes, in which the Jury gave a verdict of 250l. against Dr. Bailey, a venerable clergyman, for an assault. It appears, that there is a pond in the village where the Doctor lives, in which the poor women were in the habit of washing their clothes; the Rev. Divine chose also to wash his horses in the same water; this the women resisted, and with mops, brushes, &c. beat the horses and the Doctor himself; which so exasperated him, that he in return struck one of the assailants (a woman pregnant at the time); for which the action was brought.

The Doctor compromised for striking another woman, by paying 50l. into court.

28. The first pile of the Vauxhall-bridge was driven on the Middlesex side of the river this afternoon, under the direction of Mr. Rennie, the Engineer, by Messrs. Adams and Robertson, the contractors for completing the undertaking, attended by the Committee. The ceremony of laying the first stone will probably take place the latter end of the autumn, and this useful work will be completed in about four years.

Two young ladies, of the names of Banks and Sharman, residing with their parents in the vicinity of Stamford, died suddenly, lately, in consequence of drinking cold small beer when heated with dancing.

Agricultural Anecdote.—At the late Agricultural Meeting at Litchfield, a proposition was made on the part of Staffordshire, to show ten fat Staffordshire cows, the property and breeding of one gentleman, against any ten other cows in England, being the property and breeding of any one gentleman—500l. to 200l.; which challenge was not accepted. A plain and blunt English farmer, whose name we could not collect, addressed the gentlemen on the subject of shewing *fat cattle.* "Why dunna yea show 'em," he exclaimed, "*fedden in a natural way,* and bring your cattle as they should be seen on your pasters. It's all my eye and Betty Martin, geeing 'em your *nice kickshaws, and sugar, and milk!* Squire ——, you're throwing hundreds of pounds away in pampering your beasts up like Aldermen, and Christians, and Corporations, with your oily-cakes, dainties, and tid-bits: I tell you all, Gentlemen, for it comes to nothing!—We *wanten good sound meate; and none of your greasy and sugary flim-flams,* &c. &c.!!" The mirth of his auditors proved that the old farmer's remonstrances were taken in good part, if not heard with approbation.

NATIONAL DEBT.

An Account of the Reduction of the National Debt, from the 1st *August,* 1786, *to the* 1st *August,* 1810.

Redeemed by the Sinking Fund	£163,527,088
Transferred by Land Tax redeemed	23,576,480
Ditto by Life Annuities purchased	1,200,386
On account of Great Britain	£188,303,954
Ditto of Ireland	7,132,030
Ditto of Imperial Loan	1,070,173
Ditto of Loan to Portugal	43,618
Total	£196,549,775

The sum to be expended in the ensuing quarter is 2,728,025l. 19s. 3¾d.

PUBLIC REVENUE.

The following is an account of the produce of the CONSOLIDATED FUND, in the quarter ending 5th July, 1810, together with its produce in the corresponding period of the last year; from which it will be seen, that the Public Revenue is in a very flourishing state, even as compared with the year 1809, the most favourable which had ever before been known.

NET PRODUCE.

	IN THE QUARTER ENDED	
	5th July, 1809.	*5th July,* 1810.
Customs	£1,066,095	£1,070,744
Excise	3,787,331	3,777,960
Stamps	1,292,441	1,377,322
Assessed Taxes	2,448,187	2,700,135
Land Tax, Sugar Duties, Imprest Monies, &c.	2,019,872	2,096,220
	£10,613,926	11,022,381
Charge	10,139,872	10,400,000
Surplus	474,054	622,381

BIRTHS.

HER Grace the Duchess of Bedford, of a daughter.——At Ryde, Isle of Wight, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Barham, of a daughter.——At Evington, Kent, the lady of Sir John C. Honywood, Bart. of a daughter.——Mrs. Dunn, wife of Mr. William Dunn, mariner, Deal, of three children, two boys and one girl; one of the boys is since dead, the others, with their mother, are likely to do well.——In Sackville-street, the lady of John Spottiswoode, Esq. of a daughter.——At the Castle of Nymphenberg, the Queen of Bavaria, of a Princess.——In Duchess-street, Portland-place, the lady of Dr. Crotch, of twin daughters.——At Henham Hall, Suffolk, the Right Hon.

Lady Rous, of a son.———At Addington, Scotland, Lady Harriet Mitchell, sister to his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, of a daughter. ———At Ramsgate, Lady Frances Buchanan Riddell, of Riddell, of a son and heir. ———Lady Isabella de Chabot, lady of the Viscomte de Chabot, Major in the 9th Light Dragoons, of a son. Her ladyship is fourth sister to his Grace the Duke of Leinster. ———At Sheerness Garrison, Mrs. Barnes, wife of Mr. Barnes, of the Tuns Inn, was delivered of four children, three boys and one girl, all dead born. In November last she was delivered of twins, which lived only one month, making six children in nine months! She is in a fair way of recovery.

MARRIAGES.

At Mary-le-bone, Captain Sheriff, of the royal navy, to the eldest daughter of the late Hon. D. Murray, brother to Lord Elibank.———At Ham, Kent, the Rev. A. Methuen, rector of All Cannings, Wilts, to the eldest daughter of the Rev. H. Plumptre, rector of Claypole, Newark-upon-Trent.———M. Parker, M.D. of the royal artillery, to the eldest daughter of J. Simmons, rector of Paul's Cray, Kent.——— H. Suffield, Esq. of Norfolk, to the daughter of the late Mr. W. Cramer.———The Hon. C. Jenkinson, to Miss Julia Shuckburgh Evelyn, only daughter of the late Sir George Shuckburgh.———At Wroxton Abbey, Oxfordshire, the Right Hon. the Earl of Guildford, to Miss Maria Boycott, fifth daughter of the late Thomas Boycott, Esq. of Rudge Hall, Shropshire.———Dr. Annan, of Brighton, to Charlotte, second daughter of Charles Everingham, Esq. of Mitcham.———Major Alexander Frazer, of the 76th regiment, to Caroline, eldest daughter of John Kingston, Esq. of Basing House, Hertfordshire.———Baron de Steiger, of Berne, Switzerland, to the daughter of F. de Taftel, Esq. of Ashford Lodge, Essex.———C. Pilgrim, Esq. to Miss M. Bunce, both of Hampstead.——— Captain G. Andrews, R.N. to the daughter of J. Okeley, Esq. of Weymouth.———At St. Martin's, J. S. Dixon, Esq. of Morden, Surrey, to Mrs. M. Wright.———At Clontarf, near Dublin, Harvey Pratt, Esq. captain in the Cavan light infantry battalion, to Miss Kearney, eldest daughter of the Bishop of Ossory.———Captain Henry Lidgbird Ball, late of his Majesty's ship Gibraltar, to Anne Georgiana Harriette, eldest daughter of Major-general Gabriel Johnston, late of the Hon. the East India Company's service.———Lieut.-colonel W. H. Bunbury, of the 3d regiment, to Miss Russell, of Brancepeth Castle, Durham. ———At Deptford, the Rev. H. F. Burder, to the eldest daughter of J. Hardcastle, Esq. of Thatcham House.———L. Musgrave, Esq. to the eldest daughter of E. Venn, Esq. of Camberwell.———F. Moore, Esq. of Liverpool, to the second daughter of the late Rev. W. Nichols, of Chelmash Hall, Shropshire. ———At Gretna Green, W. Abbott, Esq. to Miss E. E. Kennett.———N. Philips, Esq. of Manchester, to the eldest daughter of W. Hibbert, Esq. of Clapham.———The Hon. Major H. Murray, youngest son of the late Earl of Mansfield, to Emily, daughter of the late G. De Visme, Esq. of Wimbledon. ———Lieutenant-general Brownrigg, to Miss Bissett, of Knighton House, Isle of Wight.———The Hon. Samuel Hood, to Lady Charlotte Nelson, daughter of Earl Nelson.———William Gerald Bagat, of Castle Bagat, in the county of Dublin, Esq. to Anne, eldest daughter of the Marchioness Dowager of Lansdowne, and of her first husband, the late Sir Duke Giffard, of Castle Jordan, Bart. of whom she is co-heiress. ———At Littleton, the Rev. P. Wood, A.M. chaplain to the Duke of Clarence, to Miss Penrice.———At Putney, W. Baring, fourth son of Sir Francis Baring, to the fourth daughter of J. Thompson, Esq. of Waverley Abbey, Surrey.———The Rev. Daniel Matthias, M.A. rector of Whitechapel, late fellow of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Lafont, Esq. Leman-street, London. ———At Baltimore, Mr. Mansfield, son of the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, to the daughter of General Smith, of that city.———At Dublin, Henry Frederick Stock, Esq. son of the Bishop of Waterford, to Miss Maria Andrews, daughter of Alderman Andrews, of Merrion-square, Dublin.———Mr. Charles Edward Horn, of the Lyceum Theatre, to Miss Matilda Ray, from the late Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.———At Ditchling, Sussex, Mr. W. Edwards, of St. John's-common, aged 18, to Miss H. Herriott, late of Plympton, aged *twelve years and three months!* The bride, at the time of the ceremony, was *far advanced in pregnancy!*———Henry Peterson, Esq. jun. to Anna, daughter of Sir Thomas Turton, Bart. M.P.———Mr. Robert William Herring, of Fleet-street, to Miss Morgan, daughter of Mr. John Morgan, of Ludgate-hill.———The Hon. Philip Sydney Pierrepont, son of Earl Manners, to Georgiana, daughter of the late Herbert Gwynne Browne, Esq. of Imley Park, Northamptonshire, and widow of the late Pryce Edwards, Esq. of Talgarth, Merionethshire.———Richard Curran, Esq. eldest son of the Right Hon. John P. Curran, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and a Privy-councillor of that kingdom, to Mrs. Wysel,

of York-place.——The Hon. Thomas Mullins, son of the Right Hon. Lord Ventry, to Mrs. Archer, widow of the late Major-general Archer.——At Romaldkirk, Mr. John Hutchinson, senior, of Hunderthwaite, to Miss Bedale, of Holwick.——At the same time, Miss Sarah Hutchinson, daughter of Mr. John Hutchinson, to William Bell, innkeeper, of Hunderthwaite. Father and daughter were both coupled under ONE CEREMONY. On the day following Mrs. Bell was safely delivered of a child, which, on the third, was interred at the same church where its mother and grandfather were, but two days before, united in the bands of HYMEN!——At Woodford, Lieut.-gen. Sir D. Baird, to Miss P. Campbell, of Fernton, Perth.——M. H. Perceval, Esq. to the eldest daughter of Sir Charles Flower. ——Captain J. E. Jones, of the royal artillery, to the daughter of the late W. Smith, Esq. Treasurer of his Majesty's Ordnance.——Lord Brownlow, to Miss Hume, daughter of Sir A. Hume.——At the Brazils, the Infant of Spain, D. Pedro Carlos (who departed from Lisbon with the Braganza family), to the Princess D. Maria Theresa, eldest daughter of the Prince Regent of Portugal.——At St. Ann's, Soho, Thomas Cannam, Esq. of the Middle Temple, London, to Miss Swainson, niece of Isaac Swainson, Esq. of Frith-street, and Twickenham, in Middlesex.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

LATELY, at the Soho, where he was employed as a model-engraver, Conrad Henry Cuchler, aged 64, native of Hesse Darmstadt.——At Ranelagh, near Dublin, Charles Robert Henry Sheridan, eldest son of the late Charles Francis Sheridan, Esq. and nephew to the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.——John Wilmot Wells, Esq. many years one of the proprietors and acting manager of the Theatre Royal, Margate.——At Prittlewell, in his 79th year, T. Lee, Esq. one of the free burgesses of the borough of Maldon.——At Halsted, Essex, Mr. William Oliver, formerly of Sudbury, auctioneer.——Mr. Woodward, agent for Messrs. Bolton and Watt, of Soho, Birmingham. He was thrown from his horse as he was riding near town, and his feet hanging in the stirrup, was so maimed and bruised, that he expired soon after.——Mr. Blair, an attorney, of Lancaster-court, Strand. He dropped down dead as he was returning from Westminster-hall.——In the county of Kildare, in Ireland, T. Burgh, Esq. one of the commissioners of the Irish revenue.—— At Grimsby, J. Campbell, aged 103, having lived eighty years as gardener in the family of Mr. Tennyson. Excepting hearing, he retained all his senses to the hour of his death. ——At Newcastle, Mrs. Watkin, of that place. On being informed that her son was fighting in the street, she ran to the place pointed out; and on seeing one of the men fall, she exclaimed, "O my son!" and expired immediately.——James Serle, Esq. of Bishopstoke, many years receiver-general of Hampshire, and steward to the Bishop of Winchester. It is said his death was occasioned by the cutting of a corn too close, which produced a mortification.——At Tweedmouth, the Rev. George Burton, curate of that parish, aged 49.—— Mrs. Wallace, the lady of the gallant Captain Wallace; being overturned in her carriage in the Strand. Her arm was broken in three places, and a mortification ensued, which terminated her existence.——At Eye, Mr. Simon Porter, of Singlesloe; as he was riding across his farm in a chaise, accompanied by his daughter, he suddenly complained of a dimness of sight, and expired almost immediately.——At Tisbury, Hampshire, R. Osborne, aged 101. His posterity amounted to 187 persons, viz. three sons and five daughters, 67 grand children, 81 great grand children, and one great-great-grand-child.——At Ball, in the parish of Stampford-Courtenay, Somerset, aged 83, Mr. John Quick, a grazier well known for his skilful management in that line of life.——R. Tanner, Esq. of Sittingbourne, Kent: he fell from his horse, and was killed. ——At Kilderry, Scotland, Mary-Anne, second daughter of Major-general Harris, aged 15 years. Her premature death was occasioned by the bursting of a blood-vessel, in consequence of over-exercise with a skipping-rope.——At Edinburgh, the Countess of Roslyn. Her ladyship had been long in a declining state of health, never having recovered her last accouchement. The Countess was eldest daughter of the Hon. Edward Bouverie, uncle to the present Earl of Radnor.——At his seat at St. Lucy, county of Westmeath, at an advanced age, Sir Benjamin Chapman, Bart. formerly one of the representatives in the Irish Parliament for that county.——At Paris, Madame Recamier, as much celebrated by her beauty, as the bankruptcy of her husband.——At Sunderland, a woman named Hall, at the advanced age of 106. Her twin brother died about five years ago, aged 101, and her mother attained 108. ——Mrs. Hunt, of Faversham: while attending the funeral of her husband, she was suddenly taken ill, and expired in a few minutes.——At Stanford-le-hope, in Essex, aged 46, Mr. George Evans. He was on board the unfortunate Grosvenor East India-

man when she was wrecked on the coast of Caffraria, on the 4th of August, 1782; and was one of the few who, after experiencing, during a journey of 117 days across the desarts of that inhospitable country, unparalleled hardships, arrived at their native country; he is supposed to have survived that catastrophe the longest of any of those dreadful sufferers: he was the first man who humanely volunteered to go back as guide to the detachment sent by the Governor of the Cape, to endeavour to discover any other of the unfortunate sufferers who might continue wandering about in that desolate country.

JULY 10. In Harcourt-street, Gerald O'Farrell, Esq. barrister-at-law.

11. Mrs. Margaret Dixie, aged 66, relict of the late Rev. Beaumont Dixie, of St. Peter's, Derby, and mother of the present Sir B. Dixie, Bart. She resigned her life calmly to her Maker, in the presence of six of her children.——At Balnamoor, Angusshire, James Carnagie Arbuthnot, Esq.

13. At Knightsbridge, the Hon. Mr. Fitzwilliam, brother to Viscount Fitzwilliam.

14. At Maidstone, Mrs. Jane Punnett, relict of Thomas Durrant Punnett, Esq. late of that place.——At Inverness, in the 72d year of his age, John Watson, Esq. late British Consul at Venice.

17. Leonard Ellington, Esq. late of Old Broad-street, merchant.

20. Mrs. Elizabeth Wardell, aged 45, the wife of Captain T. Wardell, Patriot-square, Hackney, and daughter of D. Duppa, Esq. Malmaine-hall, Kent.——At Tickhill Castle, Yorkshire, Harriett, wife of the Hon. Frederic Lumley, in the 41st year of her age.

21. At Exeter, at the early age of 39, Loftus Otway Bland, Esq. of the royal navy, and late Captain of his Majesty's ship Africa. He was the nephew of General Bland, and distinguished for his judgment and intrepidity in the line of his profession, as well as for the milder moral duties of humanity. His illness, contracted in a damp prison in Holland, where he was confined after the loss of the Flora on that coast, was confirmed by an extended cruize in the Baltic during the last autumn, and rapidly hastened his death, which he met with the calm fortitude of a truly Christian hero.——At Cheltenham, aged nearly 80, Mr. Seward, who has for many years exhibited his Fantoccini, and other performances, at that place. The night preceding his demise, he played HARLEQUIN, with his accustomed activity! He has left considerable property in houses at Bristol, &c.

22. At Kentish-town, Mrs. Jowett, wife of Mr. Jowett, of Holborn, aged 30.——In Great Portland-street, aged 69, the Hon. and Rev. J. W. Neville, rector of Burghclere, Hants, and of Bishopstone, Wilts. Mr. Neville was uncle to the Earl of Abergavenny, and nearly related to the Earls of Pembroke and Carnarvon.——At Perth, John Stewart, Esq. second son of the late Sir John Stewart, of Granderilly, Bart.

23. At Tiverton, Captain George Andrews, royal navy, whose services on board the Agamemnon gained him the esteem and friendship of the late Lord Nelson.——At Serlby Hall, Nottinghamshire, Robert Monckton Arundel, Viscount Galway, Baron of Kilbard, in the county of Clare, one of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and Knight of the Bath. His Lordship was born July 4, 1758, and is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, the Hon. William George Monckton, who is now in his 29th year.

24. Mr. Henry Freame, of Corsham, Wilts, aged 70 years.——At his residence near Newcastle, Anthony Hood, Esq. one of the aldermen of the town: he was in apparent health on the day preceding, and in the procession of the gentlemen assembled for the purpose of laying the foundation-s one of the new court-house, &c. for Northumberland.——In Westmoreland-street, Dublin, aged 40, John Ball, Esq. eldest son of J. Ball, Esq. of Eccles-street, and nephew to E. Byrne, Esq. of Mullinack.

25. Suddenly, just as he had sat down to dinner, Mr. W. Daggon, aged 50, boatswain of the Carnatic, lying in ordinary at Plymouth. He had been recently appointed to the Carnatic, and his wife was absent at Portsmouth, disposing of his property there.——At Newington, Surrey, Charles John Wye, Esq. late of Lincoln's-inn, aged 28.——Mrs. Coldham, wife of W. Coldham, Esq. Mayor of Nottingham.——At Islington, Mr. Francis Walsh, many years Chief Clerk of the 3 per Cent. Consols Office in the Bank of England.

26. At Stratford-green, John Hawes, Esq. aged 75 years.——At Hastings, Mr. John Downes, of Dyer's-buildings, Holborn.

28. Mrs. Johnston, wife of Ebenezer Johnston, Esq. of Stoke Newington.——At West Bamff, in the parish of Arbuthnot, Kincardineshire, at an advanced age, Mr. Alexander Jollie, farmer, brother of Mr. Francis Jollie, bookseller, in Carlisle.

29. At Clifton, Mrs. Deverell, wife of Richard Blake Deverell, Esq. of that place.——In Eyre-street, Hatton-garden, in the 73d year of his age, Mr. Crutchley. He was one of the few survivors who served under the immortal Wolfe, at the taking of Quebec and Louisbourg.——Thomas King, Esq. of Bolton-street, Piccadilly, and the 100 Acres, Banstead, Surrey.——At Dover, Mr. Grimshaw, formerly collector of the customs at that port.

30. Mrs. Collinson, of Wanstead, Essex.——At Margate, Miss Eliza Butler, second daughter of Mr. Richard Butler, of Cheapside, London.

31. In Crown-street, Westminster, Mr. Powell, assistant-clerk to Mr. Chinnery, in the Treasury department. He had been near 20 years in the office.——At Milburn, near Malmsbury, Mrs. Gale, relict of the

Rev. Edmund Estcourt Gale, rector of Newnton, and sister to the late Edmund Wilkins, Esq. of Malmsbury, Wilts.——In Devonshire-street, Queen-square, Isaac Demattos, Esq. in the 81st year of his age.——At the Bush-inn, Staines, Thomas Griffith, Esq. of Bath, attorney-at-law.——At Kew, Mrs. Sarah Isaacson, youngest daughter of the late Anthony Isaacson, Esq. of Fenton, Northumberland.

Aug. 1. Mr. Le Roi, of Compton-street. While in the act of talking to his daughters, at Chelsea, he dropped down and expired. Previous to his calling upon his daughters, he stopped at the Union public-house, drank a glass of brandy and water, and appeared in perfect health.——At St. James's-palace, aged 67, W. Wybrow, Esq. first master cook to his Majesty, in whose service he had been near 53 years, having been apprenticed to the King when Prince George, as was customary at that time.——At Stoneyhurst, Lancashire, Thomas Weld, Esq. of Lulworth Castle, Dorset.——In the 92d year of his age, Mr. Stephen Geary, of Dean's-yard, the oldest inhabitant of Westminster. He had been a housekeeper in Dean's-yard near 70 years, and was well known and respected by the Collegians of Westminster.——Joseph Cade, Esq. of Garlick-hill, London, aged 33 years.

2. Helen, daughter of Mr. William Flower, of Hackney-grove.

3. In the 92d year of his age, General Charles Vernon, Lieutenant of the Tower, and the oldest general in his Majesty's service.——In Dublin, John Townshend, Esq. many years member of Parliament for the borough of Dingle: he was a Junior Commissioner of Excise; and, since the division of the Boards, second Chairman.

4. Mrs. Winbolt, wife of the Rev. Thomas Winbolt, minister of Southgate Chapel.

5. William Tims, Esq. of Vale-place, Hammersmith, aged 54.——Six days after the birth of a son, in the 22d year of her age, Lady St. John Mildmay, wife of Sir Henry St. John Mildmay, Bart.——In Sydney-place, Bath, Major-general Robert Rayne, of the Bengal establishment, in his 58th year.——At Much Hadham, Herts, Richard Stanley, Esq. Recorder of Hertford, and one of the Senior Benchers of the Inner Temple, F.A.S.——In Great Cumberland-street, Lady Ennismore, of Ennismore, in the county of Kerry.

7. At Edmonton, Miss Cossart, eldest daughter of the late John Cossart, Esq. formerly a partner in the house of Thellusson and Co.——At Earl's Court, Thomas Forsyth, Esq. of Upper Wimpole-street.

8. At Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire, the Earl of Berkeley. His Lordship was Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Gloucester, Keeper of St. Briavel's Castle in the Forest of Dean, and High Steward of the City of Gloucester. Considerable notoriety was lately given to some circumstances relative to the marriage of this nobleman, in consequence of a petition to the House of Commons, and the discussion which followed, on Lord Dursley taking his seat as Member for Gloucestershire, and qualifying as the heir apparent of a peer. The subject was also brought before the House of Lords some years since by Lord Berkeley himself, with the view of removing all doubts respecting the succession to the title; but after an investigation had been proceeded in for some time, it was got rid of, on the ground that it was premature during his Lordship's life-time. The point must now be decided, and will, probably, come before the Committee of Privileges, in the House of Lords, next Sessions.——At Plaistow, in Essex, Joseph Sheppard, Esq.——At Madresfield, Worcestershire, Emma Susanna, Viscountess Deerhurst, wife to Lord Viscount Deerhurst, and daughter of Lord Beauchamp. Her Ladyship has left issue an only son, George-William, born Oct. 25, 1808.——At Uxbridge, in her 30th year, Mrs. James, the wife of Mr. James, surgeon, and daughter of the late Daniel Norton, Esq. of the same place.

10. At the Earl of Buckinghamshire's, Roehampton, the Hon. Catharine Isabella Vansittart, second daughter of Lord Auckland, and wife of the Right Hon. Nicholas Vansittart.

11. At Manor-place, Walworth, Mrs. Elizabeth Woodyer, relict of the late Richard Woodyer, Esq.——At Leicester, aged 65, Richard Stephens, Esq.——In Manchester-street, Pierce Bryan, Esq. aged 38. His death was caused by a mortification of the wound he received from a villain who robbed his house some months ago, and who is now under sentence of death in Newgate for the crime.——In Gloucestershire, W. M. Vaughan, Esq. late surgeon of his Majesty's ship Centaur.——At Northwold, of an apoplectic fit, in the 61st year of his age, the Rev. Richard Whish, rector of West Walton, and vicar of Wickford, both in Cambridgeshire.

12. At Leeds, Yorkshire, Robert Davison, M.D. many years senior physician of the General Infirmary of that town. He was a branch of the ancient family of Davison, of the Brand, Shropshire.——At his apartments, in the Lambeth-road, Samuel Collings, Esq. editor of the Public Ledger.——At Exmouth, Devon, Miss Lewis, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Lewis, of Upper Thames-street, London, merchant.——At Maryland-point, Stratford, Essex, Richard Hirons, Esq. aged 79.——In Galloway's-buildings, Bath, Mrs. Fenwicke, wife of Cuthbert Fenwicke, Esq. and sister to Major-general Sir H. Crosby, of Barnsville-park, Gloucestershire.——Of an ulcerated cancer, Mrs. Elizabeth Furnivall, wife of Mr. J. Furnivall, of Park-street, Southampton-place, Camberwell, aged 58 years.

August 13. In Great Russell-street, Major Silvester Ramsay, late of the Hon. East India Company's Service.——At Dulwich, in the 77th year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Hucks, relict of Wm. Hucks, Esq.——At Bath, Mr. Daniel M'Farlane, of Perth.

14. In Charlotte-street, Portland-place, Lieutenant Charles Bowen, late of the Royal Navy, aged 35.

15. Of an apoplectic fit, in the 63d year of his age, the Rev. Richard Cecil, A. M. late Minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford-row, and Vicar of Chobham, Surrey.

16. Of an inveterate obstruction in the stomach, Mrs. Woodthorpe, wife of Mr. Woodthorpe, of Fetter-lane.——At Finchley, Anthony, the well-known Bow-street Officer.—Mr. Read has appointed Vickery, the officer of Worship-street, to succeed him.

17. At Bristol Hot Wells, John Bruckshaw, Esq. of Walthamstow, and of the Royal Exchange.

18. At Alderton, the Rev. Richard Frank, D.D.

19. At Francis Gregg's, Esq. Wallington, Surrey, Caroline, the wife of J. G. Children, Esq. and eldest daughter of George Furlong Wise, Esq. of Woolston, near Kingsbridge, Devonshire.——In Tavistock-row, Covent-garden, Mrs. Johnstone, wife of Mr. Johnstone, of the Drury-lane Company.

20. Mrs. Simon, wife of Mr. L. M. Simon, of Gould-square, in the 27th year of her age.——At Vauxhall-walk, Mrs. Page, wife of Mr. F. Page, of the Transport Office.

21. John Parry, Esq. of Paradise-row, Lambeth, in his 57th year, formerly a Barrister of Lincoln's Inn.——Richard Chambers, Esq. of Portman-place, Edgware-road, in the 76th year of his age.

22. In Gloucester-place, in the 38th year of her age, the Right Hon. Frances Harvey, Lady Hawke, daughter and heiress of the late Colonel Harvey, of Wormsley, in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

23. Mrs. Elizabeth Mathews, widow of the late Mr. James Mathews, bookseller, in the Strand, and mother to the celebrated Comedian at the Haymarket Theatre.——In Upper Guildford-street, Harriet, the wife of Daniel Stalker, Esq.——In Charles-street, Queen's Elms, Brompton, Mrs. Mary Reeve, in the 58th year of her age.

DEATHS ABROAD.

After a severe illness, which commenced on the 30th of June, arising from an abscess in the lungs, the Queen of Prussia. Her Majesty was the daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, and was in the 35th year of her age.——Her Illustrious Highness the Dutchess Dowager of Mecklenburgh Schwerin, in the 79th year of her age.——On his passage from Lisbon, Lieut. Colonel Drummond, of the 3d, or Old Buffs.——Captain Northern, of the 82d foot, was killed about a month ago, whilst on guard at Gibraltar, by falling over the ramparts there.——In the fort of Luft, in Persia, near the Gulph of Bussorah, Lieut. Standish Weld of his Majesty's 47th regiment, youngest son of Edmund Weld, Esq. of Molesworth-street, Dublin.—This young Officer was engaged in the attack and destruction of Rass al Khyma, in Persia, on the 12th and 13th day of the month in which he unhappily fell. He was also present at the siege and reduction of Buenos Ayres, on the east coast of South America—and he had to boast of what falls not to the lot of many; namely, that in the short space of a year and six months, he bore, as Ensign, the British standard through the four quarters of the globe!——At Bengal, in the 86th year of his age, Cuthbert Thornhill, Esq. late Master Attendant of the port of Calcutta, and one of the oldest European inhabitants of Bengal. He was resident in India some time before the taking of Calcutta, by Surajah, in 1756. He was present during the greater part of that unfortunate scene. With other Europeans he sought shelter in the English shipping, then at Fulta, and thus fortunately escaped the dreadful catastrophe of the Black Hole. Captain Thornhill had traded to almost every part of India; and at Judda, a port in the Red Sea, he became acquainted with Mr. Bruce, the celebrated Abyssinian traveller, by whom he is honourably mentioned in his works. He was nominated Master Attendant in 1785, and held that appointment till April last.

CURRENT PRICES OF MERCHANDISE.

Alum, English	ton	24	10	0	to	27	0	0
Anniseeds, Alicant	cwt.	6	2	0		6	12	0
Ditto German		4	10	0		5	0	0
Ashes, American Pot		2	9	0		2	18	0
Ditto Pearl		2	5	0		3	2	0
Barilla, Carthagena		2	15	0		3	2	0
Ditto Sicily		2	8	0		2	11	0
Ditto Teneriffe		2	10	0		2	12	0
Bark, Oak British, 45 cwt.	L.	31	10	0		33	0	0
Ditto Foreign		9	0	0		12	0	0
Brandy, Cogniac	gal.	1	3	0		1	4	6
Ditto Spanish		1	1	0		1	2	6
Camphire, refined	lb.	0	8	6		0	9	0
Ditto unrefined	cwt.	33	0	0		35	0	0
Cochineal, garbled	lb.	1	14	0		1	18	0
Ditto East Indian		0	6	0		0	8	0
Coffee, fine	cwt.	5	0	0		5	12	0
Ditto ordinary		3	5	0		4	0	0
Ditto Mocha in Time		10	5	0		25	0	0
Copperas, Green	lb.	0	7	0		0	9	0
Ditto White		4	9	0		4	15	0
Cotton-wool, Surinam		0	1	9		0	1	11½
Ditto Jamaica		0	1	5		0	1	6½
Ditto Smyrna		0	1	1		0	1	3½
Ditto Bourbon		0	2	7		0	3	0
Ditto Pernambucca		0	2	1½		0	2	2
Ditto East Indian		0	1	3		0	1	6
Currants, Zant	cwt.	2	15	0		3	19	0
Deals, Dantz. Fir, 3in. 40 f.	piece	0	0	0		0	0	0
Ditto 2½ 36		0	0	0		0	0	0
Ditto 2 30		0	0	0		0	0	0
Elephants' Teeth 1, 2, 3.	cwt.	23	0	0		31	0	0

Elephants Teeth 4. 5. 6.	14	0	0	23	0	0
Ditto Scrivell - -	10	5	0	18	0	0
Figs, Turkey - - - - - - -	2	2	0	3	0	0
Flax, Riga - - - - ton	70	0	0	72	0	0
Ditto Petersburg, 12 head	68	0	0	70	0	0
Fustick, Jamaica - - - - ton	20	10	0	21	0	0
Fustick, Cuba - - - - -	24	0	0	26	0	0
Galls, Turkey - - - - - - cwt.	8	5	0	11	10	0
Geneva, Hollands - - - gal.	1	2	6	1	4	0
Ditto English - - - - - -	0	10	0	0	14	0
Ginger, Jamaica, White cwt.	5	0	0	8	5	0
Ditto Black - -	4	0	0	4	5	0
Ditto Barbadoes - - - -	4	5	0	4	10	0
Ditto East Indian - - - -	3	15	0	4	4	0
Gum Arabic, Turkey - - cwt.	6	0	0	11	10	0
Ditto Senegal - - -	5	0	0	6	6	0
Gum Sandrach - - - - - -	6	6	0	8	0	0
Ditto Tragacanth - -	19	10	0	22	0	0
Ditto Mastic - - - - lb.	0	4	2	0	4	8
Hemp, Riga Rhine - - ton	62	0	0	63	0	0
Ditto Petersburg clean - -	65	0	0	66	0	0
Ditto East Indian - - - - -	50	0	0	60	0	0
Hides, English - - - lb.	0	0	3½	0	0	5½
Ditto Buenos Ayres - - - -	0	0	7	0	0	9
Ditto Dutch salted - - - -	0	0	5½	0	0	10
Ditto Horse - - - - - - -	0	5	9	0	16	3
Indigo, Caracc. Flo. 1st & 3d -	0	14	0	0	16	0
Ditto East Indian Blue & Purp.	0	12	6	0	13	9
Ditto Brazil - - - -	0	2	6	0	5	0
Iron, Pig, British, - ton	7	0	0	9	0	0
Ditto, in bars - - - - -	15	0	0	16	0	0
Ditto Swedish, bars - - - -	21	0	0	23	10	0
Ditto Norway - - - - - -	24	0	0	25	0	0
Ditto Archangel - - - - -	25	0	0	26	0	0
Juniper Berries, German cwt.	1	8	0	1	10	0
Ditto Italian - -	1	10	0	1	13	0
Lead in pigs [- - - - fod.	38	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto red - - - - ton	39	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto white - - - - - - -	50	0	0	51	0	0
Lignum Vitæ, American - -	12	0	0	26	0	0
Ditto Tortola - - -	0	0	0	0	0	0
Logwood, Camp. - - - - -	40	0	0	42	10	0
Ditto Honduras Chipt -	35	0	0	37	0	0
Ditto Unchipt -	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto Jamaica Chipt - -	30	0	0	32	0	0
Ditto Unchipt -	0	0	0	0	0	0
Madder Roots, Smyrna - cwt.	3	5	0	3	12	0
Madder, Dutch Crop - cwt.	5	5	0	6	5	0
Mahogany, Honduras - ft.	0	1	5	0	2	0
Ditto Jamaica - - - - -	0	1	6	0	2	2
Ditto Hispaniola - - -	0	1	9	0	2	6
Molasses - - - - - - - cwt.	1	17	3	0	0	0
Oak plank, Dantzic, 2 & 3 inch } load	0	0	0	0	0	0
Oil, Lucca - 25 gal. jar	19	10	0	20	10	0
Ditto Spermaceti - - ton	107	0	0	110	0	0
Ditto Whale, Greenland	43	0	0	45	0	0
Ditto Southern -	44	0	0	45	0	0
Ditto Florence - halfchest	3	5	0	3	12	0
Opium, Turkey - - - - lb.	1	3	0	1	5	0
Orchilla, Canary - - - - ton	258	0	0	250	0	0
Ditto Cape de Verd - -	152	0	0	160	0	0
Ditto Madeira - - - - -	120	0	0	150	0	0
Pimento - - - - - - - lb.	0	1	7	0	1	9½
Pitch, American - - - cwt.	0	13	0	0	13	0
Ditto Swedish - - - -	0	19	0	1	0	0
Pitch, Archangel - - - - -	0	16	0	0	17	0
Quicksilver - - - - - lb.	0	4	9	0	4	10
Raisins, Bloom - - - - cwt.	4	5	0	6	5	0
Ditto Malaga - - - - - -	1	19	0	2	15	0
Ditto Sun - - - - - - - -	3	8	0	3	12	0
Ditto Muscatell - - - - -	5	5	0	9	5	0
Rice, Carolina - - - - - - -	1	6	0	1	11	0
Ditto East Indian - - - - -	1	0	0	1	6	0
Rum, Jamaica - - - - - gal.	0	4	4	0	5	6
Ditto Leeward I. - - - - -	0	3	10	0	4	6
Saltpetre, East India Rough cwt.	3	18	0	4	0	0
Ditto British Refined - -	4	5	0	4	6	0
Shellach - - - - - - - - -	6	15	0	12	0	0
Shumack, Faro - - - - -	1	11	0	1	12	0
Ditto Malaga - - - - -	1	10	0	1	13	0
Ditto Sicily - - - - -	1	10	0	1	12	0
Ditto Oporto - - - - -	0	0	0	0	0	0
Silk, Thrown, Piedmont - lb.	2	11	0	2	18	0
Ditto Bergam - -	2	7	0	2	11	6
Silk, Raw, China, 3 Mos. Sm. -	1	18	0	2	2	0
Ditto 6 ditto - -	2	0	0	2	2	0
Ditto Bengal, Sm. Sk. g. - -	0	0	0	0	0	0
Ditto Novi - - - - -	1	13	0	2	1	0
Ditto Organzine - -	2	6	0	2	18	0
Sugar, Jamaica - - - C.	3	15	0	4	5	0
Ditto East India - -	3	15	0	4	16	0
Ditto Lumps - -	6	2	0	6	6	0
Ditto Single Loaves -	6	2	0	6	9	0
Ditto Double Ditto lb.	0	1	4	0	1	7
Tallow, English - - - - cwt.	3	7	6	0	0	0
Ditto Russia, candle, white -	3	5	0	3	6	0
Ditto, yellow	3	3	0	3	4	0
Ditto, Buenos Ayres - - -	3	11	0	0	0	0
Tar, Archangel - - - - - B.	1	16	0	1	17	0
Tar, Stockholm - - - B.	1	17	0	1	18	0
Ditto, American - - - - -	1	5	0	1	10	0
Tin in blocks - - - - - cwt.	6	10	0	0	0	0
Ditto, Grain, in blocks - -	8	0	0	0	0	0
Turpentine, American - - -	0	18	0	1	1	0
Tobacco, Maryl. yellow - lb.	0	1	3	0	1	4
Ditto, Mid. brown - - - - -	0	0	7	0	0	0
Ditto, Long Leaf - - - - -	0	0	6	0	0	8
Tobacco, Virg. York River lb.	0	0	8	0	0	8½
Ditto, James River - - -	0	0	6	0	0	7
Wax, English - - - - - cwt.	14	5	0	15	0	0
Ditto Dantzic - - -	15	0	0	15	15	0
Ditto African - -	8	8	0	10	0	0
Wax, American - cwt.	13	5	0	14	0	0
Whale-fins, Greenland - ton	78	0	0	85	0	0
Ditto S. Fishery - -	37	0	0	42	0	0
Wine, Red Port - - - pipe	90	0	0	115	0	0
Ditto Lisbon - - - - - -	90	0	0	110	0	0
Ditto Madeira - - - - - -	74	0	0	128	0	0
Ditto Calcavella - -	90	0	0	100	0	0
Ditto Sherry - - - - butt	71	0	0	110	0	0
Ditto Mountain - - - - -	67	0	0	90	0	0
Ditto Vidonia - - - hogs.	70	0	0	85	0	0
Ditto Claret - - - - -	42	0	0	105	0	0
Yarn, Mohair - - - - - lb.	0	3	3	0	10	0

CURRENT PRICES OF

Shares in Docks, Navigable-Canals, Water-Works, Fire and Life Insurance Offices.

CANALS.

Grand Junction.......................281l. per share.
Leicestershire and Northamptonshire Union ....115l. per share.
Grand Union .... 6l. per share premium.
Wilts and Berks .... 58l. per share.
Kennet and Avon .... 44l. ditto.
Thames and Medway .... 51l. per share premium.
Croydon .... 44l. per share.
Grand Surrey .... 76l. ditto.
Hudder-field............................ 40l. ditto.
Rochdale .... 51l. ditto.
Lancaster .... 28l. 10s. ditto.
Ellesmere................................ 75l. ditto.
Worcester and Birmingham .... 5l. to 6l. per share premium.

DOCKS.

London .... 125l. per cent.
West India .... 166l. ditto.
East India .... 133l. ditto.
Commercial .... 86l. per share premium.

BRIDGES.

Strand .... 3l. to 5l. per share discount.
Vauxhall .... 5l. to 6l. ditto.

ROADS.

Commercial .... 35l. per share premium.
East India Branch of the Commercial .. 4l. ditto.
Great Dover Street .... 8l. ditto.
Highgate Archway .... 9l. 10s. to 10l. ditto.

WATER-WORKS.

East London .... 220l. per share.
West Middlesex (New Shares) .... 50l. per share premium.
South London .... 27l. ditto,
York Buildings .... 50l. ditto.
Kent .... 41l. ditto.
Colchester .... 48l. ditto.
Holloway .... 3l. ditto.

INSTITUTIONS.

London .... 80l. per share.
Surrey .... 10l. per share discount.
Russell .... Par
Auction Mart .... 75l. per share premium.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE OFFICES.

Globe .... 127l. per share.
Imperial .... 76l. ditto.
Albion .... 60l. ditto.
Eagle .... 10s. per share discount.
Hope .... 10s. ditto.
Atlas .... 10s. ditto.
Rock .... 21s. per share premium.

At the Office of Messrs. L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, and Stock Brokers, No. 9, Change-alley, Cornhill.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c.

BY THOMAS BLUNT, No. 22, CORNHILL.

Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty,

At Nine o'Clock A.M.

1810	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind*	*Obser.*	1810	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind*	*Obser.*
July 26	29.89	71	SW	Rain	Aug. 12	29.57	64	W	Fair
27	29.47	65	S	Ditto	13	29.61	62	W	Ditto
28	29.51	66	W by S	Fair	14	29.70	63	S	Rain
29	29.84	67	S	Ditto	15	29.42	62	S	Ditto
30	29.62	65	WSW	Ditto	16	29.38	58	NW	Ditto
31	29.74	62	W	Fair	17	29.81	57	N	Fair
Aug. 1	29.73	61	W	Ditto	18	30.15	58	SW	Ditto
2	29.89	64	SW	Ditto	19	30.12	59	S	Rain
3	29.78	65	S	Rain	20	30.12	57	W	Fair
4	29.50	62	S	Ditto	21	30.15	62	W	Ditto
5	29.60	61	S	Fair	22	30.05	64	W	Ditto
6	29.65	61	SW	Ditto	23	29.93	66	NE	Ditto
7	29.56	62	S	Rain	24	29.98	68	NE	Ditto
8	29.49	62	S	Fair	25	29.92	68	N	Ditto
9	29.91	62	WNW	Ditto	26	29.98	67	NW	Ditto
10	29.69	65	W	Ditto	27	30.01	65	N	Ditto
11	29.62	61	W	Ditto					

Joyce Gold, Printer, Shoe-lane, London.

DAILY PRICE OF STOCKS FROM JULY 26, TO AUGUST 25, 1810, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

Days 1810	Bank Stock	3 perCt Reduc	3 per Ct Consols	4 perCt Consol	Navy 5 perCt	Long Anns.	Imp. 3 perCt	Imp. Anns.	Irish 5 perCt	India Stock.	India Bonds.	So. Sea Stock.	So. Sea Ann.	Exche. Bills.	StateLot Tickets.	CityFr. Tick.	Omn.	Cons. for Acc.
July 26	265½	69⅞	68¾ a 69⅜	85¾	100	18⅝	—	6 15-16	—	186	21s pr.	—	—	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	½ dis.	69½ a ⅜
27	268½	70	69¼ a 68⅞	85¾	100	18⅝	—	—	—	186	23s pr	—	—	7s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1 dis.	69½ a 69
28	—	69½	68⅝ a ⅞	85¼	99¾	18 9-16	—	—	—	—	24s pr.	—	—	7s pr	22l 15s	8l 15s	1 dis.	68⅞ a 69
30	—	69⅝	68¾ a 69	85½	100	18 9-16	—	—	—	—	25s pr.	—	—	8s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	—	69⅛ a ¼
31	269	69½	68⅝ a ⅞	85⅜	99⅞	18 9-16	—	—	—	—	23s pr	74⅛	—	7s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1¼ dis.	69⅛ a 68⅞
Aug. 1	269	69½	68¾ a ⅞	85¼	99¾	18 9-16	—	6⅞	—	—	23s pr.	—	—	7s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1¼ dis.	68⅞ a 69
2	269	69⅜	68⅜ a ¾	85⅛	99¾	18½	—	—	—	—	23s pr.	—	—	7s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1⅝ dis.	68⅝ a ¾
3	269	69⅜	68½ a ¾	85⅛	99¼	—	67⅜	6⅞	—	182	23s pr.	—	—	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1½ dis.	68¾ a ⅝
4	269	69¼	68⅜ a ⅝	85⅛	99¾	18 9-16	67¼	6⅞	—	—	20s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1¾ dis	68¾ a ⅝
6	—	69¼	68⅜ a ⅝	85	99¾	18 9-16	67⅜	—	—	182	21s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1¾ dis	68⅝ a ½
7	268	69⅜	68½ a ¾	85⅜	99⅞	18 9-16	—	—	—	181½	23s pr.	—	—	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1¾ dis.	68⅝ a ⅞
8	267	69½	68⅝ a ⅞	85⅜	99⅞	18 9-16	67⅝	—	—	182	25s pr.	—	—	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1½ dis.	68¾ a ⅞
9	267	69½	68¾ a ⅞	85½	99⅞	18⅝	—	—	—	—	24s pr.	—	—	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1½ dis.	69 a 68⅞
10	—	69⅝	69	85½	99⅞	18⅝	67⅝	—	—	183	26s pr.	—	—	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1⅝ dis.	69⅛ a 68⅞
11	—	69½	68⅞	85½	99⅞	18⅝	—	—	—	182½	24s pr.	—	—	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1½ dis.	68⅞
13	holiday																	
14	—	69⅜	68½ a ¾	85⅜	99¾	18⅝	—	—	—	182½	27s pr.	—	—	7s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1¾ dis.	68¾ a ⅝
15	—	69⅛	68⅝ a ⅜	85⅜	99⅜	18⅝	67¼	—	—	—	27s pr.	—	—	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1⅞ dis.	68½ a ⅝
16	263½	69⅜	68⅜ a ⅝	85½	99¾	18 9-16	—	6⅞	—	—	26s pr.	—	—	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1⅞ dis.	68½ a ¾
17	262½	69½	68⅝ a ⅞	85¾	99⅞	18⅝	67½	—	—	—	26s pr.	—	—	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1⅝ dis.	68¾ a ⅞
18	—	69½	68⅞ a ½	85⅜	99⅞	18 11-16	—	6 13-16	—	—	26s pr.	—	New	6s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1⅝ dis.	68⅞ a ¾
20	—	69¼	68½ a ⅝	85⅜	92⅞	18⅝	—	—	—	—	—	—	69⅛	5s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	1⅞ dis.	68⅝
21	261	69¼	68⅜ a ⅝	85⅜	99⅞	18⅝	—	—	—	182½	21s pr.	—	—	4s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	2 dis.	68½ a ⅝
22	261	69¼	68½ a ⅝	85⅜	99⅞	18⅝	67⅜	—	—	—	23s pr.	—	—	4s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	2 dis.	68⅝
23	261	69¼	68½ a ⅝	85⅜	99¾	18⅜	—	—	—	—	22s pr.	—	—	2s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	2 dis.	68½ a ⅝
24	holiday																	
25	260½	69⅛	68⅛ a ¼	85⅛	99⅝	19 9-16	—	—	—	—	21s pr.	—	—	2s pr.	22l 15s	8l 15s	2⅛ dis.	68½ a ¼

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